Horace

Complete Works

The Complete Works of

HORACE

(65 BC–8 BC)

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Version 1

The Translations

The site of ancient Venusia, near modern Venosa, a town and comune in the province of Potenza, in the Southern Italian region of Basilicata — Horace's birthplace

The statue of Horace in Venosa

SATIRES (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

Horace's father was a slave for at least part of his life, but he was evidently a man of strong abilities and managed to gain his freedom and improve his social position. The father spent a small fortune on his son's education, eventually accompanying him to Rome to oversee his schooling and moral development. Horace left Rome, possibly after his father's death, and continued his formal education in Athens, the great centre of learning in the ancient world, where he arrived at nineteen years of age, enrolling in The Academy. Founded by Plato, The Academy was now dominated by Epicureans and Stoics, whose theories and practises made a great impression on the young man from humble Venusia. Meanwhile, he socialised with the elite of Roman youth, such as Marcus, the idle son of Cicero, and the Pompeius to whom he later addressed a now famous ode. It was in Athens too that he probably acquired familiarity with the ancient tradition of Greek lyric poetry, which at that time largely was favoured by grammarians and academic specialists and was largely neglected in Rome.

In the meantime, Rome's chaotic troubles following the assassination of Julius Caesar were about to disrupt the world around him. Marcus Junius Brutus came to Athens seeking support for a republican cause. Brutus was fêted around town in grand receptions and he made a point of attending academic lectures, whilst recruiting supporters among the impressionable young men studying there, including Horace. An educated young Roman could begin military service high in the ranks and Horace was made tribunus militum, one of six senior officers of a typical legion, a post usually reserved for men of senatorial or equestrian rank and which would have inspired jealousy among his well-born confederates. Horace learned the basics of military life while on the march, particularly in the wilds of northern Greece, whose rugged scenery inspired some of his later poems. It was there in 42 BC that Octavian, later to become the Emperor Augustus, and his associate Mark Antony crushed the republican forces at the Battle of Philippi. Horace later recorded it as a day of embarrassment for himself, when he fled without his shield — allowing him to identify himself with some famous Greek poets Alcaeus and Archilochus that had long ago abandoned their shields in battle.

Octavian offered an early amnesty to his opponents and Horace quickly accepted the truce. On returning to Italy, he was confronted with yet

another loss: his father's estate in Venusia was one of many throughout Italy to be confiscated for the settlement of veterans. Horace later claimed that he was reduced to poverty and this led him to try his hand at poetry, though in truth poetry rarely offered a lucrative trade. Meanwhile, Horace obtained the sinecure of scriba quaestorius, a civil service position at the aerarium or Treasury, profitable enough to be purchased even by members of the ordo equester and not very demanding in its work-load, since tasks could be delegated to scribae or permanent clerks. It was about this time that he began writing his *Satires*, which would become his first published collection of poems.

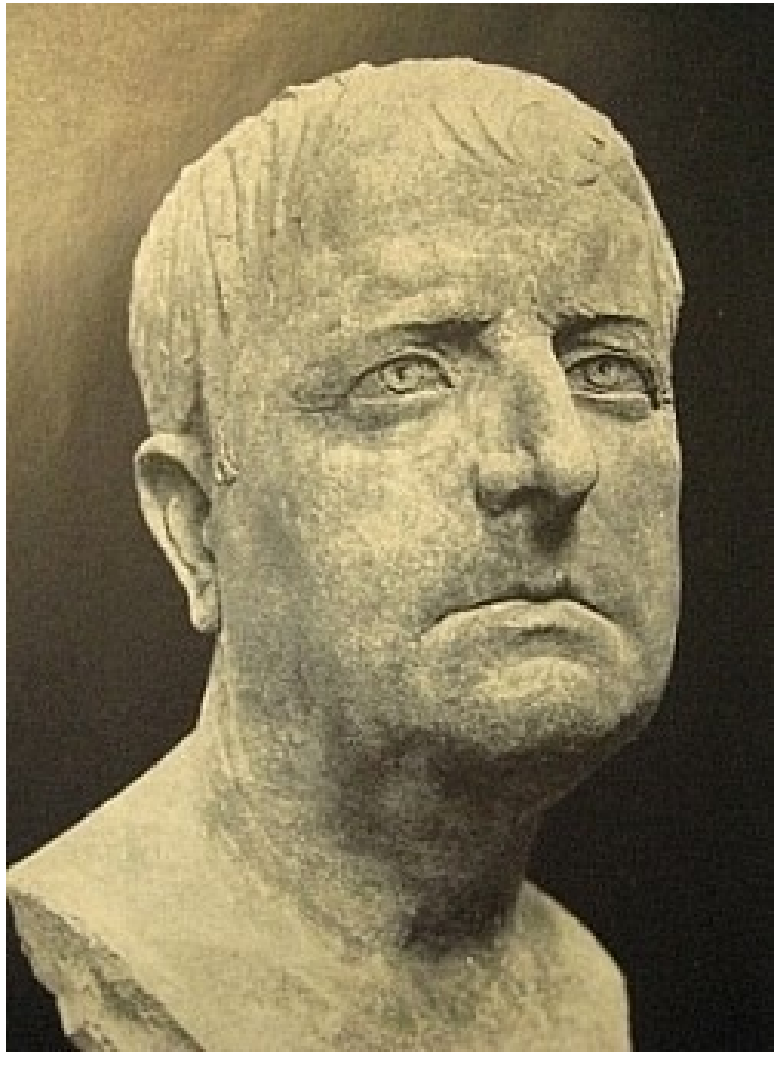
The *Satires* are composed as dactylic hexameters exploring the secrets of human happiness and literary perfection. Published circa 35 BC, the first book of satires helped establish Horace as one of the great poetic talents of the Augustan Age. The second book was published five years later, following up on the immense popularity of the first book.

In the *Satires* Horace employs an Epicurean and essentially Greek philosophy, blended with Roman good sense, to convince his readers of the futility of their vain ambitions and corporal desires. As an alternative, he proposes a life that is based on the Greek philosophical ideals of autarkeia ("inner self-sufficiency") and metriotes ("moderation" or adhering to the Just Mean). The second book of the

Satires goes on to address the fundamental question of Greek Hellenistic philosophy and the search for a happy and contented life. In contrast to the first book, however, many of the poems in the second book are dialogues in which the poet allows a series of pseudo-philosophers, such the bankrupt art-dealer turned Stoic philosopher Damasippus, the peasant Ofellus, the mythical seer Teiresias, and the poet's own slave Dama, to espouse their philosophy of life, in satiric contrast to that of the narrator.

Horace's direct predecessor as writer of satires was Lucilius, whose works inspired him to adopt the use of the hexameter, the conversational and sometimes even "prosaic" tone of his poetry and the tradition of personal attack. However, in contrast to Lucilius, the victims of Horace's mockery are not members of the nobility, but overly ambitious freedmen, anonymous misers, courtesans, street philosophers, hired buffoons and inept poets. In accordance with the Epicurean principle *Lathe biosas* ("Live unnoticed"), Horace consciously does not get involved in the complicated politics of his times, but advocates instead a life that focuses on individual happiness and virtue.

The plain of Philippi, from which Horace fled in battle



Gaius Lucilius (c.160 BC – 103/2 BC), the earliest Roman satirist, whose writings only survive in fragments, was a Roman citizen of the equestrian class, born at Suessa Aurunca in Campania. His satires directly inspired the first published works of Horace.

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'Horace reads before Maecenas' by Fyodor Bronnikov

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

That all, but especially the covetous, think their own condition the hardest.

How comes it to pass, Maecenas, that no one lives content with his condition, whether reason gave it him, or chance threw it in his way [but] praises those who follow different pursuits? "O happy merchants!" says the soldier, oppressed with years, and now broken down in his limbs through excess of labor. On the other side, the merchant, when the south winds toss his ship [cries], "Warfare is preferable;" for why? the engagement is begun, and in an instant there comes a speedy death or a joyful victory. The lawyer praises the farmer's state when the client knocks at his door by cock-crow. He who, having entered into a recognizance, is dragged from the country into the city, cries, "Those only are happy who live in the city." The other instances of this kind (they are so numerous) would weary out the loquacious Fabius; not to keep you in suspense, hear to what an issue I will bring the matter. If any god should say, "Lo! I will effect what you desire: you, that were just now a soldier, shall be a merchant; you, lately a lawyer [shall be] a farmer. Do ye depart one way, and ye another, having exchanged the parts [you are to act] in life. How

now! why do you stand?" They are unwilling; and yet it is in their power to be happy. What reason can be assigned, but that Jupiter should deservedly distend both his cheeks in indignation, and declare that for the future he will not be so indulgent as to lend an ear to their prayers? But further, that I may not run over this in a laughing manner, like those [who treat] on ludicrous subjects (though what hinders one being merry, while telling the truth? as good-natured teachers at first give cakes to their boys, that they may be willing to learn their first rudiments: railery, however, apart, let us investigate serious matters). He that turns the heavy glebe with the hard ploughshare, this fraudulent tavern-keeper, the soldier, and the sailors, who dauntless run through every sea, profess that they endure toil with this intention, that as old men they may retire into a secure resting place, when once they have gotten together a sufficient provision.

Thus the little ant (for she is an example), of great industry, carries in her mouth whatever she is able, and adds to the heap which she piles up, by no means ignorant and not careless for the future. Which [ant, nevertheless], as soon, as Aquarius saddens the changed year, never creeps abroad, but wisely makes use of those stores which were provided beforehand: while neither sultry summer, nor winter, fire, ocean, sword, can drive you from gain. You surmount every obstacle, that no other

man may be richer than yourself. What pleasure is it for you, trembling to deposit an immense weight of silver and gold in the earth dug up by stealth? Because if you lessen it, it may be reduced to a paltry farthing.

But unless that be the case, what beauty has an accumulated hoard? Though your thrashing-floor should yield a hundred thousand bushels of corn, your belly will not on that account contain more than mine: just as if it were your lot to carry on your loaded shoulder the basket of bread among slaves, you would receive no more [for your own share] than he who bore no part of the burthen. Or tell me, what is it to the purpose of that man, who lives within the compass of nature, whether he plow a hundred or a thousand acres?

"But it is still delightful to take out of a great hoard."

While you leave us to take as much out of a moderate store, why should you extol your granaries, more than our corn-baskets? As if you had occasion for no more than a pitcher or glass of water, and should say, "I had rather draw [so much] from a great river, than the very same quantity from this little fountain." Hence it comes to pass, that the rapid Aufidus carries away, together with the bank, such men as an abundance more copious than what is just delights. But he who desires only so much as

is sufficient, neither drinks water fouled with the mud, nor loses his life in the waves.

But a great majority of mankind, misled by a wrong desire cry, “No sum is enough; because you are esteemed in proportion to what you possess.” What can one do to such a tribe as this? Why, bid them be wretched, since their inclination prompts them to it. As a certain person is recorded [to have lived] at Athens, covetous and rich, who was wont to despise the talk of the people in this manner: “The crowd hiss me; but I applaud myself at home, as soon as I contemplate my money in my chest.” The thirsty Tantalus catches at the streams, which elude his lips. Why do you laugh? The name changed, the tale is told of you. You sleep upon your bags, heaped up on every side, gaping over them, and are obliged to abstain from them, as if they were consecrated things, or to amuse yourself with them as you would with pictures. Are you ignorant of what value money has, what use it can afford? Bread, herbs, a bottle of wine may be purchased; to which [necessaries], add [such others], as, being withheld, human nature would be uneasy with itself. What, to watch half dead with terror, night and day, to dread profligate thieves, fire, and your slaves, lest they should run away and plunder you; is this delightful? I should always wish to be very poor in possessions held upon these terms.

But if your body should be disordered by being seized with a cold, or any other casualty should confine you to your bed, have you one that will abide by you, prepare medicines, entreat the physician that he would set you upon your feet, and restore you to your children and dear relations?

Neither your wife, nor your son, desires your recovery; all your neighbors, acquaintances, [nay the very] boys and girls hate you. Do you wonder that no one tenders you the affection which you do not merit, since you prefer your money to everything else? If you think to retain, and preserve as friends, the relations which nature gives you, without taking any pains; wretch that you are, you lose your labor equally, as if any one should train an ass to be obedient to the rein, and run in the Campus [Martius]. Finally, let there be some end to your search; and, as your riches increase, be in less dread of poverty; and begin to cease from your toil, that being acquired which you coveted: nor do as did one Umidius (it is no tedious story), who was so rich that he measured his money, so sordid that he never clothed him self any better than a slave; and, even to his last moments, was in dread lest want of bread should oppress him: but his freed-woman, the bravest of all the daughters of Tyndarus, cut him in two with a hatchet.

“What therefore do you persuade me to? That I should lead the life of Naevius, or in such a manner

as a Nomentanus?”

You are going [now] to make things tally, that are contradictory in their natures. When I bid you not be a miser, I do not order you to become a debauchee or a prodigal. There is some difference between the case of Tanais and his son-in-law Visellius, there is a mean in things; finally, there are certain boundaries, on either side of which moral rectitude can not exist. I return now whence I digressed. Does no one, after the miser’s example, like his own station, but rather praise those who have different pursuits; and pines, because his neighbor’s she-goat bears a more distended udder: nor considers himself in relation to the greater multitude of poor; but labors to surpass, first one and then another? Thus the richer man is always an obstacle to one that is hastening [to be rich]: as when the courser whirls along the chariot dismissed from the place of starting; the charioteer presses upon those horses which outstrip his own, despising him that is left behind coming on among the last. Hence it is, that we rarely find a man who can say he has lived happy, and content with his past life, can retire from the world like a satisfied guest. Enough for the present: nor will I add one word more, lest you should suspect that I have plundered the escrutoire of the blear-eyed Crispinus.

SATIRE II.

Bad men, when they avoid certain vices, fall into their opposite extremes.

The tribes of female flute-players, quacks, vagrants, mimics, blackguards; all this set is sorrowful and dejected on account of the death of the singer Tigellius; for he was liberal [toward them]. On the other hand, this man, dreading to be called a spendthrift, will not give a poor friend wherewithal to keep off cold and pinching hunger. If you ask him why he wickedly consumes the noble estate of his grandfather and father in tasteless gluttony, buying with borrowed money all sorts of dainties; he answers, because he is unwilling to be reckoned sordid, or of a mean spirit: he is praised by some, condemned by others. Fufidius, wealthy in lands, wealthy in money put out at interest, is afraid of having the character of a rake and spendthrift. This fellow deducts 5 per cent. Interest from the principal [at the time of lending]; and, the more desperate in his circumstances any one is, the more severely be pinches him: he hunts out the names of young fellows that have just put on the toga virilis under rigid fathers. Who does not cry out, O sovereign Jupiter! when he has heard [of such knavery]? But [you will say, perhaps,] this man expends upon

himself in proportion to his gain. You can hardly believe how little a friend he is to himself: insomuch that the father, whom Terence's comedy introduces as living miserable after he had caused his son to run away from him, did not torment himself worse than he. Now if any one should ask, "To what does this matter tend?" To this: while fools shun [one sort of] vices, they fall upon their opposite extremes. Malthinus walks with his garments trailing upon the ground; there is another droll fellow who [goes] with them tucked up even to his middle; Rufillus smells like perfume itself, Gorgonius like a he-goat. There is no mean. There are some who would not keep company with a lady, unless her modest garment perfectly conceal her feet. Another, again, will only have such as take their station in a filthy brothel. When a certain noted spark came out of a stew, the divine Cato [greeted] him with this sentence: "Proceed (says he) in your virtuous course. For, when once foul lust has inflamed the veins, it is right for young fellows to come hither, in comparison of their meddling with other men's wives." I should not be willing to be commended on such terms, says Cupiennius, an admirer of the silken vail.

Ye, that do not wish well to the proceedings of adulterers, it is worth your while to hear how they are hampered on all sides; and that their pleasure, which happens to them but seldom, is interrupted with a great deal of pain, and often in the midst of

very great dangers. One has thrown himself headlong from the top of a house; another has been whipped almost to death: a third, in his flight, has fallen into a merciless gang of thieves: another has paid a fine, [to avoid] corporal [punishment]: the lowest servants have treated another with the vilest indignities. Moreover, this misfortune happened to a certain person, he entirely lost his manhood. Every body said, it was with justice: Galba denied it.

But how much safer is the traffic among [women] of the second rate! I mean the freed-women: after which Sallustius is not less mad, than he who commits adultery. But if he had a mind to be good and generous, as far as his estate and reason would direct him, and as far as a man might be liberal with moderation; he would give a sufficiency, not what would bring upon himself ruin and infamy. However, he hugs himself in this one [consideration]; this he delights in, this he extols: "I meddle with no matron." Just as Marsaeus, the lover of Origo, he who gives his paternal estate and seat to an actress, says, "I never meddle with other men's wives." But you have with actresses, you have with common strumpets: whence your reputation derives a greater perdition, than your estate. What, is it abundantly sufficient to avoid the person, and not the [vice] which is universally noxious? To lose one's good name, to squander a father's effects, is in all cases an evil. What is the difference [then, with

regard to yourself,] whether you sin with the person of a matron, a maiden, or a prostitute?

Villius, the son-in-law of Sylla (by this title alone he was misled), suffered [for his commerce] with Fausta, an adequate and more than adequate punishment, by being drubbed and stabbed, while he was shut out, that Longarenus might enjoy her within. Suppose this [young man's] mind had addressed him in the words of his appetite, perceiving such evil consequences: "What would you have? Did I ever, when my ardor was at the highest, demand a woman descended from a great consul, and covered with robes of quality?" What could he answer? Why, "the girl was sprung from an illustrious father." But how much better things, and how different from this, does nature, abounding in stores of her own, recommend; if you would only make a proper use of them, and not confound what is to be avoided with that which is desirable! Do you think it is of no consequence, whether your distresses arise from your own fault or from [a real deficiency] of things? Wherefore, that you may not repent [when it is too late], put a stop to your pursuit after matrons; whence more trouble is derived, than you can obtain of enjoyment from success. Nor has [this particular matron], amid her pearls and emeralds, a softer thigh, or-limbs mere delicate than yours, Cerinthus; nay, the prostitutes are frequently preferable. Add to this, that [the prostitute] bears

about her merchandize without any varnish, and openly shows what she has to dispose of; nor, if she has aught more comely than ordinary, does she boast and make an ostentation of it, while she is industrious to conceal that which is offensive. This is the custom with men of fortune: when they buy horses, they inspect them covered: that, if a beautiful forehand (as often) be supported by a tender hoof, it may not take in the buyer, eager for the bargain, because the back is handsome, the head little, and the neck stately. This they do judiciously. Do not you, [therefore, in the same manner] contemplate the perfections of each [fair one's] person with the eyes of Lynceus; but be blinder than Hypsaea, when you survey such parts as are deformed. [You may cry out,] "O what a leg! O, what delicate arms!" But [you suppress] that she is low-hipped, short-waisted, with a long nose, and a splay foot. A man can see nothing but the face of a matron, who carefully conceals her other charms, unless it be a Catia. But if you will seek after forbidden charms (for the [circumstance of their being forbidden] makes you mad after them), surrounded as they are with a fortification, many obstacles will then be in your way: such as guardians, the sedan, dressers, parasites, the long robe hanging down to the ankles, and covered with an upper garment; a multiplicity of circumstances, which will hinder you from having a fair view. The other throws no obstacle in your way;

through the silken vest you may discern her, almost as well as if she was naked; that she has neither a bad leg, nor a disagreeable foot, you may survey her form perfectly with your eye. Or would you choose to have a trick put upon you, and your money extorted, before the goods are shown you? [But perhaps you will sing to me these verses out of Callimachus.] As the huntsman pursues the hare in the deep snow, but disdains to touch it when it is placed before him: thus sings the rake, and applies it to himself; my love is like to this, for it passes over an easy prey, and pursues what flies from it. Do you hope that grief, and uneasiness, and bitter anxieties, will be expelled from your breast by such verses as these? Would It not be more profitable to inquire what boundary nature has affixed to the appetites, what she can patiently do without, and what she would lament the deprivation of, and to separate what is solid from what is vain? What! when thirst parches your jaws, are you solicitous for golden cups to drink out of? What! when you are hungry, do you despise everything but peacock and turbot? When your passions are inflamed, and a common gratification is at hand, would you rather be consumed with desire than possess it? I would not: for I love such pleasures as are of easiest attainment. But she whose language is, “By and by,” “But for a small matter more,” “If my husband should be out of the way.” [is only] for petit-maitres: and for himself,

Philodemus says, he chooses her, who neither stands for a great price, nor delays to come when she is ordered. Let her be fair, and straight, and so far decent as not to appear desirous of seeming fairer than nature has made her. When I am in the company of such an one, she is my Ilia and Aegeria; I give her any name. Nor am I apprehensive, while I am in her company, lest her husband should return from the country: the door should be broken open; the dog should bark; the house, shaken, should resound on all sides with a great noise; the woman, pale [with fear], should bound away from me; lest the maid, conscious [of guilt], should cry out, she is undone; lest she should be in apprehension for her limbs, the detected wife for her portion, I for myself: lest I must run away with my clothes all loose, and bare-footed, for fear my money, or my person, or, finally my character should be demolished. It is a dreadful thing to be caught; I could prove this, even if Fabius were the judge.

SATIRE III.

We might to connive at the faults of our friends, and all offences are not to be ranked in the catalogue of crimes.

This is a fault common to all singers, that among their friends they never are inclined to sing when they are asked, [but] unasked, they never desist. Tigellius, that Sardinian, had this [fault]. Had Caesar, who could have forced him to compliance, besought him on account of his father's friendship and his own, he would have had no success; if he himself was disposed, he would chant lo Bacche over and over, from the beginning of an entertainment to the very conclusion of it; one while at the deepest pitch of his voice, at another time with that which answers to the highest string of the tetrachord. There was nothing uniform in that fellow; frequently would he run along, as one flying from an enemy; more frequently [he walked] as if he bore [in procession] the sacrifice of Juno: he had often two hundred slaves, often but ten: one while talking of kings and potentates, every thing that was magnificent; at another— "Let me have a three-legged table, and a cellar of clean salt, and a gown which, though coarse, may be sufficient to keep out the cold." Had you given ten hundred thousand

sesterces to this moderate man who was content with such small matters, in five days' time there would be nothing in his bags. He sat up at nights, [even] to day-light; he snored out all the day. Never was there anything so inconsistent with itself. Now some person may say to me, "What are you? Have you no faults?" Yes, others; but others, and perhaps of a less culpable nature.

When Maenius railed at Novius in his absence: "Hark ye," says a certain person, "are you ignorant of yourself? or do you think to impose yourself upon us a person we do not know?" "As for me, I forgive myself," quoth Maenius. This is a foolish and impious self-love, and worthy to be stigmatized. When you look over your own vices, winking at them, as it were, with sore eyes; why are you with regard to those of your friends as sharp-sighted as an eagle, or the Epidaurian serpent? But, on the other hand, it is your lot that your friends should inquire into your vices in turn. [A certain person] is a little too hasty in his temper; not well calculated for the sharp-witted sneers of these men: he may be made a jest of because his gown hangs awkwardly, he [at the same time] being trimmed in a very rustic manner, and his wide shoe hardly sticks to his foot. But he is so good, that no man can be better; but he is your friend; but an immense genius is concealed under this unpolished person of his. Finally, sift yourself thoroughly, whether nature has originally sown the

seeds of any vice in you, or even an ill-habit [has done it]. For the fern, fit [only] to be burned, overruns the neglected fields.

Let us return from our digression. As his mistress's disagreeable failings escape the blinded lover, or even give him pleasure (as Hagna's wen does to Balbinus), I could wish that we erred in this manner with regard to friendship, and that virtue had affixed a reputable appellation to such an error. And as a father ought not to contemn his son, if he has any defect, in the same manner we ought not [to contemn] our friend. The father calls his squinting boy a pretty leering rogue; and if any man has a little despicable brat, such as the abortive Sisyphus formerly was, he calls it a sweet moppet; this [child] with distorted legs, [the father] in a fondling voice calls one of the Vari; and another, who is club-footed, he calls a Scaurus. [Thus, does] this friend of yours live more sparingly than ordinarily? Let him be styled a man of frugality. Is another impertinent, and apt to brag a little? He requires to be reckoned entertaining to his friends. But [another] is too rude, and takes greater liberties than are fitting. Let him be esteemed a man of sincerity and bravery. Is he too fiery, let him be numbered among persons of spirit. This method, in my opinion, both unites friends, and preserves them in a state of union. But we invert the very virtues themselves, and are desirous of throwing dirt upon the untainted vessel. Does a man

of probity live among us? he is a person of singular diffidence; we give him the name of a dull and fat-headed fellow. Does this man avoid every snare, and lay himself open to no ill-designing villain; since we live amid such a race, where keen envy and accusations are flourishing? Instead of a sensible and wary man, we call him a disguised and subtle fellow. And is any one more open, [and less reserved] than usual in such a degree as I often have presented myself to you, Maecenas, so as perhaps impertinently to interrupt a person reading, or musing, with any kind of prate? We cry, "[this fellow] actually wants common sense." Alas! how indiscreetly do we ordain a severe law against ourselves! For no one Is born without vices: he is the best man who is encumbered with the least. When my dear friend, as is just, weighs my good qualities against my bad ones, let him, if he is willing to be beloved, turn the scale to the majority of the former (if I have indeed a majority of good qualities), on this condition, he shall be placed in the same balance. He who requires that his friend should not take offence at his own protuberances, will excuse his friend's little warts. It is fair that he who entreats a pardon for his own faults, should grant one in his turn.

Upon the whole, forasmuch as the vice anger, as well as others inherent in foolish [mortals], cannot be totally eradicated, why does not human reason

make use of its own weights and measures; and so punish faults, as the nature of the thing demands? If any man should punish with the cross, a slave, who being ordered to take away the dish should gorge the half-eaten fish and warm sauce; he would, among people in their senses, be called a madder man than Labeo. How much more irrational and heinous a crime is this! Your friend has been guilty of a small error (which, unless you forgive, you ought to be reckoned a sour, ill-natured fellow), you hate and avoid him, as a debtor does Ruso; who, when the woful calends come upon the unfortunate man, unless he procures the interest or capital by hook or by crook, is compelled to hear his miserable stories with his neck stretched out like a slave. [Should my friend] in his liquor water my couch, or has he thrown down a jar carved by the hands of Evander: shall he for this [trifling] affair, or because in his hunger he has taken a chicken before me out of my part of the dish, be the less agreeable friend to me? [If so], what could I do if he was guilty of theft, or had betrayed things committed to him in confidence, or broken his word. They who are pleased [to rank all] faults nearly on an equality, are troubled when they come to the truth of the matter: sense and morality are against them, and utility itself, the mother almost of right and of equity.

When [rude] animals, they crawled forth upon the first-formed earth, the mute and dirty herd fought

with their nails and fists for their acorn and caves, afterward with clubs, and finally with arms which experience had forged: till they found out words and names, by which they ascertained their language and sensations: thenceforward they began to abstain from war, to fortify towns, and establish laws: that no person should be a thief, a robber, or an adulterer. For before Helen's time there existed [many] a woman who was the dismal cause of war: but those fell by unknown deaths, whom pursuing uncertain venery, as the bull in the herd, the strongest slew. It must of necessity be acknowledged, if you have a mind to turn over the aeras and anuals of the world, that laws were invented from an apprehension of the natural injustice [of mankind]. Nor can nature separate what is unjust from what is just, in the same manner as she distinguishes what is good from its reverse, and what is to be avoided from that which is to be sought, nor will reason persuade men to this, that he who breaks down the cabbage-stalk of his neighbor, sins in as great a measure, and in the same manner, as he who steals by night things consecrated to the gods. Let there be a settled standard, that may inflict adequate punishments upon crimes, lest you should persecute any one with the horrible thong, who is only deserving of a slight whipping. For I am not apprehensive, that you should correct with the rod one that deserves to suffer severer stripes: since you assert that pilfering is an equal crime with

highway robbery, and threaten that you would prune off with an undistinguishing hook little and great vices, if mankind were to give you the sovereignty over them. If he be rich, who is wise, and a good shoemaker, and alone handsome, and a king, why do you wish for that which you are possessed of? You do not understand what Chrysippus, the father [of your sect], says: “The wise man never made himself shoes nor slippers: nevertheless, the wise man is a shoemaker.” How so? In the same manner, though Hermogenes be silent, he is a fine singer, notwithstanding, and an excellent musician: as the subtle [lawyer] Alfenus, after every instrument of his calling was thrown aside, and his shop shut up, was [still] a barber; thus is the wise man of all trades, thus is he a king. O greatest of great kings, the waggish boys pluck you by the beard; whom unless you restrain with your staff, you will be jostled by a mob all about you, and you may wretchedly bark and burst your lungs in vain. Not to be tedious: while you, my king, shall go to the farthing bath, and no guard shall attend you, except the absurd Crispinus; my dear friends will both pardon me in any matter in which I shall foolishly offend, and I in turn will cheerfully put up with their faults; and though a private man, I shall live more happily than you, a king.

SATIRE IV.

He apologizes for the liberties taken by satiric poets in general, and particularly by himself.

The poets Eupolis, and Cratinus, and Aristophanes, and others, who are authors of the ancient comedy, if there was any person deserving to be distinguished for being a rascal or a thief, an adulterer or a cut-throat, or in any shape an infamous fellow, branded him with great freedom. Upon these [models] Lucilius entirely depends, having imitated them, changing only their feet and numbers: a man of wit, of great keenness, inelegant in the composition of verse: for in this respect he was faulty; he would often, as a great feat, dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing in the same position. As he flowed muddily, there was [always] something that one would wish to remove; he was verbose, and too lazy to endure the fatigue of writing — of writing accurately: for, with regard to the quantity [of his works], I make no account of it. See! Crispinus challenges me even for ever so little a wager. Take, if you dare, take your tablets, and I will take mine; let there be a place, a time, and persons appointed to see fair play: let us see who can write the most. The gods have done a good part by me, since they have framed me of an humble and meek disposition,

speaking but seldom, briefly: but do you, [Crispinus,] as much as you will, imitate air which is shut up in leathern bellows, perpetually putting till the fire softens the iron. Fannius is a happy man, who, of his own accord, has presented his manuscripts and picture [to the Palatine Apollo]; when not a soul will peruse my writings, who am afraid to rehearse in public, on this account, because there are certain persons who can by no means relish this kind [of satiric writing], as there are very many who deserve censure. Single any man out of the crowd; he either labors under a covetous disposition, or under wretched ambition. One is mad in love with married women, another with youths; a third the splendor of silver captivates: Albius is in raptures with brass; another exchanges his merchandize from the rising sun, even to that with which the western regions are warmed: but he is burried headlong through dangers, as dust wrapped up in a whirlwind; in dread lest he should lose anything out of the capital, or [in hope] that he may increase his store. All these are afraid of verses, they hate poets. “He has hay on his horn, [they cry;] avoid him at a great distance: if he can but raise a laugh for his own diversion, he will not spare any friend: and whatever he has once blotted upon his paper, he will take a pleasure in letting all the boys and old women know, as they return from the bakehouse or the lake.” But,

come on, attend to a few words on the other side of the question.

In the first place, I will except myself out of the number of those I would allow to be poets: for one must not call it sufficient to tag a verse: nor if any person, like me, writes in a style bordering on conversation, must you esteem him to be a poet. To him who has genius, who has a soul of a diviner cast, and a greatness of expression, give the honor of this appellation. On this account some have raised the question, whether comedy be a poem or not; because an animated spirit and force is neither in the style, nor the subject-matter: bating that it differs from prose by a certain measure, it is mere prose. But [one may object to this, that even in comedy] an inflamed father rages, because his dissolute son, mad after a prostitute mistress, refuses a wife with a large portion; and (what is an egregious scandal) rambles about drunk with flambeaux by day-light. Yet could Pomponius, were his father alive, hear less severe reproofs! Wherefore it is not sufficient to write verses merely in proper language; which if you take to pieces, any person may storm in the same manner as the father in the play. If from these verses which I write at this present, or those that Lucilius did formerly, you take away certain pauses and measures, and make that word which was first in order hindermost, by placing the latter [words] before those that preceded [in the verse]; you will

not discern the limbs of a poet, when pulled in pieces, in the same manner as you would were you to transpose ever so [these lines of Ennius]:

When discord dreadful bursts the brazen bars,
And shatters iron locks to thunder forth her wars.

So far of this matter; at another opportunity [I may investigate] whether [a comedy] be a true poem or not: now I shall only consider this point, whether this [satiric] kind of writing be deservedly an object of your suspicion. Sulcius the virulent, and Caprius hoarse with their malignancy, walk [openly], and with their libels too [in their hands]; each of them a singular terror to robbers: but if a man lives honestly and with clean hands, he may despise them both. Though you be like highwaymen, Coelus and Byrrhus, I am not [a common accuser], like Caprius and Sulcius; why should you be afraid of me? No shop nor stall holds my books, which the sweaty hands of the vulgar and of Hermogenes Tigellius may soil. I repeat to nobody, except my intimates, and that when I am pressed; nor any where, and before any body. There are many who recite their writings in the middle of the forum; and who [do it] while bathing: the closeness of the place, [it seems,] gives melody to the voice. This pleases coxcombs, who never consider whether they do this to no purpose, or at an unseasonable time. But you, says he, delight to hurt people, and this you do out of a mischievous disposition. From what source do you

throw this calumny upon me? Is any one then your voucher, with whom I have lived? He who backbites his absent friend; [nay more,] who does not defend, at another's accusing him; who affects to raise loud laughs in company, and the reputation of a funny fellow, who can feign things he never saw; who cannot keep secrets; he is a dangerous man: be you, Roman, aware of him. You may often see it [even in crowded companies], where twelve sup together on three couches; one of which shall delight at any rate to asperse the rest, except him who furnishes the bath; and him too afterward in his liquor, when truth-telling Bacchus opens the secrets of his heart. Yet this man seems entertaining, and well-bred, and frank to you, who are an enemy to the malignant: but do I, if I have laughed because the fop Rufillus smells all perfumes, and Gorgonius, like a he-goat, appear insidious and a snarler to you? If by any means mention happen to be made of the thefts of Petillius Capitolinus in your company, you defend him after your manner: [as thus,] Capitolinus has had me for a companion and a friend from childhood, and being applied to, has done many things on my account: and I am glad that he lives secure in the city; but I wonder, notwithstanding, how he evaded that sentence. This is the very essence of black malignity, this is mere malice itself: which crime, that it shall be far remote from my writings, and prior to them from my mind, I

promise, if I can take upon me to promise any thing sincerely of myself. If I shall say any thing too freely, if perhaps too ludicrously, you must favor me by your indulgence with this allowance. For my excellent father inured me to this custom, that by noting each particular vice I might avoid it by the example [of others]. When he exhorted me that I should live thriftily, frugally, and content with what he had provided for me; don't you see, [would he say,] how wretchedly the son of Albius lives? and how miserably Barrus? A strong lesson to hinder any one from squandering away his patrimony. When he would deter me from filthy fondness for a light woman: [take care, said he,] that you do not resemble Sectanus. That I might not follow adulteresses, when I could enjoy a lawful amour: the character cried he, of Trobonius, who was caught in the fact, is by no means creditable. The philosopher may tell you the reasons for what is better to be avoided, and what to be pursued. It is sufficient for me, if I can preserve the morality traditional from my forefathers, and keep your life and reputation inviolate, so long as you stand in need of a guardian: so soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you will swim without cork. In this manner he formed me, as yet a boy: and whether he ordered me to do any particular thing: You have an authority for doing this: [then] he instanced some one of the select magistrates: or did he forbid me

[any thing]; can you doubt, [says he,] whether this thing be dishonorable, and against your interest to be done, when this person and the other is become such a burning shame for his bad character [on these accounts]? As a neighboring funeral dispirits sick gluttons, and through fear of death forces them to have mercy upon themselves; so other men's disgraces often deter tender minds from vices. From this [method of education] I am clear from all such vices, as bring destruction along with them: by lighter foibles, and such as you may excuse, I am possessed. And even from these, perhaps, a maturer age, the sincerity of a friend, or my own judgment, may make great reductions. For neither when I am in bed, or in the piazzas, am I wanting to myself: this way of proceeding is better; by doing such a thing I shall live more comfortably; by this means I shall render myself agreeable to my friends; such a transaction was not clever; what, shall I, at any time, imprudently commit any thing like it? These things I resolve in silence by myself. When I have any leisure, I amuse myself with my papers. This is one of those lighter foibles [I was speaking of]: to which if you do not grant your indulgence, a numerous band of poets shall come, which will take my part (for we are many more in number), and, like the Jews, we will force you to come over to our numerous party.

SATIRE V.

He describes a certain journey of his from Rome to Brundusium with great pleasantry.

Having left mighty Rome, Aricia received me in but a middling inn: Heliodorus the rhetorician, most learned in the Greek language, was my fellow-traveller: thence we proceeded to Forum-Appi, stuffed with sailors and surly landlords. This stage, but one for better travellers than we, being laggard we divided into two; the Appian way is less tiresome to bad travelers. Here I, on account of the water, which was most vile, proclaim war against my belly, waiting not without impatience for my companions while at supper. Now the night was preparing to spread her shadows upon the earth, and to display the constellations in the heavens. Then our slaves began to be liberal of their abuse to the watermen, and the watermen to our slaves. "Here bring to." "You are stowing in hundreds; hold, now sure there is enough." Thus while the fare is paid, and the mule fastened a whole hour is passed away. The cursed gnats, and frogs of the fens, drive off repose. While the waterman and a passenger, well-soaked with plenty of thick wine, vie with one another in singing the praises of their absent mistresses: at length the passenger being fatigued, begins to sleep; and the

lazy waterman ties the halter of the mule, turned out a-grazing, to a stone, and snores, lying flat on his back. And now the day approached, when we saw the boat made no way; until a choleric fellow, one of the passengers, leaps out of the boat, and drubs the head and sides of both mule and waterman with a willow cudgel. At last we were scarcely set ashore at the fourth hour. We wash our faces and hands in thy water, O Feronia. Then, having dined we crawled on three miles; and arrive under Anxur, which is built up on rocks that look white to a great distance. Maecenas was to come here, as was the excellent Cocceius. Both sent ambassadors on matters of great importance, having been accustomed to reconcile friends at variance. Here, having got sore eyes, I was obliged to use the black ointment. In the meantime came Maecenas, and Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito along with them, a man of perfect polish, and intimate with Mark Antony, no man more so.

Without regret we passed Fundi, where Aufidius Luscus was praetor, laughing at the honors of that crazy scribe, his praetexta, laticlave, and pan of incense. At our next stage, being weary, we tarry in the city of the Mamurrae, Murena complimenting us with his house, and Capito with his kitchen.

The next day arises, by much the most agreeable to all: for Plotius, and Varius, and Virgil met us at Sinuessa; souls more candid ones than which the world never produced, nor is there a person in/the

world more bound to them than myself. Oh what embraces, and what transports were there! While I am in my senses, nothing can I prefer to a pleasant friend. The village, which is next adjoining to the bridge of Campania, accommodated us with lodging [at night]; and the public officers with such a quantity of fuel and salt as they are obliged to [by law]. From this place the mules deposited their pack-saddles at Capua betimes [in the morning]. Maecenas goes to play [at tennis]; but I and Virgil to our repose: for to play at tennis is hurtful to weak eyes and feeble constitutions.

From this place the villa of Cocceius, situated above the Caudian inns, which abounds with plenty, receives us. Now, my muse, I beg of you briefly to relate the engagement between the buffoon Sarmentus and Messius Cicirrus; and from what ancestry descended each began the contest. The illustrious race of Messius-Oscan: Sarmentus's mistress is still alive. Sprung from such families as these, they came to the combat. First, Sarmentus: "I pronounce thee to have the look of a mad horse." We laugh; and Messius himself [says], "I accept your challenge:" and wags his head. "O!" cries he, "if the horn were not cut off your forehead, what would you not do; since, maimed as you are, you bully at such a rate?" For a foul scar has disgraced the left part of Messius's bristly forehead. Cutting many jokes upon his Campanian disease, and upon his face, he desired

him to exhibit Polyphemus's dance: that he had no occasion for a mask, or the tragic buskins. Cicirrus [retorted] largely to these: he asked, whether he had consecrated his chain to the household gods according to his vow; though he was a scribe, [he told him] his mistress's property in him was not the less. Lastly, he asked, how he ever came to run away; such a lank meager fellow, for whom a pound of corn [a-day] would be ample. We were so diverted, that we continued that supper to an unusual length.

Hence we proceed straight on for Beneventum; where the bustling landlord almost burned himself, in roasting some lean thrushes: for, the fire falling through the old kitchen [floor], the spreading flame made a great progress toward the highest part of the roof. Then you might have seen the hungry guests and frightened slaves snatching their supper out [of the flames], and everybody endeavoring to extinguish the fire.

After this Apulia began to discover to me her well-known mountains, which the Atabulus scorches [with his blasts]: and through which we should never have crept, unless the neighboring village of Trivicus had received us, not without a smoke that brought tears into our eyes; occasioned by a hearth's burning some green boughs with the leaves upon them. Here, like a great fool as I was, I wait till midnight for a deceitful mistress; sleep, however,

overcomes me while meditating love; and disagreeable dreams make me ashamed of myself and every thing about me.

Hence we were bowled away in chaises twenty-four miles, intending to stop at a little town, which one cannot name in a verse, but it is easily enough known by description. For water is sold here, though the worst in the world; but their bread is exceeding fine, inasmuch that the weary traveler is used to carry it willingly on his shoulders; for [the bread] at Canusium is gritty; a pitcher of water is worth no more [than it is here]: which place was formerly built by the valiant Diomedes. Here Varius departs dejected from his weeping friends.

Hence we came to Rubi, fatigued: because we made a long journey, and it was rendered still more troublesome by the rains. Next day the weather was better, the road worse, even to the very walls of Barium that abounds in fish. In the next place Egnatia, which [seems to have] been built on troubled waters, gave us occasion for jests and laughter; for they wanted to persuade us, that at this sacred portal the incense melted without fire. The Jew Apella may believe this, not I. For I have learned [from Epicurus], that the gods dwell in a state of tranquillity; nor, if nature effect any wonder, that the anxious gods send it from the high canopy of the heavens.

Brundusium ends both my long journey, and my paper.

SATIRE VI.

Of true nobility.

Not Maecenas, though of all the Lydians that ever inhabited the Tuscan territories, no one is of a nobler family than yourself; and though you have ancestors both on father's and mother's side, that in times past have had the command of mighty legions; do you, as the generality are wont, toss up your nose at obscure people, such as me, who has [only] a freed-man for my father: since you affirm that it is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit. You persuade yourself, with truth, that before the dominions of Tullius, and the reign of one born a slave, frequently numbers of men descended from ancestors of no rank, have both lived as men of merit, and have been distinguished by the greatest honors: [while] on the other hand Laevinus, the descendant of that famous Valerius, by whose means Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from his kingdom, was not a farthing more esteemed [on account of his family, even] in the judgment of the people, with whose disposition you are well acquainted; who often foolishly bestow honors on the unworthy, and are from their stupidity slaves to a name: who are struck with admiration by inscriptions and statues. What is it fitting for us to

do, who are far, very far removed from the vulgar [in our sentiments]? For grant it, that the people had rather confer a dignity on Laevinus than on Decius, who is a new man; and the censor Appius would expel me [the senate-house], because I was not sprung from a sire of distinction: and that too deservedly, inasmuch as I rested not content in my own condition. But glory drags in her dazzling car the obscure as closely fettered as those of nobler birth. What did it profit you, O Tullius, to resume the robe that you [were forced] to lay aside, and become a tribune [again]? Envy increased upon you, which had been less, it you had remained in a private station. For when any crazy fellow has laced the middle of his leg with the sable buskins, and has let flow the purple robe from his breast, he immediately hears: “Who is this man? Whose son is he?” Just as if there be any one, who labors under the same distemper as Barrus does, so that he is ambitious of being reckoned handsome; let him go where he will, he excites curiosity among the girls of inquiring into particulars; as what sort of face, leg, foot, teeth, hair, he has. Thus he who engages to his citizens to take care of the city, the empire, and Italy, and the sanctuaries of the gods, forces every mortal to be solicitous, and to ask from what sire he is descended, or whether he is base by the obscurity of his mother. What? do you, the son of a Syrus, a Dana, or a Dionysius, dare to cast down the citizens of Rome

from the [Tarpeian] rock, or deliver them up to Cadmus [the executioner]? But, [you may say,] my colleague Novius sits below me by one degree: for he is only what my father was. And therefore do you esteem yourself a Paulus or a Messala? But he (Novius), if two hundred carriages and three funerals were to meet in the forum, could make noise enough to drown all their horns and trumpets: this [kind of merit] at least has its weight with us.

Now I return to myself, who am descended from a freed-man; whom every body nibbles at, as being descended from a freed-man. Now, because, Maecenas, I am a constant guest of yours; but formerly, because a Roman legion was under my command, as being a military tribune. This latter case is different from the former: for, though any person perhaps might justly envy me that post of honor, yet could he not do so with regard to your being my friend! especially as you are cautious to admit such as are worthy; and are far from having any sinister ambitious views. I can not reckon myself a lucky fellow on this account, as if it were by accident that I got you for my friend; for no kind of accident threw you in my way. That best of men, Virgil, long ago, and after him, Varius, told you what I was. When first I came into your presence, I spoke a few words in a broken manner (for childish bashfulness hindered me from speaking more); I did not tell you that I was the issue of an illustrious

father: I did not [pretend] that I rode about the country on a Satureian horse, but plainly what I really was; you answer (as your custom is) a few words: I depart: and you re-invite me after the ninth month, and command me to be in the number of your friends. I esteem it a great thing that I pleased you, who distinguish probity from baseness, not by the illustriousness of a father, but by the purity of heart and feelings.

And yet if my disposition be culpable for a few faults, and those small ones, otherwise perfect (as if you should condemn moles scattered over a beautiful skin), if no one can justly lay to my charge avarice, nor sordidness, nor impure haunts; if, in fine (to speak in my own praise), I live undefiled, and innocent, and dear to my friends; my father was the cause of all this: who though a poor man on a lean farm, was unwilling to send me to a school under [the pedant] Flavius, where great boys, sprung from great centurions, having their satchels and tablets swung over their left arm, used to go with money in their hands the very day it was due; but had the spirit to bring me a child to Rome, to be taught those arts which any Roman knight and senator can teach his own children. So that, if any person had considered my dress, and the slaves who attended me in so populous a city, he would have concluded that those expenses were supplied to me out of some hereditary estate. He himself, of all others the most faithful

guardian, was constantly about every one of my preceptors. Why should I multiply words? He preserved me chaste (which is the first honor or virtue) not only from every actual guilt, but likewise from [every] foul imputation, nor was he afraid lest any should turn it to his reproach, if I should come to follow a business attended with small profits, in capacity of an auctioneer, or (what he was himself) a tax-gatherer. Nor [had that been the case] should I have complained. On this account the more praise is due to him, and from me a greater degree of gratitude. As long as I am in my senses, I can never be ashamed of such a father as this, and therefore shall not apologize [for my birth], in the manner that numbers do, by affirming it to be no fault of theirs. My language and way of thinking is far different from such persons. For if nature were to make us from a certain term of years to go over our past time again, and [suffer us] to choose other parents, such as every man for ostentation's sake would wish for himself; I, content with my own, would not assume those that are honored with the ensigns and seats of state; [for which I should seem] a madman in the opinion of the mob, but in yours, I hope a man of sense; because I should be unwilling to sustain a troublesome burden, being by no means used to it. For I must [then] immediately set about acquiring a larger fortune, and more people must be complimented; and this and that companion must be

taken along, so that I could neither take a jaunt into the country, or a journey by myself; more attendants and more horses must be fed; coaches must be drawn. Now, if I please, I can go as far as Tarentum on my bob-tail mule, whose loins the portmanteau galls with his weight, as does the horseman his shoulders. No one will lay to my charge such sordidness as he may, Tullius, to you, when five slaves follow you, a praetor, along the Tiburtian way, carrying a traveling kitchen, and a vessel of wine. Thus I live more comfortably, O illustrious senator, than you, and than thousands of others. Wherever I have a fancy, I walk by myself: I inquire the price of herbs and bread; I traverse the tricking circus, and the forum often in the evening: I stand listening among the fortune-tellers: thence I take myself home to a plate of onions, pulse, and pancakes. My supper is served up by three slaves; and a white stone slab supports two cups and a brimmer: near the salt-cellar stands a homely cruet with a little bowl, earthen-ware from Campania. Then I go to rest; by no means concerned that I must rise in the morning, and pay a visit to the statue of Marsyas, who denies that he is able to bear the look of the younger Novius. I lie a-bed to the fourth hour; after that I take a ramble, or having read or written what may amuse me in my privacy, I am anointed with oil, but not with such as the nasty Nacca, when he robs the lamps. But when the sun, become more

violent, has reminded me to go to bathe, I avoid the Campus Martius and the game of hand-ball. Having dined in a temperate manner, just enough to hinder me from having an empty stomach, during the rest of the day I trifle in my own house. This is the life of those who are free from wretched and burthensome ambition: with such things as these I comfort myself, in a way to live more delightfully than if my grandfather had been a quaestor, and father and uncle too.

SATIRE VII.

He humorously describes a squabble betwixt Rupilius and Persius.

In what manner the mongrel Persius revenged the filth and venom of Rupilius, surnamed King, is I think known to all the blind men and barbers. This Persius, being a man of fortune, had very great business at Clazomenae, and, into the bargain, certain troublesome litigations with King; a hardened fellow, and one who was able to exceed even King in virulence; confident, blustering, of such a bitterness of speech, that he would outstrip the Sisennae and Barri, if ever so well equipped.

I return to King. After nothing could be settled betwixt them (for people among whom adverse war breaks out, are proportionably vexatious on the same account as they are brave. Thus between Hector, the son of Priam, and the high-spirited Achilles, the rage was of so capital a nature, that only the final destruction [one of them] could determine it; on no other account, than that valor in each of them was consummate. If discord sets two cowards to work; or if an engagement happens between two that are not of a match, as that of Diomed and the Lycian Glaucus; the worst man will walk off, [buying his peace] by voluntarily sending presents), when

Brutus held as praetor the fertile Asia, this pair, Rupilius and Persius, encountered; in such a manner, that [the gladiators] Bacchius and Bithus were not better matched. Impetuous they hurry to the cause, each of them a fine sight.

Persius opens his case; and is laughed at by all the assembly; he extols Brutus, and extols the guard; he styles Brutus the sun of Asia, and his attendants he styles salutary stars, all except King; that he [he says,] came like that dog, the constellation hateful to husbandman: he poured along like a wintery flood, where the ax seldom comes.

Then, upon his running on in so smart and fluent a manner, the Praenestine [king] directs some witticisms squeezed from the vineyard, himself a hardy vine-dresser, never defeated, to whom the passenger had often been obliged to yield, bawling cuckoo with roaring voice.

But the Grecian Persius, as soon as he had been well sprinkled with Italian vinegar, bellows out: O Brutus, by the great gods I conjure you, who are accustomed to take off kings, why do you not dispatch this King? Believe me, this is a piece of work which of right belongs to you.

SATIRE VIII.

Priapus complains that the Esquilian mount is infested with the incantations of sorceresses.

Formerly I was the trunk of a wild fig-tree, an useless log: when the artificer, in doubt whether he should make a stool or a Priapus of me, determined that I should be a god. Henceforward I became a god, the greatest terror of thieves and birds: for my right hand restrains thieves, and a bloody-looking pole stretched out from my frightful middle: but a reed fixed upon the crown of my head terrifies the mischievous birds, and hinders them from settling in these new gardens. Before this the fellow-slave bore dead corpses thrown out of their narrow cells to this place, in order to be deposited in paltry coffins. This place stood a common sepulcher for the miserable mob, for the buffoon Pantelabus, and Nomentanus the rake. Here a column assigned a thousand feet [of ground] in front, and three hundred toward the fields: that the burial-place should not descend to the heirs of the estate. Now one may live in the Esquiliae, [since it is made] a healthy place; and walk upon an open terrace, where lately the melancholy passengers beheld the ground frightful with white bones; though both the thieves and wild beasts accustomed to infest this place, do not

occasion me so much care and trouble, as do [these hags], that turn people's minds by their incantations and drugs. These I can not by any means destroy nor hinder, but that they will gather bones and noxious herbs, as soon as the fleeting moon has shown her beauteous face.

I myself saw Canidia, with her sable garment tucked up, walk with bare feet and disheveled hair, yelling together with the elder Sagana. Paleness had rendered both of them horrible to behold. They began to claw up the earth with their nails, and to tear a black ewe-lamb to pieces with their teeth. The blood was poured into a ditch, that thence they might charm out the shades of the dead, ghosts that were to give them answers. There was a woolen effigy too, another of wax: the woolen one larger, which was to inflict punishment on the little one. The waxen stood in a suppliant posture, as ready to perish in a servile manner. One of the hags invokes Hecate, and the other fell Tisiphone. Then might you see serpents and infernal bitches wander about, and the moon with blushes hiding behind the lofty monuments, that she might not be a witness to these doings. But if I lie, even a tittle, may my head be contaminated with the white filth of ravens; and may Julius, and the effeminate Miss Pediatous, and the knave Voranus, come to water upon me, and befoul me. Why should I mention every particular? viz. in what manner, speaking alternately with Sagana, the

ghosts uttered dismal and piercing shrieks; and how by stealth they laid in the earth a wolf's beard, with the teeth of a spotted snake; and how a great blaze flamed forth from the waxen image? And how I was shocked at the voices and actions of these two furies, a spectator however by no means incapable of revenge? For from my cleft body of fig-tree wood I uttered a loud noise with as great an explosion as a burst bladder. But they ran into the city: and with exceeding laughter and diversion might you have seen Canidia's artificial teeth, and Sagana's towering tete of false hair falling off, and the herbs, and the enchanted bracelets from her arm.

SATIRE IX.

He describes his sufferings from the loquacity of an impertinent fellow.

I was accidentally going along the Via Sacra, meditating on some trifle or other, as is my custom, and totally intent upon it. A certain person, known to me by name only, runs up; and, having seized my hand, "How do you do, my dearest fellow?" "Tolerably well," say I, "as times go; and I wish you every thing you can desire." When he still followed me; "Would you any thing?" said I to him. But, "You know me," says he: "I am a man of learning." "Upon that account," says I: "you will have more of my esteem." Wanting sadly to get away from him, sometimes I walked on apace, now and then I stopped, and I whispered something to my boy. When the sweat ran down to the bottom of my ankles. O, said I to myself, Bolanus, how happy were you in a head-piece! Meanwhile he kept prating on any thing that came uppermost, praised the streets, the city; and, when I made him no answer; "You want terribly," said he, "to get away; I perceived it long ago; but you effect nothing. I shall still stick close to you; I shall follow you hence: Where are you at present bound for?" "There is no need for your being carried so much about: I want to

see a person, who is unknown to you: he lives a great way off across the Tiber, just by Caesar's gardens." "I have nothing to do, and I am not lazy; I will attend you thither." I hang down my ears like an ass of surly disposition, when a heavier load than ordinary is put upon his back. He begins again: "If I am tolerably acquainted with myself, you will not esteem Viscus or Varius as a friend, more than me; for who can write more verses, or in a shorter time than I? Who can move his limbs with softer grace [in the dance]? And then I sing, so that even Hermogenes may envy."

Here there was an opportunity of interrupting him. "Have you a mother, [or any] relations that are interested in your welfare?" "Not one have I; I have buried them all." "Happy they! now I remain. Dispatch me: for the fatal moment is at hand, which an old Sabine sorceress, having shaken her divining urn, foretold when I was a boy; 'This child, neither shall cruel poison, nor the hostile sword, nor pleurisy, nor cough, nor the crippling gout destroy: a babbler shall one day demolish him; if he be wise, let him avoid talkative people, as soon as he comes to man's estate.'"

One fourth of the day being now passed, we came to Vesta's temple; and, as good luck would have it, he was obliged to appear to his recognizance; which unless he did, he must have lost his cause. "If you love me," said he, "step in here a little." "May I die!

if I be either able to stand it out, or have any knowledge of the civil laws: and besides, I am in a hurry, you know whither." "I am in doubt what I shall do," said he; "whether desert you or my cause." "Me, I beg of you." "I will not do it," said he; and began to take the lead of me. I (as it is difficult to contend with one's master) follow him. "How stands it with Maecenas and you?" Thus he begins his prate again. "He is one of few intimates, and of a very wise way of thinking. No man ever made use of opportunity with more cleverness. You should have a powerful assistant, who could play an underpart, if you were disposed to recommend this man; may I perish, if you should not supplant all the rest!" "We do not live there in the manner you imagine; there is not a house that is freer or more remote from evils of this nature. It is never of any disservice to me, that any particular person is wealthier or a better scholar than I am: every individual has his proper place." "You tell me a marvelous thing, scarcely credible." "But it is even so." "You the more inflame my desires to be near his person." "You need only be inclined to it: such is your merit, you will accomplish it: and he is capable of being won; and on that account the first access to him he makes difficult." "I will not be wanting to myself: I will corrupt his servants with presents; if I am excluded to-day, I will not desist; I will seek opportunities; I will meet him in the public streets; I will wait upon

him home. Life allows nothing to mortals without great labor." While he was running on at this rate, lo! Fuscus Aristius comes up, a dear friend of mine, and one who knows the fellow well. We make a stop. "Whence come you? whither are you going?" he asks and answers. I began to twitch him [by the elbow], and to take hold of his arms [that were affectedly] passive, nodding and distorting my eyes, that he might rescue me. Cruelly arch he laughs, and pretends not to take the hint: anger galled my liver. "Certainly," [said I, "Fuscus,] you said that you wanted to communicate something to me in private." "I remember it very well; but will tell it you at a better opportunity: to-day is the thirtieth sabbath. Would you affront the circumcised Jews?" I reply, "I have no scruple [on that account]." "But I have: I am something weaker, one of the multitude. You must forgive me: I will speak with you on another occasion." And has this sun arisen so disastrous upon me! The wicked rogue runs away, and leaves me under the knife. But by luck his adversary met him: and, "Whither are you going, you infamous fellow?" roars he with a loud voice: and, "Do you witness the arrest?" I assent. He hurries him into court: there is a great clamor on both sides, a mob from all parts. Thus Apollo preserved me.

SATIRE X.

He supports the judgment which he had before given of Lucilius, and intersperses some excellent precepts for the writing of Satire.

To be sure I did say, that the verses of Lucilius did not run smoothly. Who is so foolish an admirer of Lucilius, that he would not own this? But the same writer is applauded in the same Satire, on account of his having lashed the town with great humor. Nevertheless granting him this, I will not therefore give up the other [considerations]; for at that rate I might even admire the farces of Laberius, as fine poems. Hence it is by no means sufficient to make an auditor grim with laughter: and yet there is some degree of merit even in this. There is need of conciseness that the sentence may run, and not embarrass itself with verbiage, that overloads the sated ear; and sometimes a grave, frequently jocose style is necessary, supporting the character one while of the orator and [at another] of the poet, now and then that of a graceful rallier that curbs the force of his pleasantry and weakens it on purpose. For ridicule often decides matters of importance more effectually and in a better manner, than severity. Those poets by whom the ancient comedy was written, stood upon this [foundation], and in this are

they worthy of imitation: whom neither the smooth-faced Hermogenes ever read, nor that baboon who is skilled in nothing but singing [the wanton compositions of] Calvus and Catullus.

But [Lucilius, say they,] did a great thing, when he intermixed Greek words with Latin. O late-learned dunces! What! do you think that arduous and admirable, which was done by Pitholeo the Rhodian? But [still they cry] the style elegantly composed of both tongues is the more pleasant, as if Falernian wine is mixed with Chian. When you make verses, I ask you this question; were you to undertake the difficult cause of the accused Petillius, would you (for instance), forgetful of your country and your father, while Pedius, Poplicola, and Corvinus sweat through their causes in Latin, choose to intermix words borrowed from abroad, like the double-tongued Canusinian. And as for myself, who was born on this side the water, when I was about making Greek verses; Romulus appearing to me after midnight, when dreams are true, forbade me in words to this effect; "You could not be guilty of more madness by carrying timber into a wood, than by desiring to throng in among the great crowds of Grecian writers."

While bombastical Alpinus murders Memnon, and while he deforms the muddy source of the Rhine, I amuse myself with these satires; which can neither be recited in the temple [of Apollo], as

contesting for the prize when Tarpa presides as judge, nor can have a run over and over again represented in the theatres. You, O Fundanius, of all men breathing are the most capable of prattling tales in a comic vein, how an artful courtesan and a Davus impose upon an old Chremes. Pollio sings the actions of kings in iambic measure; the sublime Varias composes the manly epic, in a manner that no one can equal: to Virgil the Muses, delighting in rural scenes, have granted the delicate and the elegant. It was this kind [of satiric writing], the Aticinian Varro and some others having attempted it without success, in which I may have some slight merit, inferior to the inventor: nor would I presume to pull off the [laurel] crown placed upon his brow with great applause.

But I said that he flowed muddily, frequently indeed bearing along more things which ought to be taken away than left. Be it so; do you, who are a scholar, find no fault with any thing in mighty Homer, I pray? Does the facetious Lucilius make no alterations in the tragedies of Accius? Does not he ridicule many of Ennius' verses, which are too light for the gravity [of the subject]? When he speaks of himself by no means as superior to what he blames. What should hinder me likewise, when I am reading the works of Lucilius, from inquiring whether it be his [genius], or the difficult nature of his subject, that will not suffer his verses to be more finished,

and to run more smoothly than if some one, thinking it sufficient to conclude a something of six feet, be fond of writing two hundred verses before he eats, and as many after supper? Such was the genius of the Tuscan Cassius, more impetuous than a rapid river; who, as it is reported, was burned [at the funeral pile] with his own books and papers. Let it be allowed, I say, that Lucilius was a humorous and polite writer; that he was also more correct than [Ennius], the author of a kind of poetry [not yet] well cultivated, nor attempted by the Greeks, and [more correct likewise] than the tribe of our old poets: but yet he, if he had been brought down by the Fates to this age of ours, would have retrenched a great deal from his writings: he would have pruned off every thing that transgressed the limits of perfection; and, in the composition of verses, would often have scratched his head, and bit his nails to the quick.

You that intend to write what is worthy to be read more than once, blot frequently: and take no-pains to make the multitude admire you, content with a few [judicious] readers. What, would you be such a fool as to be ambitious that your verses should be taught in petty schools? That is not my case. It is enough for me, that the knight [Maecenas] applauds: as the courageous actress, Arbuscula, expressed herself, in contempt of the rest of the audience, when she was hissed [by the populace]. What, shall that grubworm

Pantilius have any effect upon me? Or can it vex me, that Demetrius carps at me behind my back? or because the trifler Fannius, that hanger-on to Hermogenes Tigellius, attempts to hurt me? May Plotius and Varius, Maecenas and Virgil, Valgius and Octavius approve these Satires, and the excellent Fuscus likewise; and I could wish that both the Visci would join in their commendations: ambition apart, I may mention you, O Pollio: you also, Messala, together with your brother; and at the same time, you, Bibulus and Servius; and along with these you, candid Furnius; many others whom, though men of learning and my friends, I purposely omit — to whom I would wish these Satires, such as they are, may give satisfaction; and I should be chagrined, if they pleased in a degree below my expectation. You, Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid lament among the forms of your female pupils.

Go, boy, and instantly annex this Satire to the end of my book.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

He supposes himself to consult with Trebatius, whether he should desist from writing satires, or not.

There are some persons to whom I seem too severe in [the writing of] satire, and to carry it beyond proper bounds: another set are of opinion, that all I have written is nerveless, and that a thousand verses like mine may be spun out in a day. Trebatius, give me your advice, what shall I do. Be quiet. I should not make, you say, verses at all. I do say so. May I be hanged, if that would not be best: but I can not sleep. Let those, who want sound sleep, anointed swim thrice across the Tiber: and have their clay well moistened with wine over-night. Or, if such a great love of scribbling hurries you on, venture to celebrate the achievements of the invincible Caesar, certain of bearing off ample rewards for your pains.

Desirous I am, my good father, [to do this,] but my strength fails me, nor can any one describe the troops bristled with spears, nor the Gauls dying on their shivered darts, nor the wounded Parthian falling from his horse. Nevertheless you may describe him just and brave, as the wise Lucilius did Scipio. I will not be wanting to myself, when an opportunity presents itself: no verses of Horace's, unless well-timed, will gain the attention of Caesar;

whom, [like a generous steed,] if you stroke awkwardly, he will kick upon you, being at all quarters on his guard. How much better would this be, than to wound with severe satire Pantolabus the buffoon, and the rake Nomentanus! when every body is afraid for himself, [lest he should be the next,] and hates you, though he is not meddled with. What shall I do? Milonius falls a dancing the moment he becomes light-headed and warm, and the candles appear multiplied. Castor delights in horsemanship: and he, who sprang from the same egg, in boxing. As many thousands of people [as there are in the world], so many different inclinations are there. It delights me to combine words in meter, after the manner of Lucilius, a better man than both of us. He long ago communicated his secrets to his books, as to faithful friends; never having recourse elsewhere, whether things went well or ill with him: whence it happens, that the whole life of this old [poet] is as open to the view, as if it had been painted en a votive tablet. His example I follow, though in doubt whether I am a Lucanian or an Apulian; for the Venusinian farmers plow upon the boundaries of both countries, who (as the ancient tradition has it) were sent, on the expulsion of the Samnites, for this purpose, that the enemy might not make incursions on the Romans, through a vacant [unguarded frontier]: or lest the Apulian nation, or the fierce Lucanian, should make an invasion. But

this pen of mine shall not willfully attack any man breathing, and shall defend me like a sword that is sheathed in the scabbard which why should I attempt to draw, [while I am] safe from hostile villains? O Jupiter, father and sovereign, may my weapon laid aside wear away with rust, and may no one injure me, who am desirous of peace? But that man shall provoke me (I give notice, that it is better not to touch me) shall weep [his folly], and as a notorious character shall be sung through all the streets of Rome.

Cervius, when he is offended, threatens one with the laws and the [judiciary] urn; Canidia, Albutius' poison to those with whom she is at enmity, Turius [threatens] great damages, if you contest any thing while he is judge. How every animal terrifies those whom he suspects, with that in which he is most powerful, and how strong natural instinct commands this, thus infer with me. — The wolf attacks with his teeth, the bull with his horns. From what principle is this, if not a suggestion from within? Intrust that debauchee Scaeva with the custody of his ancient mother; his pious hand will commit no outrage. A wonder indeed! just as the wolf does not attack any one with his hoof, nor the bull with his teeth; but the deadly hemlock in the poisoned honey will take off the old dame.

That I may not be tedious, whether a placid old age awaits me, or whether death now hovers about

me with his sable wings; rich or poor, at Rome or (if fortune should so order it) an exile abroad; whatever be the complexion of my life, I will write. O my child, I fear you can not be long, lived; and that some creature of the great ones will strike you with the cold of death. What? when Lucilius had the courage to be the first in composing verses after this manner, and to pull off that mask, by means of which each man strutted in public view with a fair outside, though foul within; was Laelius, and he who derived a well deserved title from the destruction of Carthage, offended at his wit, or were they hurt at Metellus being lashed, or Lupus covered over with his lampoons? But he took to task the heads of the people, and the people themselves, class by class; in short, he spared none but virtue and her friends. Yet, when the valorous Scipio, and the mild philosophical Laelius, had withdrawn themselves from the crowd and the public scene, they used to divert themselves with him, and joke in a free manner, while a few vegetables were boiled [for supper]. Of whatever rank I am, though below the estate and wit of Lucilius, yet envy must be obliged to own that I have lived well with great men; and, wanting to fasten her tooth upon some weak part, will strike it against the solid: unless you, learned Trebatius, disapprove of any thing [I have said]. For my part, I can not make any objection to this. But however, that forewarned you may be upon your

guard, lest in ignorance of our sacred laws should bring you into trouble, [be sure of this] if any person shall make scandalous verses against a particular man, an action lies, and a sentence. Granted, if they are scandalous: but if a man composes good ones, and is praised by such a judge as Caesar? If a man barks only at him who deserves his invectives, while he himself is unblamable? The process will be canceled with laughter: and you, being dismissed, may depart in peace.

SATIRE II.

On Frugality.

What and how great is the virtue to live on a little (this is no doctrine of mine, but what Ofellus the peasant, a philosopher without rules and of a home-spun wit, taught me), learn, my good friends, not among dishes and splendid tables; when the eye is dazzled with the vain glare, and the mind, intent upon false appearances, refuses [to admit] better things; but here, before dinner, discuss this point with me. Why so? I will inform you, if I can. Every corrupted judge examines badly the truth. After hunting the hare, or being wearied by an unruly horse, or (if the Roman exercise fatigues you, accustomed to act the Greek) whether the swift ball, while eagerness softens and prevents your perceiving the severity of the game, or quoits (smite the yielding air with the quoit) when exercise has worked of squeamishness, dry and hungry, [then let me see you] despise mean viands; and don't drink anything but Hymettian honey qualified with Falernian wine. Your butler is abroad, and the tempestuous sea preserves the fish by its wintery storms; bread and salt will sufficiently appease an importunate stomach. Whence do you think this happens? and how is it obtained? The consummate

pleasure is not in the costly flavor, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce by sweating. Neither oysters, nor scar, nor the far-fetched lagois, can give any pleasure to one bloated and pale through intemperance. Nevertheless, if a peacock were served up, I should hardly be able to prevent your gratifying the palate with that, rather than a pullet, since you are prejudiced by the vanities of things; because the scarce bird is bought with gold, and displays a fine sight with its painted tail, as if that were anything to the purpose. “What; do you eat that plumage, which you extol? or has the bird the same beauty when dressed? Since however there is no difference in the meat, in one preferably to the other; it is manifest that you are imposed upon by the disparity of their appearances. Be it so.

By what gift are you able to distinguish, whether this lupus, that now opens its jaws before us, was taken in the Tiber, or in the sea? whether it was tossed between the bridges or at the mouth of the Tuscan river? Fool, you praise a mullet, that weighs three pounds; which you are obliged to cut into small pieces. Outward appearances lead you, I see. To what intent then do you contemn large lupuses? Because truly these are by nature bulky, and those very light. A hungry stomach seldom loathes common victuals. O that I could see a swingeing mullet extended on a swingeing dish! cries that gullet, which is fit for the voracious harpies

themselves. But O [say I] ye southern blasts, be present to taint the delicacies of the [gluttons]: though the boar and turbot newly taken are rank, when surfeiting abundance provokes the sick stomach; and when the sated guttler prefers turnips and sharp elecampane. However, all [appearance of] poverty is not quite banished from the banquets of our nobles; for there is, even at this day, a place for paltry eggs and black olives. And it was not long ago, since the table of Gallonius, the auctioneer, was rendered infamous, by having a sturgeon, [served whole upon it]. What? was the sea at that time less nutritive of turbots? The turbot was secure and the stork unmolested in her nest; till the praetorian [Sempronius], the inventor, first taught you [to eat them]. Therefore, if any one were to give it out that roasted cormorants are delicious, the Roman youth, teachable in depravity, would acquiesce, in it.

In the judgment of Ofellus, a sordid way of living will differ widely from frugal simplicity. For it is to no purpose for you to shun that vice [of luxury]; if you perversely fly to the contrary extreme. Avidienus, to whom the nickname of Dog is applied with propriety, eats olives of five years old, and wild cornels, and can not bear to rack off his wine unless it be turned sour, and the smell of his oil you can not endure: which (though clothed in white he celebrates the wedding festival, his birthday, or any other festal days) he pours out himself by little and little from a

horn cruet, that holds two pounds, upon his cabbage, [but at the same time] is lavish enough of his old vinegar.

What manner of living therefore shall the wise man put in practice, and which of these examples shall he copy? On one side the wolf presses on, and the dog on the other, as the saying is. A person will be accounted decent, if he offends not by sordidness, and is not despicable through either extreme of conduct. Such a man will not, after the example, of old Albutius, be savage while he assigns to his servants their respective offices; nor, like simple Naevius, will he offer greasy water to his company: for this too is a great fault.

Now learn what and how great benefits a temperate diet will bring along with it. In the first place, you will enjoy good health; for you may believe how detrimental a diversity of things is to any man, when you recollect that sort of food, which by its simplicity sat so well upon your stomach some time ago. But, when you have once mixed boiled and roast together, thrushes and shell-fish; the sweet juices will turn into bile, and a thick phlegm will bring a jarring upon the stomach. Do not you see, how pale each guest rises from a perplexing variety of dishes at an entertainment. Beside this, the body, overloaded with the debauch of yesterday, depresses the mind along with it, and dashes to the earth that portion of the divine spirit. Another man, as soon as

he has taken a quick repast, and rendered up his limbs to repose, rises vigorous to the duties of his calling. However, he may sometimes have recourse to better cheer; whether the returning year shall bring on a festival, or if he have a mind to refresh his impaired body; and when years shall approach, and feeble age require to be used more tenderly. But as for you, if a troublesome habit of body, or creeping old age, should come upon you, what addition can be made to that soft indulgence, which you, now in youth and in health anticipate?

Our ancestors praised a boar when it was stale not because they had no noses; but with this view, I suppose, that a visitor coming later than ordinary [might partake of it], though a little musty, rather than the voracious master should devour it all himself while sweet. I wish that the primitive earth had produced me among such heroes as these.

Have you any regard for reputation, which affects the human ear more agreeably than music? Great turbots and dishes bring great disgrace along with them, together with expense. Add to this, that your relations and neighbors will be exasperated at you, while you will be at enmity with yourself and desirous of death in vain, since you will not in your poverty have three farthings left to purchase a rope withal. Trausius, you say, may with justice be called to account in such language as this; but I possess an ample revenue, and wealth sufficient for three

potentates, Why then have you no better method of expending your superfluities? Why is any man, undeserving [of distressed circumstances], in want, while you abound: How comes it to pass, that the ancient temples of the gods are falling to ruin? Why do not you, wretch that you are, bestow something on your dear country, out of so vast a hoard? What, will matters always go well with you alone? O thou, that hereafter shalt be the great derision of thine enemies! which of the two shall depend upon himself in exigences with most certainty? He who has used his mind and high-swollen body to redundancies; or he who, contented with a little and provident for the future, like a Wise man in time of peace, shall make the necessary preparations for war?

That you may the more readily give credit to these things: I myself, when a little boy, took notice that this Ofellua did not use his unencumbered estate more profusely, than he does now it is reduced. You may see the sturdy husbandman laboring for hire in the land [once his own, but now] assigned [to others], with his cattle and children, talking to this effect; I never ventured to eat any thing on a work-day except pot-herbs, with a hock of smoke-dried bacon. And when a friend came to visit me after a long absence, or a neighbor, an acceptable guest to me resting from work on account of the rain, we lived well; not on fishes fetched from the city, but on

a pullet and a kid: then a dried grape, and a nut, with a large fig, set off our second course. After this, it was our diversion to have no other regulation in our cups, save that against drinking to excess; then Ceres worshiped [with a libation], that the corn might arise in lofty stems, smoothed with wine the melancholy of the contracted brow. Let fortune rage, and stir up new tumults what can she do more to impair my estate? How much more savingly have either I lived, or how much less neatly have you gone, my children, since this new possessor came? For nature has appointed to be lord of this earthly property, neither him, nor me, nor any one. He drove us out: either iniquity or ignorance in the quirks of the law shall [do the same] him: certainly in the end his long lived heir shall expel him. Now this field under the denomination of Umbrenus', lately it was Ofellus', the perpetual property of no man; for it turns to my use one while, and by and by to that of another. Wherefore, live undaunted; and oppose gallant breasts against the strokes of adversity.

SATIRE III.

Damasippus, in a conversation with Horace, proves this paradox of the Stoic philosophy, that most men are actually mad.

You write so seldom, as not to call for parchment four times in the year, busied in reforming your writings, yet are you angry with yourself, that indulging in wine and sleep you produce nothing worthy to be the subject of conversation. What will be the consequence? But you took refuge here, it seems, at the very celebration of the Saturnalia, out of sobriety. Dictate therefore something worthy of your promises; begin. There is nothing. The pens are found fault with to no purpose, and the harmless wall, which must have been built under the displeasure of gods and poets, suffers [to no end]. But you had the look of one that had threatened many and excellent things, when once your villa had received you, free from employment, under its warm roof. To what purpose was it to stow Plato upon Menander? Eupolis, Archilochus? For what end did you bring abroad such companions? What? are you setting about appeasing envy by deserting virtue? Wretch, you will be despised. That guilty Siren, Sloth, must be avoided; or whatever acquisitions you have made in the better part of your life, must with

equanimity be given up. May the gods and godnesses, O Damasippus, present you with a barber for your sound advice! But by what means did you get so well acquainted with me? Since all my fortunes were dissipated at the middle of the exchange, detached from all business of my own, I mind that of other people. For formerly I used to take a delight in inquiring, in what vase the crafty Sisyphus might have washed his feet; what was carved in an unworkmanlike manner, and what more roughly cast than it ought to be; being a connoisseur, I offered a hundred thousand sesterces for such a statue; I was the only man who knew how to purchase gardens and fine seats to the best advantage: whence the crowded ways gave me the surname of Mercurial. I know it well; and am amazed at your being cured of that disorder. Why a new disorder expelled the old one in a marvelous manner; as it is accustomed to do, when the pain of the afflicted side, or the head, is turned upon the stomach; as it is with a man in a lethargy, when he turns boxer, and attacks his physician. As long as you do nothing like this, be it even as you please. O my good friend, do not deceive yourself; you likewise are mad, and it is almost “fools all,” if what Stertinius insists upon has any truth in it; from whom, being of a teachable disposition, I derived these admirable precepts, at the very time when, having given me consolation, he ordered me to

cultivate a philosophical beard, and to return cheerfully from the Fabrician bridge. For when, my affairs being desperate, I had a mind to throw myself into the river, having covered my head [for that purpose], he fortunately was at my elbow; and [addressed me to this effect]: Take care, how do any thing unworthy of yourself; a false shame, says he, afflicts you, who dread to be esteemed a madman among madmen. For in the first place, I will inquire, what it is to be mad: and, if this distemper be in you exclusively, I will not add a single word, to prevent you from dying bravely.

The school and sect of Chrysippus deem every man mad, whom vicious folly or the ignorance of truth drives blindly forward. This definition takes in whole nations, this even great kings, the wise man [alone] excepted. Now learn, why all those, who have fixed the name of madman upon you, are as senseless as yourself. As in the woods, where a mistake makes people wander about from the proper path; one goes out of the way to the right, another to the left; there is the same blunder on both sides, only the illusion is in different directions: in this manner imagine yourself mad; so that he, who derides you, hangs his tail not one jot wiser than yourself. There is one species of folly, that dreads things not in the least formidable; insomuch that it will complain of fires, and rocks, and rivers opposing it in the open plain; there is another different from this, but not a

whit more approaching to wisdom, that runs headlong through the midst of flames and floods. Let the loving mother, the virtuous sister, the father, the wife, together with all the relations [of a man possessed with this latter folly], cry out: “Here is a deep ditch; here is a prodigious rock; take care of yourself:” he would give no more attention, than did the drunken Fufius some time ago, when he overslept the character of Ilione, twelve hundred Catieni at the same time roaring out, *O mother, I call you to my aid*. I will demonstrate to you, that the generality of all mankind are mad in the commission of some folly similar to this.

Damasippus is mad for purchasing antique statues: but is Damasippus’ creditor in his senses? Well, suppose I should say to you: receive this, which you can never repay: will you be a madman, if you receive it; or would you be more absurd for rejecting a booty, which propitious Mercury offers? Take bond, like the banker Nerius, for ten thousand sesterces; it will not signify: add the forms of Cicuta, so versed in the knotty points of law: add a thousand obligations: yet this wicked Proteus will evade all these ties. When you shall drag him to justice, laughing as if his cheeks were none of his own; he will be transformed into a boar, sometimes into a bird, sometimes into a stone, and when he pleases Into a tree. If to conduct one’s affairs badly be the part of a madman; and the reverse, that of a man

well in his senses; brain of Perillius (believe me), who orders you [that sum of money], which you can never repay, is much more unsound [than yours].

Whoever grows pale with evil ambition, or the love of money: whoever is heated with luxury, or gloomy superstition, or any other disease of the mind, I command him to adjust his garment and attend: hither, all of ye, come near me in order, while I convince you that you are mad.

By far the largest portion of hellebore is to be administered to the covetous: I know not, whether reason does not consign all Anticyra to their use. The heirs of Staberius engraved the sum [which he left them] upon his tomb: unless they had acted in this manner, they were under an obligation to exhibit a hundred pair of gladiators to the people, beside an entertainment according to the direction of Arrius; and as much corn as is cut in Africa. Whether I have willed this rightly or wrongly, it was my will; be not severe against me, [cries the testator]. I imagine the provident mind of Staberius foresaw this. What then did he moan, when he appointed by will that his heirs should engrave the sum of their patrimony upon his tomb-stone? As long as he lived, he deemed poverty a great vice, and nothing did he more industriously avoid: insomuch that, had he died less rich by one farthing, the more Iniquitous would he have appeared to himself. For every thing, virtue, fame, glory, divine and human affairs, are

subservient to the attraction of riches; which whoever shall have accumulated, shall be illustrious, brave, just — What, wise too? Ay, and a king, and whatever else he pleases. This he was in hopes would greatly redound to his praise, as if it had been an acquisition of his virtue. In what respect did the Grecian Aristippus act like this; who ordered his slaves to throw away his gold in the midst of Libya; because, encumbered with the burden, they traveled too slowly? Which is the greater madman of these two? An example is nothing to the purpose, that decides one controversy by creating another. If any person were to buy lyres, and [when he had bought them] to stow them in one place; though neither addicted to the lyre nor to any one muse whatsoever: if a man were [to buy] paring-knives and lasts, and were no shoemaker; sails fit for navigation, and were averse to merchandizing; he every where deservedly be styled delirious, and out of his senses. How does he differ from these, who boards up cash and gold [and] knows not how to use them when accumulated, and is afraid to touch them as if they were consecrated? If any person before a great heap of corn should keep perpetual watch with a long club, and, though the owner of it, and hungry, should not dare to take a single grain from it; and should rather feed upon bitter leaves: if while a thousand hogsheads of Chian, or old Falernian, is stored up within (nay, that is nothing — three hundred

thousand), he drink nothing, but what is mere sharp vinegars again — if, wanting but one year of eighty, he should lie upon straw, who has bed-clothes rotting in his chest, the food of worms and moths; he would seem mad, belike, but to few persons: because the greatest part of mankind labors, under the same malady.

Thou dotard, hateful to the gods, dost thou guard [these possessions], for fear of wanting thyself: to the end that thy son, or even the freedman thy heir, should guzzle it all up? For how little will each day deduct from your capital, if you begin to pour better oil upon your greens and your head, filthy with scurf not combed out? If any thing be a sufficiency, wherefore are you guilty of perjury [wherefore] do you rob, and plunder from all quarters? Are you in your senses? If you were to begin to pelt the populace with stones, and the slaves, which you purchased with your money; all the: very boys and girls will cry out that you are a madman. When you dispatch your wife with a rope, and your mother with poison, are you right in your head? Why not? You neither did this at Argos, nor slew your mother with the sword, as the mad Orestes did. What, do you imagine that he ran? mad after he had murdered his parent; and that he was not driven mad by the wicked Furies, before he warmed his sharp steel in his mother's throat? Nay, from the time that Orestes is deemed to have been of a dangerous disposition,

he did nothing in fact that you can blame; he did not dare to offer violence with his sword to Pylades, nor to his sister Electra; he only gave ill language to both of them, by calling her a Fury, and him some other [opprobrious name], which, his violent choler suggested.

Opimius, poor amid silver and gold hoarded up within, who used to drink out of Campanian ware Veientine wine on holidays, and mere dregs on common days, was some time ago taken with a prodigious lethargy; insomuch that his heir was already scouring about his coffers and keys, in joy and triumph. His physician, a man of much dispatch and fidelity, raises him in this manner: he orders a table to be brought, and the bags of money to be poured out, and several persons to approach in order to count it: by this method he sets the man upon his legs again. And at the same time he addresses him to this effect. Unless you guard your money your ravenous heir will even now carry off these [treasures] of yours. What, while I am alive? That you may live, therefore, awake; do this. What would you have me do? Why your blood will fail you that are so much reduced, unless food and some great restorative be administered to your decaying stomach. Do you hesitate? come on; take this ptisan made of rice. How much did it cost? A trifle. How much then? Eight asses. Alas! what does it matter, whether I die of a disease, or by theft and rapine?

Who then is sound? He, who is not a fool. What is the covetous man? Both a fool and a madman. What — if a man be not covetous, is he immediately [to be deemed] sound? By no means. Why so, Stoic? I will tell you. Such a patient (suppose Craterus [the physician] said this) is not sick at the heart. Is he therefore well, and shall he get up? No, he will forbid that; because his side or his reins are harassed with an acute disease. [In like manner], such a man is not perjured, nor sordid; let him then sacrifice a hog to his propitious household gods. But he is ambitious and assuming. Let him make a voyage [then] to Anticyra. For what is the difference, whether you fling whatever you have into a gulf, or make no use of your acquisitions?

Servius Oppidius, rich in the possession of an ancient estate, is reported when dying to have divided two farms at Canusium between his two sons, and to have addressed the boys, called to his bed-side, [in the following manner]: When I saw you, Aulus, carry your playthings and nuts carelessly in your bosom, [and] to give them and game them away; you, Tiberius, count them, and anxious hide them in holes; I was afraid lest a madness of a different nature should possess you: lest you [Aulus], should follow the example of Nomentanus, you, [Tiberius], that of Cicuta. Wherefore each of you, entreated by our household gods, do you (Aulus) take care lest you lessen; you (Tiberius) lest

you make that greater, which your father thinks and the purposes of nature determine to be sufficient. Further, lest glory should entice you, I will bind each of you by an oath: whichever of you shall be an aedile or a praetor, let him be excommunicated and accursed. Would you destroy your effects in [largesses of] peas, beans, and lupines, that you may stalk in the circus at large, or stand in a statue of brass, O madman, stripped of your paternal estate, stripped of your money? To the end, forsooth, that you may gain those applauses, which Agrippa gains, like a cunning fox imitating a generous lion?

O Agamemnon, why do you prohibit any one from burying Ajax? I am a king. I, a plebeian, make no further inquiry. And I command a just thing: but, if I seem unjust to any one, I permit you to speak your sentiments with impunity. Greatest of kings, may the gods grant that, after the taking of Troy, you may conduct your fleet safe home: may I then have the liberty to ask questions, and reply in my turn? Ask. Why does Ajax, the second hero after Achilles, rot [above ground], so often renowned for having saved the Grecians; that Priam and Priam's people may exult in his being unburied, by whose means so many youths have been deprived of their country's rites of sepulture. In his madness he killed a thousand sheep, crying out that he was destroying the famous Ulysses and Menelaus, together with me. When you at Aulis substituted your sweet daughter

in the place of a heifer before the altar, and, O impious one, sprinkled her head with the salt cake; did you preserve soundness of mind? Why do you ask? What then did the mad Ajax do, when he slew the flock with his sword? He abstained from any violence to his wife and child, though he had imprecated many curses on the sons of Atreus: he neither hurt Teucer, nor even Ulysses himself. But I, out of prudence, appeased the gods with blood, that I might loose the ships detained on an adverse shore. Yes, madman! with your own blood. With my own [indeed], but I was not mad. Whoever shall form images foreign from reality, and confused in the tumult of impiety, will always be reckoned disturbed in mind: and it will not matter, whether he go wrong through folly or through rage. Is Ajax delirious, while he kills the harmless lambs? Are you right in your head, when you willfully commit a crime for empty titles? And is your heart pure, while it is swollen with the vice? If any person should take a delight to carry about with him in his sedan a pretty lambkin; and should provide clothes, should provide maids and gold for it, as for a daughter, should call it Rufa and Rufilla, and should destine it a wife for some stout husband; the praetor would take power from him being interdicted, and the management of him would devolve to his relations, that were in their senses. What, if a man devote his daughter instead of a dumb lambkin, is he right of mind? Never say it.

Therefore, wherever there is a foolish depravity, there will be the height of madness. He who is wicked, will be frantic too: Bellona, who delights in bloodshed, has thundered about him, whom precarious fame has captivated.

Now, come on, arraign with me luxury and Nomentanus; for reason will evince that foolish spendthrifts are mad. This fellow, as soon as he received a thousand talents of patrimony, issues an order that the fishmonger, the fruiterer, the poulterer, the perfumer, and the impious gang of the Tuscan alley, sausage-maker, and buffoons, the whole shambles, together with [all] Velabrum, should come to his house in the morning. What was the consequence? They came in crowds. The pander makes a speech: "Whatever I, or whatever each of these has at home, believe it to be yours: and give your order for it either directly, or to-morrow." Hear what reply the considerate youth made: "You sleep booted in Lucanian snow, that I may feast on a boar: you sweep the wintry seas for fish: I am indolent, and unworthy to possess so much. Away with it: do you take for your share ten hundred thousand sesterces; you as much; you thrice the sum, from whose house your spouse runs, when called for, at midnight." The son of Aesopus, [the actor] (that he might, forsooth, swallow a million of sesterces at a draught), dissolved in vinegar a precious pearl, which he had taken from the ear of Metella: how

much wiser was he [in doing this,] than if he had thrown the same into a rapid river, or the common sewer? The progeny of Quintius Arrius, an illustrious pair of brothers, twins in wickedness and trifling and the love of depravity, used to dine upon nightingales bought at a vast expense: to whom do these belong? Are they in their senses? Are they to be marked With chalk, or with charcoal?

If an [aged person] with a long beard should take a delight to build baby-houses, to yoke mice to a go-cart, to play at odd and even, to ride upon a long cane, madness must be his motive. If reason shall evince, that to be in love is a more childish thing than these; and that there is no difference whether you play the same games in the dust as when three years old, or whine in anxiety for the love of a harlot: I beg to know, if you will act as the reformed Polemon did of old? Will you lay aside those ensigns of your disease, your rollers, your mantle, your mufflers; as he in his cups is said to have privately torn the chaplet from his neck, after he was corrected by the speech of his fasting master? When you offer apples to an angry boy, he refuses them: here, take them, you little dog; he denies you: if you don’t give them, he wants them. In what does an excluded lover differ [from such a boy]; when he argues with himself whether he should go or not to that very place whither he was returning without being sent for, and cleaves to the hated doors?

“What shall I not go to her now, when she invites me of her own accord? or shall I rather think of putting an end to my pains? She has excluded me; she recalls me: shall I return? No, not if she would implore me.” Observe the servant, not a little wiser: “O master, that which has neither moderation nor conduct, can not be guided by reason or method. In love these evils are inherent; war [one while], then peace again. If any one should endeavor to ascertain these things, that are various as the weather, and fluctuating by blind chance; he will make no more of it, than if he should set about raving by right reason and rule.” What — when, picking the pippins from the Picenian apples, you rejoice if haply you have hit the vaulted roof; are you yourself? What — when you strike out faltering accents from your antiquated palate, how much wiser are you than [a child] that builds little houses? To the folly [of love] add bloodshed, and stir the fire with a sword. I ask you, when Marius lately, after he had stabbed Hellas, threw himself down a precipice, was he raving mad? Or will you absolve the man from the imputation of a disturbed mind, and condemn him for the crime, according to your custom, imposing, on things named that have an affinity in signification?

There was a certain freedman, who, an old man, ran about the streets in a morning fasting, with his hands washed, and prayed thus: “Snatch me alone from death” (adding some solemn vow), “me alone,

for it is an easy matter for the gods:” this man was sound in both his ears and eyes; but his master, when he sold him, would except his understanding, unless he were fond of law-suits. This crowd too Chrysippus places in the fruitful family of Menenius.

O Jupiter, who givest and takest away great afflictions, (cries the mother of a boy, now lying sick abed for five months), if this cold quartan ague should leave the child, in the morning of that day on which you enjoy a fast, he shall stand naked in the Tiber. Should chance or the physician relieve the patient from his imminent danger, the infatuated mother will destroy [the boy] placed on the cold bank, and will bring back the fever. With what disorder of the mind is she stricken? Why, with a superstitious fear of the gods.

These arms Stertinius, the eighth of the wise men, gave to me, as to a friend, that for the future I might not be roughly accosted without avenging myself. Whosoever shall call me madman, shall hear as much from me [in return]; and shall learn to look back upon the bag that hangs behind him.

O Stoic, so may you, after your damage, sell all your merchandise the better: what folly (for, [it seems,] there are more kinds than one) do you think I am infatuated with? For to myself I seem sound. What — when mad Agave carries the amputated head of her unhappy son, does she then seem mad to

herself? I allow myself a fool (let me yield to the truth) and a madman likewise: only declare this, with what distemper of mind you think me afflicted. Hear, then: in the first place you build; that is, though from top to bottom you are but of the two-foot size you imitate the tall: and you, the same person, laugh at the spirit and strut of Turbo in armor, too great for his [little] body: how are you less ridiculous than him? What — is it fitting that, in every thing Maecenas does, you, who are so very much unlike him and so much his inferior, should vie with him? The young ones of a frog being in her absence crushed by the foot of a calf, when one of them had made his escape, he told his mother what a huge beast had dashed his brethren to pieces. She began to ask, how big? Whether it were so great? puffing herself up. Greater by half. What, so big? when she had swelled herself more and more. If you should burst yourself, says he, you will not be equal to it. This image bears no great dissimilitude to you. Now add poems (that is, add oil to the fire), which if ever any man in his senses made, why so do you. I do not mention your horrid rage. At length, have done — your way of living beyond your fortune — confine yourself to your own affairs, Damasippus — those thousand passions for the fair, the young. Thou greater madman, at last, spare thy inferior.

SATIRE IV.

He ridicules the absurdity of one Catius, who placed the summit of human felicity in the culinary art.

Whence, and whither, Catius? I have not time [to converse with you], being desirous of impressing on my memory some new precepts; such as excel Pythagoras, and him that was accused by Anytus, and the learned Plato. I acknowledge my offense, since I have interrupted you at so unlucky a juncture: but grant me your pardon, good sir, I beseech you. If any thing should have slipped you now, you will presently recollect it: whether this talent of yours be of nature, or of art, you are amazing in both. Nay, but I was anxious, how I might retain all [these precepts]; as being things of a delicate nature, and in a delicate style. Tell me the name of this man; and at the same time whether he is a Roman, or a foreigner? As I have them by heart, I will recite the precepts: the author shall be concealed.

Remember to serve up those eggs that are of an oblong make, as being of sweeter flavor and more nutritive than the round ones: for, being tough-shelled, they contain a male yelk. Cabbage that grows in dry lands, is sweeter than that about town: nothing is more insipid than a garden much watered. If a visitor should come unexpectedly upon you in

the evening, lest the tough old hen prove disagreeable to his palate, you must learn to drown it in Falernian wine mixed [with water]: this will make it tender. The mushrooms that grow in meadows, are of the best kind: all others are dangerously trusted. That man shall spend his summers healthy who shall finish his dinners with mulberries black [with ripeness], which he shall have gathered from the tree before the sun becomes violent. Aufidius used to mix honey with strong Falernian injudiciously; because it is right to commit nothing to the empty veins, but what is emollient: you will, with more propriety, wash your stomach with soft mead. If your belly should be hard bound, the limpet and coarse cockles will remove obstructions, and leaves of the small sorrel; but not without Coan white wine. The increasing moons swell the lubricating shell-fish. But every sea is not productive of the exquisite sorts. The Lucrine muscle is better than the Baian murex: [The best] oysters come from the Circaean promontory; cray-fish from Misenum: the soft Tarentum plumes herself on her broad escalops. Let no one presumptuously arrogate to himself the science of banqueting, unless the nice doctrine of tastes has been previously considered by him with exact system. Nor is it enough to sweep away a parcel of fishes from the expensive stalls, [while he remains] ignorant for what sort stewed sauce is more proper, and what being roasted, the sated guest will

presently replace himself on his elbow. Let the boar from Umbria, and that which has been fed with the acorns of the scarlet oak, bend the round dishes of him who dislikes all flabby meat: for the Laurentian boar, fattened with flags and reeds, is bad. The vineyard does not always afford the most eatable kids. A man of sense will be fond of the shoulders of a pregnant hare. What is the proper age and nature of fish and fowl, though inquired after, was never discovered before my palate. There are some, whose genius invents nothing but new kinds of pastry. To waste one's care upon one thing, is by no means sufficient; just as if any person should use all his endeavors for this only, that the wine be not bad; quite careless what oil he pours upon his fish. If you set out Massic wine in fair weather, should there be any thing thick in it, it will be attenuated by the nocturnal air, and the smell unfriendly to the nerves will go off: but, if filtrated through linen, it will lose its entire flavor. He, who skillfully mixes the Surrentine wine with Falernian lees, collects the sediment with a pigeon's egg: because the yelk sinks to the bottom, rolling down with it all the heterogeneous parts. You may rouse the jaded toper with roasted shrimps and African cockles; for lettuce after wine floats upon the soured stomach: by ham preferably, and by sausages, it craves to be restored to its appetite: nay, it will prefer every thing which is brought smoking hot from the nasty eating-houses. It

is worth while to be acquainted with the two kinds of sauce. The simple consists of sweet oil; which it will be proper to mix with rich wine and pickle, but with no other pickle than that by which the Byzantine jar has been tainted. When this, mingled with shredded herbs, has boiled, and sprinkled with Corycian saffron, has stood, you shall over and above add what the pressed berry of the Venafran olive yields. The Tiburtian yield to the Picenian apples in juice, though they excel in look. The Venusian grape is proper for [preserving in] pots. The Albanian you had better harden in the smoke. I am found to be the first that served up this grape with apples in neat little side-plates, to be the first [likewise that served up] wine-lees and herring-brine, and white pepper finely mixed with black salt. It is an enormous fault to bestow three thousand sesterces on the fish-market, and then to cramp the roving fishes in a narrow dish. It causes a great nausea in the stomach, if even the slave touches the cup with greasy hands, while he licks up snacks, or if offensive grime has adhered to the ancient goblet. In trays, in mats, in sawdust, [that are so] cheap, what great expense can there be? But, if they are neglected, it is a heinous shame. What, should you sweep Mosaic pavements with a dirty broom made of palm, and throw Tyrian carpets over the unwashed furniture of your couch! forgetting, that by how much less care and expense these things are

attended, so much the more justly may [the want of them] be censured, than of those things which can not be obtained but at the tables of the rich?

Learned Catius, entreated by our friendship and the gods, remember to introduce me to an audience [with this great man], whenever you shall go to him. For, though by your memory you relate every thing to me, yet as a relater you can not delight me in so high a degree. Add to this the countenance and deportment of the man; whom you, happy in having seen, do not much regard, because it has been your lot: but I have no small solicitude, that I may approach the distant fountain-heads, and imbibe the precepts of [such] a blessed life.

SATIRE V.

In a humorous dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias, he exposes those arts which the fortune hunters make use of, in order to be appointed the heirs of rich old men.

Beside what you have told me, O Tiresias, answer to this petition of mine: by what arts and expedients may I be able to repair my ruined fortunes — why do you laugh? Does it already seem little to you, who are practiced in deceit, to be brought back to Ithaca, and to behold [again] your family household gods? O you who never speak falsely to anyone, you see how naked and destitute I return home, according to your prophecy: nor is either my cellar, or my cattle there, unembezzled by the suitors [of Penelope]. But birth and virtue, unless [attended] with substance, is viler than sea weed.

Since (circumlocutions apart) you are in dread of poverty hear by what means you may grow wealthy. If a thrush, or any [nice] thing for your own private [eating], shall be given you; it must wing way to that place, where shines a great fortune, the possessor being an old man: delicious apples, and whatever dainties your well-cultivated ground brings forth for you, let the rich man, as more to be reverenced than your household god, taste before him: and, though

he be perjured, of no family, stained with his brother's blood, a runaway; if he desire it, do not refuse to go along with him, his companion on the outer side. What, shall I walk cheek by jole with a filthy Damas? I did not behave myself in that manner at Troy, contending always with the best. You must then be poor. I will command my sturdy soul to bear this evil; I have formerly endured even greater. Do thou, O prophet, tell me forthwith how I may amass riches and heaps of money. In troth I have told you, and tell you again. Use your craft to lie at catch for the last wills of old men: nor, if one or two cunning chaps escape by biting the bait off the hook, either lay aside hope, or quit the art, though disappointed in your aim. If an affair, either of little or great consequence, shall be contested at any time at the bar; whichever of the parties live wealthy without heirs, should he be a rogue, who daringly takes the law of a better man, be thou his advocate: despise the citizen, who is superior in reputation, and [the justness of] his cause, if at home he has a son or a fruitful wife. [Address him thus:] "Quintus, for instance, or Publius (delicate ears delight in the prefixed name), your virtue has made me your friend. I am acquainted with the precarious quirks of the law; I can plead causes. Any one shall sooner snatch my eyes from me, than he shall despise or defraud you of an empty nut. This is my care, that you lose nothing, that you be not made a

jest of." Bid him go home, and make much of himself. Be his solicitor yourself: persevere, and be steadfast: whether the glaring dog-star shall cleave the infant statues; or Furius, destined with his greasy paunch, shall spue white snow over the wintery Alps. Do not you see (shall someone say, jogging the person that stands next to him by the elbow) how indefatigable he is, how serviceable to his friends, how acute? [By this means] more tunnies shall swim in, and your fish-ponds will increase.

Further, if any one in affluent circumstances has reared an ailing son, lest a too open complaisance to a single man should detect you, creep gradually into the hope [of succeeding him], and that you may be set down as second heir; and, if any casualty ahould dispatch the boy to Hades, you may come into the vacancy. This die seldom fails. Whoever delivers his will to you to read, be mindful to decline it, and push the parchment from you: [do it] however in such a manner, that you may catch with an oblique glance, what the first page intimates to be in the second clause: run over with a quick eye, whether you are sole heir, or co-heir with many. Sometimes a well-seasoned lawyer, risen from a Quinquevir, shall delude the gaping raven; and the fortune-hunter Nasica shall be laughed at by Coranus.

What, art thou in a [prophetic] raving; or dost thou play upon me designedly, by uttering obscurities? O son of Laertes, whatever I shall say

will come to pass, or it will not: for the great Apollo gives me the power to divine. Then, if it is proper, relate what that tale means.

At that time when the youth dreaded by the Parthians, an offspring derived from the noble Aeneas, shall be mighty by land and sea; the tall daughter of Nasica, averse to pay the sum total of his debt, shall wed the stout Coranus. Then the son-in-law shall proceed thus: he shall deliver his will to his father-in-law, and entreat him to read it; Nasica will at length receive it, after it has been several times refused, and silently peruse it; and will find no other legacy left to him and his, except leave to lament.

To these [directions I have already given], I subjoin the [following]: if haply a cunning woman or a freedman have the management of an old driveler, join with them as an associate: praise them, that you may be praised in your absence. This too is of service; but to storm [the capital] itself excels this method by far. Shall he, a dotard, scribble wretched verses? Applaud them. Shall he be given to pleasure? Take care [you do not suffer him] to ask you: of your own accord complaisantly deliver up your Penelope to him, as preferable [to yourself]. What — do you think so sober and so chaste a woman can be brought over, whom [so many] wooers could not divert from the right course. Because, forsooth, a parcel of young fellows came, who were too parsimonious to give a great price, nor

so much desirous of an amorous intercourse, as of the kitchen. So far your Penelope is a good woman: who, had she once tasted of one old [doting gallant], and shared with you the profit, like a hound, will never be frighted away from the reeking skin [of the new killed game].

What I am going to tell you happened when I was an old man. A wicked hag at Thebes was, according to her will, carried forth in this manner: her heir bore her corpse, anointed with a large quantity of oil, upon his naked shoulders; with the intent that, if possible, she might escape from him even when dead: because, I imagine, he had pressed upon her too much when living. Be cautious in your addresses: neither be wanting in your pains, nor immoderately exuberant. By garrulity you will offend the splenetic and morose. You must not, however, be too silent. Be Davus in the play; and stand with your head on one side, much like one who is in great awe. Attack him with complaisance: if the air freshens, advise him carefully to cover up his precious head: disengage him from the crowd by opposing your shoulders to it: closely attach your ear to him if chatty. Is he immoderately fond of being praised? Pay him home, till he shall cry out, with his hands lifted up to heaven, “Enough:” and puff up the swelling bladder with tumid speeches. When he shall have [at last] released you from your long servitude and anxiety; and being certainly awake,

you shall hear [this article in his will]? “Let Ulysses be heir to one fourth of my estate:” “is then my companion Damas now no more? where shall I find one so brave and so faithful?” Throw out [something of this kind] every now and then: and if you can a little, weep for him. It is fit to disguise your countenance, which [otherwise] would betray your joy. As for the monument, which is left to your own discretion, erect it without meanness. The neighborhood will commend the funeral handsomely performed. If haply any of your co-heirs, being advanced in years, should have a dangerous cough; whether he has a mind to be a purchaser of a farm or a house out of your share, tell him, you will [come to any terms he shall propose, and] make it over to him gladly for a trifling sum. But the Imperious Proserpine drags me hence. Live, and prosper.

SATIRE VI.

He sets the conveniences of a country retirement in opposition to the troubles of a life in town.

This was [ever] among the number of my wishes: a portion of ground not over large, in which was a garden, and a fountain with a continual stream close to my house, and a little Woodland besides. The gods have done more abundantly, and better, for me [than this]. It is well: O son of Maia, I ask nothing more save that you would render these donations lasting to me. If I have neither made my estate larger by bad means, nor am in a way to make it less by vice or misconduct; if I do not foolishly make any petition of this sort— "Oh that that neighboring angle, which now spoils the; regularity of my field, could be added! Oh that some accident would discover to me an urn [full] of money! as it did to him, who having found a treasure, bought that very ground he before tilled in the capacity of an hired servant, enriched by Hercules' being his friend;" if what I have at present satisfies me grateful, I supplicate you with this prayer: make my cattle fat for the use of their master, and every thing else, except my genius: and, as you are wont, be present as my chief guardian. Wherefore, when I have removed myself from the city to the mountains and

my castle, (what can I polish, preferably to my satires and prosaic muse?) neither evil ambition destroys me, nor the heavy south wind, nor the sickly autumn, the gain of baleful Libitina.

Father of the morning, or Janus, if with more pleasure thou hearest thyself [called by that name], from whom men commence the toils of business, and of life (such is the will of the gods), be thou the beginning of my song. At Rome you hurry me away to be bail; "Away, dispatch, [you cry,] lest any one should be beforehand with you in doing that friendly office:" I must go, at all events, whether the north wind sweep the earth, or winter contracts the snowy day into a narrower circle. After this, having uttered in a clear and determinate manner [the legal form], which may be a detriment to me, I must bustle through the crowd; and must disoblige the tardy. "What is your will, madman, and what are you about, impudent fellow?" So one accosts me with his passionate curses. "You jostle every thing that is in your way, if with an appointment full in your mind you are away to Maecenas." This pleases me, and is like honey: I will not tell a lie. But by the time I reached the gloomy Esquiliae, a hundred affairs of other people's encompass me on every side: "Roscius begged that you would be with him at the court-house to-morrow before the second hour." "The secretaries requested you would remember, Quintus, to return to-day about an affair of public

concern, and of great consequence." "Get Maecenas to put his signet to these tablets." Should one say, "I will endeavor at it:" "If you will, you can," adds he; and is more earnest. The seventh year approaching to the eighth is now elapsed, from the time that Maecenas began to reckon me in the number of his friends; only thus far, as one he would like to take along with him in his chariot, when he went a journey, and to whom he would trust such kind of trifles as these: "What is the hour?" "Is Gallina, the Thracian, a match for [the gladiator] Syrus?" "The cold morning air begins to pinch those that are ill provided against it;" — and such things-as are well enough intrusted to a leaky ear. For all this time, every day and hour, I have been more subjected to envy. "Our son of fortune here, says every body, witnessed the shows in company with [Maecenas], and played with him in the Campus Martius." Does any disheartening report spread from the rostrum through the streets, whoever comes in my way consults me [concerning it]: "Good sir, have you (for you must know, since you approach nearer the gods) heard any thing relating to the Dacians?" "Nothing at all for my part," [I reply]. "How you ever are a sneerer!" "But may all the gods torture me, if I know any thing of the matter." "What? will Caesar give the lands he promised the soldiers, in Sicily, or in Italy?" As I am swearing I know nothing about it,

they wonder at me, [thinking] me, to be sure, a creature of profound and extraordinary secrecy.

Among things of this nature the day is wasted by me, mortified as I am, not without such wishes as these: O rural retirement, when shall I behold thee? and when shall it be in my power to pass through the pleasing oblivion of a life full of solicitude, one while with the books of the ancients, another while in sleep and leisure? O when shall the bean related to Pythagoras, and at the same time herbs well larded with fat bacon, be set before me? O evenings, and suppers fit for gods! with which I and my friends regale ourselves in the presence of my household gods; and feed my saucy slaves with viands, of which libations have been made. The guest, according to every one's inclination, takes off the glasses of different sizes, free from mad laws: whether one of a strong constitution chooses hearty bumpers; or another more joyously gets mellow with moderate ones. Then conversation arises, not concerning other people's villas and houses, nor whether Lepos dances well or not; but we debate on what is more to our purpose, and what it is pernicious not to know — whether men are made happier by riches or by virtue; or what leads us into intimacies, interest or moral rectitude; and what is the nature of good, and what its perfection. Meanwhile, my neighbor Cervius prates away old stories relative to the subject. For, if any one

ignorantly commends the troublesome riches of Aurelius, he thus begins: “On a time a country-mouse is reported to have received a city-mouse into his poor cave, an old host, his old acquaintance; a blunt fellow and attentive to his acquisitions, yet so as he could [on occasion] enlarge his narrow soul in acts of hospitality. What need of many words? He neither grudged him the hoarded vetches, nor the long oats; and bringing in his mouth a dry plum, and nibbled scraps of bacon, presented them to him, being desirous by the variety of the supper to get the better of the daintiness of his guest, who hardly touched with his delicate tooth the several things: while the father of the family himself, extended on fresh straw, ate a spelt and darnel” leaving that which was better [for his guest]. At length the citizen addressing him, ‘Friend,’ says he, ‘what delight have you to live laboriously on the ridge of a rugged thicket? Will you not prefer men and the city to the savage woods? Take my advice, and go along with me: since mortal lives are allotted to all terrestrial animals, nor is there any escape from death, either for the great or the small. Wherefore, my good friend, while it is in your power, live happy in joyous circumstances: live mindful of how brief an existence you are.’ Soon as these speeches had wrought upon the peasant, he leaps nimbly from his cave: thence they both pursue their intended journey, being desirous to steal under the city walls by night.

And now the night possessed the middle region of the heavens, when each of them set foot in a gorgeous palace, where carpets dyed with crimson grain glittered upon ivory couches, and many baskets of a magnificent entertainment remained, which had yesterday been set by in baskets piled upon one another. After he had placed the peasant then, stretched at ease upon a splendid carpet; he bustles about like an adroit host, and keeps bringing up one dish close upon another, and with an affected civility performs all the ceremonies, first tasting of every thing he serves up. He, reclined, rejoices in the change of his situation, and acts the part of a boon companion in the good cheer: when on a sudden a prodigious rattling of the folding doors shook them both from their couches. Terrified they began to scamper all about the room, and more and more heartless to be in confusion, while the lofty house resounded with [the barking of] mastiff dogs; upon which, says the country-mouse, ‘I have no desire for a life like this; and so farewell: my wood and cave, secure from surprises, shall with homely tares comfort me.’”

SATIRE VII.

One of Horace's slaves, making use of that freedom which was allowed them at the Saturnalia, rates his master in a droll and severe manner.

I have a long while been attending [to you], and would fain speak a few words [in return; but, being] a slave, I am afraid. What, Davus? Yes, Davus, a faithful servant to his master and an honest one, at least sufficiently so: that is, for you to think his life in no danger. Well (since our ancestors would have it so), use the freedom of December speak on.

One part of mankind are fond of their vices with some constancy and adhere to their purpose: a considerable part fluctuates; one while embracing the right, another while liable to depravity. Priscus, frequently observed with three rings, sometimes with his left hand bare, lived so irregularly that he would change his robe every hour; from a magnificent edifice, he would on a sudden hide himself in a place, whence a decent freedman could scarcely come out in a decent manner; one while he would choose to lead the life of a rake at Rome, another while that of a teacher at Athens; born under the evil influence of every Vertumnus. That buffoon, Volanerius, when the deserved gout had crippled his fingers, maintained [a fellow] that he had hired at a

daily price, who took up the dice and put them into a box for him: yet by how much more constant was he in his vice, by so much less wretched was he than the former person, who is now in difficulties by too loose, now by too tight a rein.

"Will you not tell to-day, you varlet, whither such wretched stuff as this tends?" "Why, to you, I say." "In what respect to me, scoundrel?" "You praise the happiness and manners of the ancient [Roman] people; and yet, if any god were on a sudden to reduce you to to them, you, the same man, would earnestly beg to be excused; either because you are not really of opinion that what you bawl about is right; or because you are irresolute in defending the right, and hesitate, in vain desirous to extract your foot from the mire. At Rome, you long for the country; when you are in the country, fickle, you extol the absent city to the skies. If haply you are invited out nowhere to supper, you praise your quiet dish of vegetables; and as if you ever go abroad upon compulsion, you think yourself so happy, and do so hug yourself, that you are obliged to drink out nowhere. Should Maecenas lay his commands on you to come late, at the first lighting up of the lamps, as his guest; 'Will nobody bring the oil with more expedition? Does any body hear?' You stutter with a mighty bellowing, and storm with rage. Milvius, and the buffoons [who expected to sup with you], depart, after having uttered curses not proper to be repeated.

Any one may say, for I own [the truth], that I am easy to be seduced by my appetite; I snuff up my nose at a savory smell: I am weak, lazy; and, if you have a mind to add any thing else, I am a sot. But seeing you are as I am, and perhaps something worse, why do you willfully call me to an account as if you were the better man; and, with specious phrases, disguise your own vice? What, if you are found out to be a greater fool than me, who was purchased for five hundred drachmas? Forbear to terrify me with your looks; restrain your hand and your anger, while I relate to you what Crispinus' porter taught me.

"Another man's wife captivates you; a harlot, Davus: which of us sins more deservingly of the cross? When keen nature inflames me, any common wench that picks me up, dismisses me neither dishonored, nor caring whether a richer or a handsomer man enjoys her next. You, when you have cast off your ensigns of dignity, your equestrian ring and your Roman habit, turn out from a magistrate a wretched Dama, hiding with a cape your perfumed head: are you not really what you personate? You are introduced, apprehensive [of consequences]; and, as you are altercating With your passions, your bones shake with fear. What is the difference whether you go condemned [like a gladiator], to be galled with scourges, or slain with the sword; or be closed up in a filthy chest, where

[the maid], concious of her mistress' crime, has stowed you? Has not the husband of the offending dame a just power over both; against the seducer even a juster? But she neither changes her dress, nor place, nor sins to that excess [which you do]; since the woman is in dread of you, nor gives any credit to you, though you profess to love her. You must go under the yoke knowingly, and put all your fortune, your life, and reputation, together with your limbs, into the power of an enraged husband. Have you escaped? I suppose, then, you will be afraid [for the future]; and, being warned, will be cautious. No, you will seek occasion when you may be again in terror, and again may be likely to perish. O so often a slave! What beast, when it has once escaped by breaking its toils, absurdly trusts itself to them again? You say, "I am no adulterer." Nor, by Hercules, am I a thief, when I wisely pass by the silver vases. Take away the danger, and vagrant nature will spring forth, when restraints are removed. Are you my superior, subjected as you are, to the dominion of so many things and persons, whom the praetor's rod, though placed on your head three or four times over, can never free from this wretched solicitude? Add, to what has been said above, a thing of no less weight; whether he be an underling, who obeys the master-slave (as it is your custom to affirm), or only a fellow-slave, what am I in respect of you? You, for example, who have the

command of me, are in subjection to other things, and are led about, like a puppet movable by means of wires not its own.

"Who then is free? The wise man, who has dominion over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright; brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honors; and, perfect in himself, polished and round as a globe, so that nothing from without can retard, in consequence of its smoothness; against whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually. Can you, out of these, recognize any thing applicable to yourself? A woman demands five talents of you, plagues you, and after you are turned out of doors, bedews you with cold water: she calls you again. Rescue your neck from this vile yoke; come, say, I am free, I am free. You are not able: for an implacable master oppresses your mind, and claps the sharp spurs to your jaded appetite, and forces you on though reluctant. When you, mad one, quite languish at a picture by Pausias; how are you less to blame than I, when I admire the combats of Fulvius and Rutuba and Placideianus, with their bended knees, painted in crayons or charcoal, as if the men were actually engaged, and push and parry, moving their weapons? Davus is a scoundrel and a loiterer; but you have the character of an exquisite and expert connoisseur in antiquities. If I am allured by a smoking pasty, I am a good-for-nothing fellow: does your great virtue

and soul resist delicate entertainments? Why is a tenderness for my belly too destructive for me? For my back pays for it. How do you come off with more impunity, since you hanker after such dainties as can not be had for a little expense? Then those delicacies, perpetually taken, pall upon the stomach; and your mistaken feet refuse to support your sickly body. Is that boy guilty, who by night pawns a stolen scraper for some grapes? Has he nothing servile about him, who in indulgence to his guts sells his estates? Add to this, that you yourself can not be an hour by yourself, nor dispose of your leisure in a right manner; and shun yourself as a fugitive and vagabond, one while endeavoring with wine, another while with sleep, to cheat care — in vain: for the gloomy companion presses upon you, and pursues you in your flight.

"Where can I get a stone?" "What occasion is there for it?" "Where some darts?" "The man is either mad, or making verses." "If you do not take yourself away in an instant, you shall go [and make] a ninth laborer at my Sabine estate."

SATIRE VIII.

A smart description of a miser ridiculously acting the extravagant.

How did the entertainment of that happy fellow Nasidienus please you? for yesterday, as I was seeking to make you my guest, you were said to be drinking there from mid-day. [It pleased me so], that I never was happier in my life. Say (if it be not troublesome) what food first calmed your raging appetite.

In the first place, there was a Lucanian boar, taken when the gentle south wind blew, as the father of the entertainment affirmed; around it sharp rapes, lettuces, radishes; such things as provoke a languid appetite; skirrets, anchovies, dregs of Coan wine. These once removed, one slave, tucked high with a purple cloth, wiped the maple table, and a second gathered up whatever lay useless, and whatever could offend the guests; swarthy Hydaspes advances like an Attic maid with Ceres' sacred rites, bearing wines of Caecubum; Alcon brings those of Chios, undamaged by the sea. Here the master [cries], "Maecenas, if Alban or Falernian wine delight you more than those already brought, we have both."

Ill-fated riches! But, Fundanius, I am impatient to know, who were sharers in this feast where you

fared so well.

I was highest, and next me was Viscus Thurinus, and below, if I remember, was Varius; with Servilius Balatro, Vibidius, whom Maecenas had brought along with him, unbidden guests. Above [Nasidienus] himself was Nomentanus, below him Porcius, ridiculous for swallowing whole cakes at once. Nomentanus [was present] for this purpose, that if any thing should chance to be unobserved, he might show it with his pointing finger. For the other company, we, I mean, eat [promiscuously] of fowls, oysters, fish, which had concealed in them a juice far different from the known: as presently appeared, when he reached to me the entrails of a plaice and of a turbot, such as had never been tasted before. After this he informed me that honey-apples were most ruddy when gathered under the waning moon. What difference this makes you will hear best from himself. Then [says] Vibidius to Balatro; "If we do not drink to his cost, we shall die in his debt;" and he calls for larger tumblers. A paleness changed the countenance of our host, who fears nothing so much as hard drinkers: either because they are more freely censorious; or because heating wines deafen the subtle [judgment of the] palate. Vibidius and Balatro, all following their example, pour whole casks into Alliphanians; the guests of the lowest couch did no hurt to the flagons. A lamprey is brought in, extended in a dish, in the midst of

floating shrimps. Whereupon, “This,” says the master, “was caught when pregnant; which, after having young, would have been less delicate in its flesh.” For these a sauce is mixed up; with oil which the best cellar of Venafrum pressed, with pickle from the juices of the Iberian fish, with wine of five years old, but produced on this side the sea, while it is boiling (after it is boiled, the Chian wine suits it so well, that no other does better than it) with white pepper, and vinegar which, by being vitiated, turned sour the Methymnean grape. I first showed the way to stew in it the green rockets and bitter elecampane: Curtillus, [to stew in it] the sea-urchins unwashed, as being better than the pickle which the sea shell-fish yields.

In the mean time the suspended tapestry made a heavy downfall upon the dish, bringing along with it more black dust than the north wind ever raises on the plains of Campania. Having been fearful of something worse, as soon as we perceive there was no danger, we rise up. Rufus, hanging his head, began to weep, as if his son had come to an untimely death: what would have been the end, had not the discreet Nomentanus thus raised his friend! “Alas! O fortune, what god is more cruel to us than thou? How dost thou always take pleasure in sporting with human affairs!” Varius could scarcely smother a laugh with his napkin. Balatro, sneering at every thing, observed: “This is the condition of human life,

and therefore a suitable glory will never answer your labor. Must you be rent and tortured with all manner of anxiety, that I may be entertained sumptuously; lest burned bread, lest ill-seasoned soup should be set before us; that all your slaves should wait, properly attired and neat? Add, besides, these accidents; if the hangings should tumble down, as just now, if the groom slipping with his foot should break a dish. But adversity is wont to disclose, prosperity to conceal, the abilities of a host as well as of a general." To this Nasidienus: "May the gods give you all the blessings, whatever you can pray for, you are so good a man and so civil a guest;" and calls for his sandals. Then on every couch you might see divided whispers buzzing in each secret ear.

I would not choose to have seen any theatrical entertainments sooner than these things. But come, recount what you laughed at next. While Vibidius is inquiring of the slaves, whether the flagon was also broken, because cups were not brought when he called for them; and while a laugh is continued on feigned pretences, Balatro seconding it; you Nasidienus, return with an altered countenance, as if to repair your ill-fortune by art. Then followed the slaves, bearing on a large charger the several limbs of a crane besprinkled with much salt, not without flour, and the liver of a white goose fed with fattening figs, and the wings of hares torn off, as a much daintier dish than if one eats them with the

loins. Then we saw blackbirds also set before us with scorched breasts, and ring-doves without the rumps: delicious morsels! did not the master give us the history of their causes and natures: whom we in revenge fled from, so as to taste nothing at all; as if Canidia, more venomous than African serpents, had poisoned them with her breath.

SATIRES (VERSE)

Translated by John Conington

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Please note: Conington did not translate I.2. Please refer to the prose translation for this Satire.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

QUI FIT, MAECENAS.

How comes it, say, Maecenas, if you can,
That none will live like a contented man
Where choice or chance directs, but each must praise
The folk who pass through life by other ways?
“Those lucky merchants!” cries the soldier stout,
When years of toil have well-nigh worn him out:
What says the merchant, tossing o’er the brine?
“Yon soldier’s lot is happier, sure, than mine:
One short, sharp shock, and presto! all is done:
Death in an instant comes, or victory’s won.”
The lawyer lauds the farmer, when a knock
Disturbs his sleep at crowing of the cock:
The farmer, dragged to town on business, swears
That only citizens are free from cares.
I need not run through all: so long the list,
Fabius himself would weary and desist:
So take in brief my meaning: just suppose
Some God should come, and with their wishes close:
“See, here am I, come down of my mere grace
To right you: soldier, take the merchant’s place!
You, counsellor, the farmer’s! go your way,
One here, one there! None stirring? all say nay?
How now? you won’t be happy when you may.”
Now, after this, would Jove be aught to blame

If with both cheeks he burst into a flame,
And vowed, when next they pray, they shall not find
His temper easy, or his ear inclined?

Well, not to treat things lightly (though, for me,
Why truth may not be gay, I cannot see:
Just as, we know, judicious teachers coax
With sugar-plum or cake their little folks
To learn their alphabet): — still, we will try
A graver tone, and lay our joking by.
The man that with his plough subdues the land,
The soldier stout, the vintner sly and bland,
The venturous sons of ocean, all declare
That with one view the toils of life they bear,
When age has come, and labour has amassed
Enough to live on, to retire at last:
E'en so the ant (for no bad pattern she),
That tiny type of giant industry,
Drags grain by grain, and adds it to the sum
Of her full heap, foreseeing cold to come:
Yet she, when winter turns the year to chill,
Stirs not an inch beyond her mounded hill,
But lives upon her savings: you, more bold,
Ne'er quit your gain for fiercest heat or cold:
Fire, ocean, sword, defying all, you strive
To make yourself the richest man alive.
Yet where's the profit, if you hide by stealth
In pit or cavern your enormous wealth?
"Why, once break in upon it, friend, you know,

And, dwindling piece by piece, the whole will go."
But, if 'tis still unbroken, what delight
Can all that treasure give to mortal wight?
Say, you've a million quarters on your floor:
Your stomach is like mine: it holds no more:
Just as the slave who 'neath the bread-bag sweats
No larger ration than his fellows gets.
What matters it to reasonable men
Whether they plough a hundred fields or ten?
"But there's a pleasure, spite of all you say,
In a large heap from which to take away."
If both contain the modicum we lack,
Why should your barn be better than my sack?
You want a draught of water: a mere urn,
Perchance a goblet, well would serve your turn:
You say, "The stream looks scanty at its head;
I'll take my quantum where 'tis broad instead."
But what befalls the wight who yearns for more
Than Nature bids him? down the waters pour,
And whelm him, bank and all; while he whose greed
Is kept in check, proportioned to his need,
He neither draws his water mixed with mud,
Nor leaves his life behind him in the flood.

But there's a class of persons, led astray
By false desires, and this is what they say:
"You cannot have enough: what you possess,
That makes your value, be it more or less."
What answer would you make to such as these?

Why, let them hug their misery if they please,
Like the Athenian miser, who was wont
To meet men's curses with a hero's front:
"Folks hiss me," said he, "but myself I clap
When I tell o'er my treasures on my lap."
So Tantalus catches at the waves that fly
His thirsty palate — Laughing, are you? why?
Change but the name, of you the tale is told:
You sleep, mouth open, on your hoarded gold;
Gold that you treat as sacred, dare not use,
In fact, that charms you as a picture does.
Come, will you hear what wealth can fairly do?
'Twill buy you bread, and vegetables too,
And wine, a good pint measure: add to this
Such needful things as flesh and blood would miss.
But to go mad with watching, nights and days
To stand in dread of thieves, fires, runaways
Who filch and fly, — in these if wealth consist,
Let me rank lowest on the paupers' list.

"But if you suffer from a chill attack,
Or other chance should lay you on your back,
You then have one who'll sit by your bed-side,
Will see the needful remedies applied,
And call in a physician, to restore
Your health, and give you to your friends once more."
Nor wife nor son desires your welfare: all
Detest you, neighbours, gossips, great and small.

What marvel if, when wealth's your one concern,
None offers you the love you never earn?
Nay, would you win the kinsmen Nature sends
Made ready to your hand, and keep them friends,
'Twere but lost labour, as if one should train
A donkey for the course by bit and rein.

Make then an end of getting: know, the more
Your wealth, the less the risk of being poor;
And, having gained the object of your quest,
Begin to slack your efforts and take rest;
Nor act like one Ummidius (never fear,
The tale is short, and 'tis the last you'll hear),
So rich, his gold he by the peck would tell,
So mean, the slave that served him dressed as well;
E'en to his dying day he went in dread
Of perishing for simple want of bread,
Till a brave damsel, of Tyndarid line
The true descendant, clove him down the chine.

"What? would you have me live like some we know,
Maenius or Nomentanus?" There you go!
Still in extremes! in bidding you forsake
A miser's ways, I say not, Be a rake.
'Twixt Tanais and Visellius' sire-in-law
A step there is, and broader than a straw.
Yes, there's a mean in morals: life has lines,
To north or south of which all virtue pines.

Now to resume our subject: why, I say,
Should each man act the miser in his way,
Still discontented with his natural lot,
Still praising those who have what he has not?
Why should he waste with very spite, to see
His neighbour has a milkier cow than he,
Ne'er think how much he's richer than the mass,
But always strive this man or that to pass?
In such a contest, speed we as we may,
There's some one wealthier ever in the way.
So from their base when vying chariots pour,
Each driver presses on the car before,
Wastes not a thought on rivals overpast,
But leaves them to lag on among the last.
Hence comes it that the man is rarely seen
Who owns that his a happy life has been,
And, thankful for past blessings, with good will
Retires, like one who has enjoyed his fill.
Enough: you'll think I've rifled the scrutore
Of blind Crispinus, if I prose on more.

SATIRE III.

OMNIBUS HOC VITIUM.

All singers have a fault: if asked to use
Their talent among friends, they never choose;
Unask'd, they ne'er leave off. Just such a one
Tigellius was, Sardinia's famous son.
Caesar, who could have forced him to obey,
By his sire's friendship and his own might pray,
Yet not draw forth a note: then, if the whim
Took him, he'd troll a Bacchanalian hymn,
From top to bottom of the tetrachord,
Till the last course was set upon the board.
One mass of inconsistence, oft he'd fly
As if the foe were following in full cry,
While oft he'd stalk with a majestic gait,
Like Juno's priest in ceremonial-state.
Now, he would keep two hundred serving-men,
And now, a bare establishment of ten.
Of kings and tetrarchs with an equal's air
He'd talk: next day he'd breathe the hermit's prayer:
"A table with three legs, a shell to hold
My salt, and clothes, though coarse, to keep out cold."
Yet give this man, so frugal, so content,
A thousand, in a week 'twould all be spent.

All night he would sit up, all day would snore:
So strange a jumble ne'er was seen before.

"Hold!" some one cries, "have you no failings?"
Yes;
Failings enough, but different, maybe less.
One day when Maenius happened to attack
Novius the usurer behind his back,
"Do you not know yourself?" said one, "or think
That if you play the stranger, we shall wink?"
"Not know myself!" he answered, "you say true:
I do not: so I take a stranger's due."
Self-love like this is knavish and absurd,
And well deserves a damnatory word.
You glance at your own faults; your eyes are blear:
You eye your neighbour's; straightway you see clear,
Like hawk or basilisk: your neighbours pry
Into your frailties with as keen an eye.
A man is passionate, perhaps misplaced
In social circles of fastidious taste;
His ill-trimmed beard, his dress of uncouth style,
His shoes ill-fitting, may provoke a smile:
But he's the soul of virtue; but he's kind;
But that coarse body hides a mighty mind.
Now, having scanned his breast, inspect your own,
And see if there no failings have been sown
By Nature or by habit, as the fern
Springs in neglected fields, for men to burn.

True love, we know, is blind: defects that blight
The loved one's charms escape the lover's sight,
Nay, pass for beauties, as Balbinus glows
With admiration of his Hagna's nose.
Ah, if in friendship we e'en did the same,
And virtue cloaked the error with her name!
Come, let us learn how friends at friends should look
By a leaf taken from a father's book.
Has the dear child a squint? at home he's classed
With Venus' self; "her eyes have just that cast:"
Is he a dwarf like Sisyphus? his sire
Calls him "sweet pet," and would not have him higher,
Gives Varus' name to knock-kneed boys, and dubs
His club-foot youngster Scaurus, king of clubs.
E'en so let us our neighbours' frailties scan:
A friend is close; call him a careful man:
Another's vain and fond of boasting; say,
He talks in an engaging, friendly way:
A third is a barbarian, rude and free;
Straightforward and courageous let him be:
A fourth is apt to break into a flame;
An ardent spirit — make we that his name.
This is the sovereign recipe, be sure,
To win men's hearts, and having won, secure.

But WE put virtue down to vice's score,
And foul the vessel that was clean before:
See, here's a modest man, who ranks too low

In his own judgment; him we nickname slow:
Another, ever on his guard, takes care
No enemy shall catch him unaware,
(Small wonder, truly, in a world like this,
Beset with dogs that growl and snakes that hiss);
We turn his merit to a fault, and style
His prudence mere disguise, his caution guile.
Or take some honest soul, who, full of glee,
Breaks on a patron's solitude, like me,
Finds his Maecenas book in hand or dumb,
And pokes him with remarks, the first that come;
We cry "He lacks e'en common tact." Alas!
What hasty laws against ourselves we pass!
For none is born without his faults: the best
But bears a lighter wallet than the rest.
A man of genial nature, as is fair,
My virtues with my vices will compare,
And, as with good or bad he fills the scale,
Lean to the better side, should that prevail:
So, when he seeks my friendship, I will trim
The wavering balance in my turn for him.
He that has fears his blotches may offend
Speaks gently of the pimples of his friend:
For reciprocity exacts her dues,
And they that need excuse must needs excuse.

Now, since resentment, spite of all we do,
Will haunt us fools, and other vices too,
Why should not reason use her own just sense,

And square her punishments to each offence?
Suppose a slave, as he removes the dish,
Licks the warm gravy or remains of fish,
Should his vexed master gibbet the poor lad,
He'd be a second Labeo, STARING mad.
Now take another instance, and remark
A case of madness, grosser and more stark.
A friend has crossed you:— 'tis a slight affair;
Not to forgive it writes you down a bear: —
You hate the man and his acquaintance fly,
As Ruso's debtors hide from Ruso's eye;
Poor victims, doomed, when that black pay-day's come,
Unless by hook or crook they raise the sum,
To stretch their necks, like captives to the knife,
And listen to dull histories for dear life.
Say, he has drunk too much, or smashed some ware,
Evander's once, inestimably rare,
Or stretched before me, in his zeal to dine,
To snatch a chicken I had meant for mine;
What then? is that a reason he should seem
Less pleasant, less deserving my esteem?
How could I treat him worse, were he to thieve,
Betray a secret, or a trust deceive?

Your men of words, who rate all crimes alike,
Collapse and founder, when on fact they strike:
Sense, custom, all, cry out against the thing,
And high expedience, right's perennial spring.

When men first crept from out earth's womb, like worms,
Dumb speechless creatures, with scarce human forms,
With nails or doubled fists they used to fight
For acorns or for sleeping-holes at night;
Clubs followed next; at last to arms they came,
Which growing practice taught them how to frame,
Till words and names were found, wherewith to mould
The sounds they uttered, and their thoughts unfold;
Thenceforth they left off fighting, and began
To build them cities, guarding man from man,
And set up laws as barriers against strife
That threatened person, property, or wife.
'Twas fear of wrong gave birth to right, you'll find,
If you but search the records of mankind.
Nature knows good and evil, joy and grief,
But just and unjust are beyond her brief:
Nor can philosophy, though finely spun,
By stress of logic prove the two things one,
To strip your neighbour's garden of a flower
And rob a shrine at midnight's solemn hour.
A rule is needed, to apportion pain,
Nor let you scourge when you should only cane.
For that you're likely to be overmild,
And treat a ruffian like a naughty child,
Of this there seems small danger, when you say
That theft's as bad as robbery in its way,

And vow all villains, great and small, shall swing
From the same tree, if men will make you king.

But tell me, Stoic, if the wise, you teach,
Is king, Adonis, cobbler, all and each,
Why wish for what you've got? "Tou fail to see
What great Chrysippus means by that," says he.
"What though the wise ne'er shoe nor slipper made,
The wise is still a brother of the trade.
Just as Hennogenes, when silent, still
Remains a singer of consummate skill,
As sly Alfenius, when he had let drop
His implements of art and shut up shop,
Was still a barber, so the wise is best
In every craft, a king's among the rest."
Hail to your majesty! yet, ne'ertheless,
Rude boys are pulling at your beard, I guess;
And now, unless your cudgel keeps them off,
The mob begins to hustle, push, and scoff;
You, all forlorn, attempt to stand at bay,
And roar till your imperial lungs give way.
Well, so we part: each takes his separate path:
You make your progress to your farthing bath,
A king, with ne'er a follower in your train,
Except Crispinus, that distempered brain;
While I find pleasant friends to screen me, when
I chance to err, like other foolish men;
Bearing and borne with, so the change we ring,
More blest as private folks than you as king.

SATIRE IV.

EUPOLIS ATQUE CRATINUS.

Cratinus, Aristophanes, and all
The elder comic poets, great and small,
If e'er a worthy in those ancient times
Deserved peculiar notice for his crimes,
Adulterer, cut-throat, ne'er-do-well, or thief,
Portrayed him without fear in strong relief.
From these, as lineal heir, Lucilius springs,
The same in all points save the tune he sings,
A shrewd keen satirist, yet somewhat hard
And rugged, if you view him as a bard.
For this was his mistake: he liked to stand,
One leg before him, leaning on one hand,
Pour forth two hundred verses in an hour,
And think such readiness a proof of power.
When like a torrent he bore down, you'd find
He left a load of refuse still behind:
Fluent, yet indolent, he would rebel
Against the toil of writing, writing WELL,
Not writing MUCH; for that I grant you. See,
Here comes Crispinus, wants to bet with me,
And offers odds: "A meeting, if you please:
Take we our tablets each, you those, I these:
Name place, and time, and umpires: let us try
Who can compose the faster, you or I."

Thank Heaven, that formed me of unfertile mind,
My speech not copious, and my thoughts confined!
But you, be like the bellows, if you choose,
Still puffing, puffing, till the metal fuse,
And vent your windy nothings with a sound
That makes the depth they come from seem
profound.

Happy is Fannius, with immortals classed,
His bust and bookcase canonized at last,
While, as for me, none reads the things I write.
Loath as I am in public to recite,
Knowing that satire finds small favour, since
Most men want whipping, and who want it, wince.
Choose from the crowd a casual wight, ’tis seen
He’s place-hunter or miser, vain or mean:
One raves of others’ wives: one stands agaze
At silver dishes: bronze is Albius’ craze:
Another barters goods the whole world o’er,
From distant east to furthest western shore,
Driving along like dust-cloud through the air
To increase his capital or not impair:
These, one and all, the clink of metre fly,
And look on poets with a dragon’s eye.
“Beware! he’s vicious: so he gains his end,
A selfish laugh, he will not spare a friend:
Whate’er he scrawls, the mean malignant rogue
Is all alive to get it into vogue:
Give him a handle, and your tale is known

To every giggling boy and maundering crone."
A weighty accusation! now, permit
Some few brief words, and I will answer it:
First, be it understood, I make no claim
To rank with those who bear a poet's name:
'Tis not enough to turn out lines complete,
Each with its proper quantum of five feet;
Colloquial verse a man may write like me,
But (trust an author)'tis not poetry.
No; keep that name for genius, for a soul
Of Heaven's own fire, for words that grandly roll.
Hence some have questioned if the Muse we call
The Comic Muse be really one at all:
Her subject ne'er aspires, her style ne'er glows,
And, save that she talks metre, she talks prose.
"Aye, but the angry father shakes the stage,
When on his graceless son he pours his rage,
Who, smitten with the mistress of the hour,
Rejects a well-born wife with ample dower,
Gets drunk, and (worst of all) in public sight
Keels with a blazing flambeau while 'tis light."
Well, could Pomponius' sire to life return,
Think you he'd rate his son in tones less stern?
So then 'tis not sufficient to combine
Well-chosen words in a well-ordered line,
When, take away the rhythm, the self-same words
Would suit an angry father off the boards.
Strip what I write, or what Lucilius wrote,
Of cadence and succession, time and note,

Reverse the order, put those words behind
That went before, no poetry you'll find:
But break up this, "When Battle's brazen door
Blood-boltered Discord from its fastenings tore,"
'Tis Orpheus mangled by the Maenads: still
The bard remains, unlimb him as you will.

Enough of this: some other time we'll see
If Satire is or is not poetry:
Today I take the question, if 'tis just
That men like you should view it with distrust.
Sulcius and Caprius promenade in force,
Each with his papers, virulently hoarse,
Bugbears to robbers both: but he that's true
And decent-living may defy the two.
Say, you're first cousin to that goodly pair
Caelius and Birrius, and their foibles share:
No Sulcius nor yet Caprius here you see
In your unworthy servant: why fear ME?
No books of mine on stall or counter stand,
To tempt Tigellius' or some clammier hand,
Nor read I save to friends, and that when pressed,
Not to chance auditor or casual guest.
Others are less fastidious: some will air
Their last production in the public square:
Some choose the bathroom, for the walls all round
Make the voice sweeter and improve the sound:
Weak brains, to whom the question ne'er occurred
If what they do be vain, ill-timed, absurd.

“But you give pain: your habit is to bite,”
Rejoins the foe, “of sot deliberate spite.”
Who broached that slander? of the men I know,
With whom I live, have any told you so?
He who maligns an absent friend’s fair fame,
Who says no word for him when others blame,
Who courts a reckless laugh by random hits,
Just for the sake of ranking among wits,
Who feigns what he ne’er saw, a secret blabs,
Beware him, Roman! that man steals or stabs!
Oft you may see three couches, four on each,
Where all are wincing under one man’s speech,
All, save the host: his turn too comes at last,
When wine lets loose the humour shame held fast:
And you, who hate malignity, can see
Nought here but pleasant talk, well-bred and free.
I, if I chance in laughing vein to note
Rufillus’ civet and Gargonius’ goat,
Must I be toad or scorpion? Look at home:
Suppose Petillius’ theft, the talk of Rome,
Named in your presence, mark how yon defend
In your accustomed strain your absent friend:
“Petillius? yes, I know him well: in truth
We have been friends, companions, e’en from youth:
A thousand times he’s served me, and I joy
That he can walk the streets without annoy:
Yet ’tis a puzzle, I confess, to me
How from that same affair he got off free.”
Here is the poison-bag of malice, here

The gall of fell detraction, pure and sheer:
And these, I'swear, if man such pledge may give,
My pen and heart shall keep from, while I live.

But if I still seem personal and bold,
Perhaps you'll pardon, when my story's told.
When my good father taught me to be good,
Scarecrows he took of living flesh and blood.
Thus, if he warned me not to spend but spare
The moderate means I owe to his wise care,
'Twas, "See the life that son of Albius leads!
Observe that Barrus, vilest of ill weeds!
Plain beacons these for heedless youth, whose taste
Might lead them else a fair estate to waste:"
If lawless love were what he bade me shun,
"Avoid Scetanius' slough," his words would run:
"Wise men," he'd add, "the reasons will explain
Why you should follow this, from that refrain:
For me, if I can train you in the ways
Trod by the worthy folks of earlier days,
And, while you need direction, keep your name
And life unspotted, I've attained my aim:
When riper years have seasoned brain and limb,
You'll drop your corks, and like a Triton swim."
'Twas thus he formed my boyhood: if he sought
To make me do some action that I ought,
"You see your warrant there," he'd say, and clench
His word with some grave member of the bench:
So too with things forbidden: "can you doubt

The deed's a deed an honest man should scout,
When, just for this same matter, these and those,
Like open drains, are stinking 'neath your nose?"
Sick gluttons of a next-door funeral hear,
And learn self-mastery in the school of fear:
And so a neighbour's scandal many a time
Has kept young minds from running into crime.

Thus I grew up, unstained by serious ill,
Though venial faults, I grant you, haunt me still:
Yet items I could name retrenched e'en there
By time, plain speaking, individual care;
For, when I chance to stroll or lounge alone,
I'm not without a Mentor of my own:
"This course were better: that might help to mend
My daily life, improve me as a friend:
There some one showed ill-breeding: can I say
I might not fall into the like one day?"
So with closed lips I ruminate, and then
In leisure moments play with ink and pen:
For that's an instance, I must needs avow,
Of those small faults I hinted at just now:
Grant it your prompt indulgence, or a throng
Of poets shall come up, some hundred strong,
And by mere numbers, in your own despite,
Force you, like Jews, to be our proselyte.

SATIRE V.

EGRESSUM MAGNA.

Leaving great Rome, my journey I begin,
And reach Aricia, where a moderate inn
(With me was Heliodorus, who knows more
Of rhetoric than e'er did Greek before):
Next Appii Forum, filled, e'en, nigh to choke,
With knavish publicans and boatmen folk.
This portion of our route, which most get through
At one good stretch, we chose to split in two,
Taking it leisurely: for those who go
The Appian road are jolted less when slow.
I find the water villanous, decline
My stomach's overtures, refuse to dine,
And sit and sit with temper less than sweet
Watching my fellow-travellers while they eat.
Now Night prepared o'er all the earth to spread
Her veil, and light the stars up overhead:
Boatmen and slaves a slanging-match begin:
"Ho! put in here! What! take three hundred in?
You'll swamp us all:" so, while our fares we pay,
And the mule's tied, a whole hour slips away.
No hope of sleep: the tenants of the marsh,
Hoarse frogs and shrill mosquitos, sing so harsh,
While passenger and boatman chant the praise
Of their true-loves in amoebean lays,

Each fairly drunk: the passenger at last
Tires of the game, and soon his eyes are fast:
Then to a stone his mule the boatman moors,
Leaves her to pasture, lays him down, and snores.
And now 'twas near the dawning of the day,
When 'tis discovered that we make no way:
Out leaps a hair-brained fellow and attacks
With a stout cudgel mule's and boatman's backs:
And so at length, thanks to this vigorous friend,
By ten o'clock we reach our boating's end.
Tired with the voyage, face and hands we lave
In pure Feronia's hospitable wave.
We take some food, then creep three miles or so
To Anxur, built on cliffs that gleam like snow;
There rest awhile, for there our mates were due,
Maecenas and Cocceius, good and true,
Sent on a weighty business, to compose
A feud, and make them friends who late were foes.
I seize on the occasion, and apply
A touch of ointment to an ailing eye.
Meanwhile Maecenas with Cocceius came,
And Capito, whose errand was the same,
A man of men, accomplished and refined,
Who knew, as few have known, Antonius' mind.
Along by Fundi next we take our way
For all its praetor sought to make us stay,
Not without laughter at the foolish soul,
His senatorial stripe and pan of coal.
Then at Mamurra's city we pull up,

Lodge with Murena, with Fonteius sup.
Next morn the sun arises, O how sweet!
At Sinnessa we with Plotius meet,
Varius and Virgil; men than whom on earth
I know none dearer, none of purer worth.
O what a hand-shaking! while sense abides,
A friend to me is worth the world besides.
Campania's border-bridge next day we crossed,
There housed and victualled at the public cost.
The next, we turn off early from the road
At Capua, and the mules lay down their load;
There, while Maecenas goes to fives, we creep,
Virgil and I, to bed, and so to sleep:
For, though the game's a pleasant one to play,
Weak stomachs and weak eyes are in the way.
Then to Cocceius' country-house we come,
Beyond the Caudian inns, a sumptuous home.
Now, Muse, recount the memorable fight
'Twixt valiant Messius and Sarmentus wight,
And tell me first from what proud lineage sprung
The champions joined in battle, tongue with tongue.
From Oscan blood great Messius' sires derive:
Sarmentus has a mistress yet alive.
Such was their parentage: they meet in force:
Sarmentus starts: "You're just like a wild horse."
We burst into a laugh. The other said,
"Well, here's a horse's trick:" and tossed his head.
"O, were your horn yet growing, how your foe
Would rue it, sure, when maimed you threaten so!"

Sarmentus cries: for Messius' brow was marred
By a deep wound, which left it foully scarred.
Then, joking still at his grim countenance,
He begged him just to dance the Cyclop dance:
No buskin, mask, nor other aid of art
Would be required to make him look his part.
Messius had much to answer: "Was his chain
Suspended duly in the Lares' fane?
Though now a notary, he might yet be seized
And given up to his mistress, if she pleased.
Nay, more," he asked, "why had he run away,
When e'en a single pound of corn a day
Had filled a maw so slender?" So we spent
Our time at table, to our high content.

Then on to Beneventum, where our host,
As some lean thrushes he essayed to roast,
Was all but burnt: for up the chimney came
The blaze, and well nigh set the house on flame:
The guests and servants snatch the meat, and fall
Upon the fire with buckets, one and all.
Next rise to view Apulia's well-known heights,
Which keen Atabulus so sorely bites:
And there perchance we might be wandering yet,
But shelter in Trivicum's town we get,
Where green damp branches in the fireplace spread
Make our poor eyes to water in our head.
Then four and twenty miles, a good long way,
Our coaches take us, in a town to stay

Whose name no art can squeeze into a line,
Though otherwise ’tis easy to define:
For water there, the cheapest thing on earth,
Is sold for money: but the bread is worth
A fancy price, and travellers who know
Their business take it with them when they go:
For at Canusium, town of Diomed,
The drink’s as bad, and grits are in the bread.
Here to our sorrow Varius takes his leave,
And, grieved himself, compels his friends to grieve.
Fatigued, we come to Rubi: for the way
Was long, and rain had made it sodden clay.
Next day, with better weather, o’er worse ground
We get to Barium’s town, where fish abound.
Then Gnatia, built in water-nymphs’ despite,
Made us cut jokes and laugh, as well we might,
Listening to tales of incense, wondrous feat,
That melts in temples without fire to heat.
Tell the crazed Jews such miracles as these!
I hold the gods live lives of careless ease,
And, if a wonder happens, don’t assume
’Tis sent in anger from the upstairs room.
Last comes Brundusium: there the lines I penned,
The leagues I travelled, find alike their end.

SATIRE VI.

NON QUIA, MAECENAS.

What if, Maecenas, none, though ne'er so blue
His Tusco-Lydian blood, surpasses you?
What if your grandfathers, on either hand,
Father's and mother's, were in high command?
Not therefore do you curl the lip of scorn
At nobodies, like me, of freedman born:
Far other rule is yours, of rank or birth
To raise no question, so there be but worth,
Convinced, and truly too, that wights unknown,
Ere Servius' rise set freedmen on the throne,
Despite their ancestors, not seldom came
To high employment, honours, and fair fame,
While great Laevinus, scion of the race
That pulled down Tarquin from his pride of place,
Has ne'er been valued at a poor half-crown
E'en in the eyes of that wise judge, the town,
That muddy source of dignity, which sees
No virtue but in busts and lineal trees.

Well, but for us; what thoughts should ours be, say,
Removed from vulgar judgments miles away?
Grant that Laevinus yet would be preferred
To low-born Decius by the common herd,
That censor Appius, just because I came

From freedman's loins, would obelize my name —
And serve me right; for 'twas my restless pride
Kept me from sleeping in my own poor hide.
But Glory, like a conqueror, drags behind
Her glittering car the souls of all mankind;
Nor less the lowly than the noble feels
The onward roll of those victorious wheels.
Come, tell me, Tillius, have you cause to thank
The stars that gave you power, restored you rank?
Ill-will, scarce audible in low estate,
Gives tongue, and opens loudly, now you're great.
Poor fools! they take the stripe, draw on the shoe,
And hear folks asking, "Who's that fellow? who?"
Just as a man with Barrus's disease,
His one sole care a lady's eye to please,
Whene'er he walks abroad, sets on the fair
To con him over, leg, face, teeth, and hair;
So he that undertakes to hold in charge
Town, country, temples, all the realm at large,
Gives all the world a title to enquire
The antecedents of his dam or sire.
"What? you to twist men's necks or scourge them, you,
The son of Syrus, Dama, none knows who?"
"Aye, but I sit before my colleague; he
Ranks with my worthy father, not with me."
And think you, on the strength of this, to rise
A Paullus or Messala in our eyes?
Talk of your colleague! he's a man of parts:

Suppose three funerals jostle with ten carts
All in the forum, still you'll hear his voice
Through horn and clarion: that commends our
choice.

Now on myself, the freedman's son, I touch,
The freedman's son, by all contemned as such,
Once, when a legion followed my command,
Now, when Maecenas takes me by the hand.
But this and that are different: some stern judge
My military rank with cause might grudge,
But not your friendship, studious as you've been
To choose good men, not pushing, base, or mean.
In truth, to luck I care not to pretend,
For 'twas not luck that mark'd me for your friend:
Virgil at first, that faithful heart and true,
And Varius after, named my name to you.
Brought to your presence, stammeringly I told
(For modesty forbade me to be bold)
No vaunting tale of ancestry of pride,
Of good broad acres and sleek nags to ride,
But simple truth: a few brief words you say,
As is your wont, and wish me a good day.
Then, nine months after, graciously you send,
Desire my company, and hail me friend.
O, 'tis no common fortune, when one earns
A friend's regard, who man from man discerns,
Not by mere accident of lofty birth
But by unsullied life, and inborn worth!

Yet, if my nature, otherwise correct,
But with some few and trifling faults is flecked,
Just as a spot or mole might be to blame
Upon some body else of comely frame,
If none can call me miserly and mean
Or tax my life with practices unclean,
If I have lived unstained and unreproved
(Forgive self-praise), if loving and beloved,
I owe it to my father, who, though poor,
Passed by the village school at his own door,
The school where great tall urchins in a row,
Sons of great tall centurions, used to go,
With slate and satchel on their backs, to pay
Their monthly quota punctual to the day,
And took his boy to Rome, to learn the arts
Which knight or senator to HIS imparts.
Whoe'er had seen me, neat and more than neat,
With slaves behind me, in the crowded street,
Had surely thought a fortune fair and large,
Two generations old, sustained the charge.
Himself the true tried guardian of his son,
Whene'er I went to class, he still made one.
Why lengthen out the tale? he kept me chaste,
Which is the crown of virtue, undisgraced
In deed and name: he feared not lest one day
The world should talk of money thrown away,
If after all I plied some trade for hire,
Like him, a tax-collector, or a crier:
Nor had I murmured: as it is, the score

Of gratitude and praise is all the more.
No: while my head's unturned, I ne'er shall need
To blush for that dear father, or to plead
As men oft plead, 'tis Nature's fault, not mine,
I came not of a better, worthier line.
Not thus I speak, not thus I feel: the plea
Might serve another, but 'twere base in me.
Should Fate this moment bid me to go back
O'er all my length of years, my life retrack
To its first hour, and pick out such descent
As man might wish for e'en to pride's content,
I should rest satisfied with mine, nor choose
New parents, decked with senatorial shoes,
Mad, most would think me, sane, as you'll allow,
To waive a load ne'er thrust on me till now.
More gear 'twould make me get without delay,
More bows there'd be to make, more calls to pay,
A friend or two must still be at my side,
That all alone I might not drive or ride,
More nags would want their corn, more grooms their meat,
And waggons must be bought, to save their feet.
Now on my bobtailed mule I jog at ease,
As far as e'en Tarentum, if I please,
A wallet for my things behind me tied,
Which galls his crupper, as I gall his side,
And no one rates my meanness, as they rate
Yours, noble Tillius, when you ride in state

On the Tiburtine road, five slaves EN SUITE,
Wineholder and et-ceteras all complete.

'Tis thus my life is happier, man of pride,
Than yours and that of half the world beside.
When the whim leads, I saunter forth alone,
Ask how are herbs, and what is flour a stone,
Lounge through the Circus with its crowd of liars,
Or in the Forum, when the sun retires,
Talk to a soothsayer, then go home to seek
My frugal meal of fritter, vetch, and leek:
Three youngsters serve the food: a slab of white
Contains two cups, one ladle, clean and bright:
Next, a cheap basin ranges on the shelf,
With jug and saucer of Campanian delf:
Then off to bed, where I can close my eyes
Not thinking how with morning I must rise
And face grim Marsyas, who is known to swear
Young Novius' looks are what he cannot bear.
I lie a-bed till ten: then stroll a bit,
Or read or write, if in a silent fit,
And rub myself with oil, not taken whence
Natta takes his, at some poor lamp's expense.
So to the field and ball; but when the sun
Bids me go bathe, the field and ball I shun:
Then eat a temperate luncheon, just to stay
A sinking stomach till the close of day,
Kill time in-doors, and so forth. Here you see
A careless life, from stir and striving free,

Happier (O be that flattering unction mine!)
Than if three quaestors figured in my line.

SATIRE VII.

PROSCRIPTI REGIS RUPILI.

How mongrel Persius managed to outsting
That pungent proscript, foul Rupilius King,
Is known, I take it, to each wight that drops
Oil on bleared eyes, or lolls in barbers' shops.

Persius was rich, a man of great affairs,
Steeped to the lips in monetary cares
Down at Clazomenae: and some dispute
'Twixt him and King had festered to a suit.
Tough, pushing, loud was he, with power of hate
To beat e'en King's; so pestilent his prate,
That Barrus and Sisenna you would find
Left in the running leagues and leagues behind.
Well, to return to King: they quickly see
They can't agree except to disagree:
For 'tis a rule, that wrath is short or long
Just as the combatants are weak or strong:
'Twixt Hector and Aeacides the strife
Was truceless, mortal, could but end with life,
For this plain reason, that in either wight
The tide of valour glowed at its full height;
Whereas, if two poor cravens chance to jar,
Or if an ill-matched couple meet in war,

Like Diomede and Glaucus, straight the worse
Gives in, and presents are exchanged of course.

Well, in the days when Brutus held command,
With praetor's rank, o'er Asia's wealthy land,
Persius and King engage, a goodly pair,
Like Bithus matched with Bacchius to a hair.
Keen as sharp steel, before the court they go,
Bach in himself as good as a whole show.

Persius begins: amid the general laugh
He praises Brutus, praises Brutus' staff,
Brutus, the healthful sun of Asia's sphere,
His staff, the minor stars that bless the year,
All, save poor King; a dog-star he, the sign
To farmers inauspicious and malign:
So roaring on he went, like wintry flood,
Where axes seldom come to thin the wood.

Then, as he thundered, King, Praeneste-bred,
Hurled vineyard slang in handfuls at his head,
A tough grape-gatherer, whom the passer-by
Could ne'er put down, with all his cuckoo cry.

Sluiced with Italian vinegar, the Greek
At length vociferates, "Brutus, let me speak!
You are our great king-killer: why delay
To kill this King? I vow 'tis in your way."

SATIRE IX.

IBAM FORTE VIA SACRA.

Long the Sacred Road I strolled one day,
Deep in some bagatelle (you know my way),
When up comes one whose name I scarcely knew —
"The dearest of dear fellows! how d'ye do?"
He grasped my hand— "Well, thanks: the same to you."
Then, as he still kept walking by my side,
To cut things short, "You've no commands?" I cried.
"Nay, you should know me: I'm a man of lore."
"Sir, I'm your humble servant all the more."
All in a fret to make him let me go,
I now walk fast, now loiter and walk slow,
Now whisper to my servant, while the sweat
Ran down so fast, my very feet were wet.
"O had I but a temper worth the name,
Like yours, Bolanus!" inly I exclaim,
While he keeps running on at a hand-trot,
About the town, the streets, I know not what.
Finding I made no answer, "Ah! I see,
Tou 're at a strait to rid yourself of me;
But 'tis no use: I'm a tenacious friend,
And mean to hold you till your journey's end,"
"No need to take you such a round: I go
To visit an acquaintance you don't know:

Poor man! he's ailing at his lodging, far
Beyond the bridge, where Caesar's gardens are."
"O, never mind: I've nothing else to do,
And want a walk, so I'll step on with you."

Down go my ears, in donkey-fashion, straight;
You've seen them do it, when their load's too great.
"If I mistake not," he begins, "you'll find
Viscus not more, nor Varius, to yoar mind:
There's not a man can turn a verse so soon,
Or dance so nimbly when he hears a tune:
While, as for singing — ah! my forte is there:
Tigellius' self might envy me, I'll swear."

He paused for breath: I falteringly strike in:
"Have you a mother? have you kith or kin
To whom your life is precious?" "Not a soul:
My line's extinct: I have interred the whole."
O happy they! (so into thought I fell)
After life's endless babble they sleep well:
My turn is next: dispatch me: for the weird
Has come to pass which I so long have feared,
The fatal weird a Sabine beldame sung,
All in my nursery days, when life was young:
"No sword nor poison e'er shall take him off,
Nor gout, nor pleurisy, nor racking cough:
A babbling tongue shall kill him: let him fly
All talkers, as he wishes not to die."

We got to Vesta's temple, and the sun
Told us a quarter of the day was done.
It chanced he had a suit, and was bound fast
Either to make appearance or be cast.
"Step here a moment, if you love me." "Nay;
I know no law: 'twould hurt my health to stay:
And then, my call." "I'm doubting what to do,
Whether to give my lawsuit up or you.
"Me, pray!" "I will not." On he strides again:
I follow, unresisting, in his train.

"How stand you with Maecenas?" he began:
"He picks his friends with care; a shrewd wise man:
In fact, I take it, one could hardly name
A head so cool in life's exciting game.
'Twould be a good deed done, if you could throw
Your servant in his way; I mean, you know,
Just to play second: in a month, I'll swear,
You'd make an end of every rival there."
"O, you mistake: we don't live there in league:
I know no house more sacred from intrigue:
I'm never distanced in my friend's good grace
By wealth or talent: each man finds his place."
"A miracle! if 'twere not told by you,
I scarce should credit it." "And yet 'tis true."
"Ah, well, you double my desire to rise
To special favour with a man so wise."
"You've but to wish it: 'twill be your own fault,
If, with your nerve, you win not by assault:

He can be won: that puts him on his guard,
And so the first approach is always hard."
"No fear of me, sir: a judicious bribe
Will work a wonder with the menial tribe:
Say, I'm refused admittance for to-day;
I'll watch my time; I'll meet him in the way,
Escort him, dog him. In this world of ours
The path to what we want ne'er runs on flowers."

'Mid all this prate there met us, as it fell,
Aristius, my good friend, who knew him well.
We stop: inquiries and replies go round:
"Where do you hail from?" "Whither are you
bound?"
There as he stood, impassive as a clod,
I pull at his limp arms, frown, wink, and nod,
To urge him to release me. With a smile
He feigns stupidity: I burn with bile.
"Something there was you said you wished to tell
To me in private." "Ay, I mind it well;
But not just now: 'tis a Jews' fast to-day:
Affront a sect so touchy! nay, friend, nay."
"Faith, I've no scruples." "Ah! but I've a few:
I'm weak, you know, and do as others do:
Some other time: excuse me." Wretched me!
That ever man so black a sun should see!
Off goes the rogue, and leaves me in despair,
Tied to the altar, with the knife in air:
When, by rare chance, the plaintiff in the suit

Knocks up against us: “Whither now, you brute?”
He roars like thunder: then to me: “You’ll stand
My witness, sir?” “My ear’s at your command.”
Off to the court he drags him: shouts succeed:
A mob collects: thank Phoebus, I am freed.

SATIRE X.

NEMPE INCOMPOSITO.

Yes, I did say that, view him as a bard,
Lucilius is unrhythmic, rugged, hard.
Lives there a partisan so weak of brain
As to join issue on a fact so plain?
But that he had a gift of biting wit,
In the same page I hastened to admit.
Now understand me: that's a point confessed;
But he who grants it grants not all the rest:
For, were a bard a bard because he's smart,
Laberius' mimes were products of high art.
'Tis not enough to make your reader's face
Wear a broad grin, though that too has its place:
Terseness there wants, to make the thought ring clear,
Nor with a crowd of words confuse the ear:
There wants a plastic style, now grave, now light,
Now such as bard or orator would write,
And now the language of a well-bred man,
Who masks his strength, and says not all he can:
And pleasantry will often cut clean through
Hard knots that gravity would scarce undo.
On this the old comedians rested: hence
They're still the models of all men of sense,

Despite Tigellius and his ape, whose song
Is Calvus and Catullus all day long.

“But surely that’s a merit quite unique,
His gift of mixing Latin up with Greek,”
Unique, you lags in learning? what? a knack
Caught by Pitholeon with his hybrid clack?
“Nay, but the mixture gives the style more grace,
As Chian, plus Falernian, has more race.”
Come, tell me truly: is this rule applied
To verse-making by you, and nought beside,
Or would you practise it, when called to plead
For poor Petillius, at his direst need?
Forsooth, you choose that moment, to disown
Your old forefathers, Latin to the bone,
And while great Pedius and Corvinus strain
Against you in pure Latin lungs and brain,
Like double-tongued Canusian, try to speak
A piebald speech, half native and half Greek!

Once when, though born on this side of the sea,
I tried my hand at Attic poetry,
Quirinus warned me, rising to my view
An hour past midnight, just when dreams are true:
“Seek you the throng of Grecian bards to swell?
Take sticks into a forest just as well.”
So, while Alpinus spills his Memnon’s blood,
Or gives his Rhine a headpiece of brown mud,
I toy with trifles such as this, unmeet

At Tarpa's grave tribunal to compete,
Or, mouthed by well-graced actors, be the rage
Of mobs, and hold possession of the stage.

No hand can match Fundanius at a piece
Where slave and mistress clip an old man's fleece:
Pollio in buskins chants the deeds of kings:
Varius outsoars us all on Homer's wings:
The Muse that loves the woodland and the farm
To Virgil lends her gayest, tenderest charm.
For me, this walk of satire, vainly tried
By Atacinus and some few beside,
Best suits my gait: yet readily I yield
To him who first set footstep on that field,
Nor meanly seek to rob him of the bay
That shows so comely on his locks of grey.

Well, but I called him muddy, said you'd find
More sand than gold in what he leaves behind.
And you, sir Critic, does your finer sense
In Homer mark no matter for offence?
Or e'en Lucilius, our good-natured friend,
Sees he in Accius nought he fain would mend?
Does he not laugh at Ennius' halting verse,
Yet own himself no better, if not worse?
And what should hinder me, as I peruse
Lucilius' works, from asking, if I choose,
If fate or chance forbade him to attain
A smoother measure, a more finished strain,

Than he (you'll let me fancy such a man)
Who, anxious only to make sense and scan,
Pours forth two hundred verses ere he sups,
Two hundred more, on rising from his cups?
Like to Etruscan Cassius' stream of song,
Which flowed, men say, so copious and so strong
That, when he died, his kinsfolk simply laid
His works in order, and his pyre was made.
No; grant Lucilius arch, engaging, gay;
Grant him the smoothest writer of his day;
Lay stress upon the fact that he'd to seek
In his own mind what others find in Greek;
Grant all you please, in turn you must allow,
Had fate postponed his life from then to now,
He'd prune redundancies, apply the file
To each excrescence that deforms his style,
Oft in the pangs of labour scratch his head,
And bite his nails, and bite them, till they bled.
Oh yes! believe me, you must draw your pen
Not once nor twice but o'er and o'er again
Through what you've written, if you would entice
The man that reads you once to read you twice,
Not making popular applause your cue,
But looking to fit audience, although few.
Say, would you rather have the things you scrawl
Doled out by pedants for their boys to drawl?
Not I: like hissed Arbuscula, I slight
Your hooting mobs, if I can please a knight.

Shall bug Pantilius vex me? shall I choke
Because Demetrius needs must have his joke
Behind my back, and Fannius, when he dines
With dear Tigellius, vilifies my lines?
Maecenas, Virgil, Varius, if I please
In my poor writings these and such as these,
If Plotius, Valgius, Fuscus will commend,
And good Octavius, I've achieved my end.
You, noble Pollio (let your friend disclaim
All thought of flattery when he names your name),
Messala and his brother, Servius too,
And Bibulus, and Furnius kind and true,
With others whom, despite their sense and wit
And friendly hearts, I purposely omit;
Such I would have my critics; men to gain
Whose smiles were pleasure, to forego them pain,
Demetrius and Tigellius, off! go pule
To the bare benches of your ladies' school!

Hallo there, youngster! take my book, you rogue,
And write this in, by way of epilogue.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

SUNT QUIBUS IN SATIRA.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

Some think in satire I'm too keen, and press
The spirit of invective to excess:
Some call my verses nerveless: once begin,
A thousand such per day a man might spin.
Trebatius, pray advise me.

T. Wipe your pen.

H. What, never write a single line again?

T. That's what I mean.

H. 'Twould suit me, I protest, Exactly: but at nights I get no rest.

T. First rub yourself three times with oil all o'er,
Then swim the Tiber through from shore to shore,
Taking good care, as night draws on, to steep
Your brain in liquor: then you'll have your sleep.
Or, if you still have such an itch to write,
Sing of some moving incident of fight;

Sing of great Caasar's victories: a bard
Who works at that is sure to win reward.

H. Would that I could, my worthy sire! but skill
And vigour lack, how great soe'er the will.
Not every one can paint in epic strain
The lances bristling on the embattled plain,
Tell how the Gauls by broken javelins bleed,
Or sing the Parthian tumbling from his steed.

T. But you can draw him just and brave, you know,
As sage Lucilius did for Scipio.

H. Trust me for that: my devoir I will pay,
Whene'er occasion comes to point the way.
Save at fit times, no words of mine can find
A way through Cassar's ear to Cassar's mind:
A mettled horse, if awkwardly you stroke,
Kicks out on all sides, and your leg is broke.

T. Better do this than gall with keen lampoon
Cassius the rake and Maenius the buffoon,
When each one, though with withers yet unwrung,
Fears for himself, and hates your bitter tongue.

H. What shall I do? Milonius, when the wine
Mounts to his head, and doubled lustres shine,
Falls dancing; horses are what Castor loves;
His twin yolk-fellow glories in the gloves:
Count all the folks in all the world, you'll find

A separate fancy for each separate mind.
To drill reluctant words into a line,
This was Lucilius' hobby, and 'tis mine.
Good man, he was our better: yet he took
Such pride in nought as in his darling book:
That was his friend, to whom he would confide
The secret thoughts he hid from all beside,
And, whether Fortune used him well or ill,
Thither for sympathy he turned him still:
So there, as in a votive tablet penned,
You see the veteran's life from end to end.

His footsteps now I follow as I may,
Lucanian or Apulian, who shall say?
For we Venusians live upon the line
Just where Lucania and Apulia join,
Planted,'tis said, there in the Samnites' place,
To guard for Rome the intermediate space,
Lest these or those some day should make a raid
In time of war, and Roman soil invade.

But this poor implement of mine, my pen,
Shall ne'er assault one soul of living men:
Like a sheathed sword, I'll carry it about,
Just to protect my life when I go out,
A weapon I shall never care to draw,
While my good neighbours keep within the law.
O grant, dread Father, grant my steel may rust!
Grant that no foe may play at cut and thrust

With my peace-loving self! but should one seek
To quarrel with me, yon shall hear him shriek:
Don't say I gave no warning: up and down
He shall be trolled and chorused through the town.

Cervius attacks his foes with writ and rule:
Albutius' henbane is Canidia's tool:
How threatens Turius? if he e'er should judge
A. cause of yours, he'll bear you an ill grudge.
Each has his natural weapon, you'll agree,
If you will work the problem out with me:
Wolves use their tooth against you, bulls their
horn;

Why, but that each is to the manner born?
Take worthy Scaeva now, the spendthrift heir,
And trust his long-lived mother to his care;
He'll lift no hand against her. No, forsooth!
Wolves do not use their heel, nor bulls their tooth:
But deadly hemlock, mingled in the bowl
With honey, will take off the poor old soul.
Well, to be brief: whether old age await
My years, or Death e'en now be at the gate,
Wealthy or poor, at home or banished, still,
Whate'er my life's complexion, write I will.

T. Poor child! your life is hanging on a thread:
Some noble friend one day will freeze you dead.

H. What? when Lucilius first with dauntless brow
Addressed him to his task, as I do now,
And from each hypocrite stripped off the skin
He flaunted to the world, though foul within,
Did Laelius, or the chief who took his name
Prom conquered Carthage, grudge him his fair game?

Felt they for Lupus or Metellus, when
Whole floods of satire drenched the wretched men?
He took no count of persons: man by man
He scourged the proudest chiefs of each proud clan,
Nor spared delinquents of a humbler birth,
Kind but to worth and to the friends of worth.
And yet, when Scipio brave and Laelius sage
Stepped down awhile like actors from the stage,
They would unbend with him, and laugh and joke
While his pot boiled, like other simple folk.
Well, rate me at my lowest, far below
Lucilius' rank and talent, yet e'en so
Envy herself shall own that to the end
I lived with men of mark as friend with friend,
And, when she fain on living flesh and bone
Would try her teeth, shall close them on a stone;
That is, if grave Trebatius will concur —

T. I don't quite see; I cannot well demur;
Yet you had best be cautioned, lest you draw
Some mischief down from ignorance of law;

If a man writes ill verses out of spite
‘Gainst A or B, the sufferer may indict.

H. Ill verses? ay, I grant you: but suppose
Caesar should think them good (and Caesar knows);
Suppose the man you bark at has a name
For every vice, while yours is free from blame.

T. O, then a laugh will cut the matter short:
The case breaks down, defendant leaves the court.

SATIRE II.

QUAE VIRTUS ET QUANTA.

The art of frugal living, and its worth,
To-day, my friends, Ofellus shall set forth
(’Twas he that taught me it, a shrewd clear wit,
Though country-spun, and for the schools unfit):
Lend me your ears: — but not where meats and wine
In costly service on the table shine,
When the vain eye is dazzled, and the mind
Recoils from truth, to idle shows resigned:
No: let us talk on empty stomachs. Why?
Well, if you’d have me tell you, I will try.

The judge who soils his fingers by a gift
Is scarce the man a doubtful case to sift.
Say that you’re fairly wearied with the course,
Following a hare, or breaking in a horse,
Or, if, for Roman exercise too weak,
You turn for your amusement to the Greek,
You play at ball, and find the healthy strain
Of emulation mitigates the pain,
Or hurl the quoit, till toil has purged all taint
Of squeamishness, and left you dry and faint;
Sniff, if you can, at common food, and spurn
All drink but honey mingled with Falern.
The butler has gone out: the stormy sea

Preserves its fishes safe from you and me:
No matter: salt ad libitum, with bread
Will soothe the Cerberus of our maws instead.
What gives you appetite? 'tis not the meat
Contains the relish: 'tis in you that eat.
Get condiments by work: for when the skin
Is pale and bloated from disease within,
Not golden plover, oyster, nor sardine,
Can make the edge of dulled enjoyment keen.
Yet there's one prejudice I sorely doubt
If force of reason ever will root out:
Oft as a peacock's set before you, still
Prefer it to a fowl you must and will,
Because (as if that mattered when we dine!)
The bird is costly, and its tail's so fine.
What? do you eat the feathers? when'tis drest
And sent to table, does it still look best?
While, as to flesh, the two are on a par:
Yes, you're the dupe of mere outside, you are.
You see that pike: what is it tells you straight
Where those wide jaws first opened for the bait,
In sea or river? 'twixt the bridges twain,
Or at the mouth where Tiber joins the main?
A three-pound mullet you must needs admire,
And yet you know 'tis never served entire.
The size attracts you: well then, why dislike
The selfsame quality when found in pike?
Why, but to fly in Nature's face for spite.
Because she made these heavy those weigh light?

O, when the stomach's pricked by hunger's stings,
We seldom hear of scorn for common things!

"Great fishes on great dishes! how I gloat
Upon the sight!" exclaims some harpy-throat.
Blow strongly, blow, good Auster, and ferment
The glutton's dainties, and increase their scent!
And yet, without such aid, they find the flesh
Of boar and turbot nauseous, e'en though fresh,
When, gorged to sick repletion, they request
Onions or radishes to give them zest.
Nay, e'en at royal banquets poor men's fare
Yet lingers: eggs and olives still are there.
When, years ago, Gallonius entertained
His friends with sturgeon, an ill name he gained.
Were turbots then less common in the seas?
No: but good living waxes by degrees.
Safe was the turbot, safe the stork's young brood,
Until a praetor taught us they were good.
So now, should some potential voice proclaim
That roasted cormorants are delicious game,
The youth of Rome (there's nothing too absurd
For their weak heads) will take him at his word.

But here Ofellus draws a line, between
A life that's frugal and a life that's mean:
For 'tis in vain that luxury you shun,
If straight on avarice your bark you run.
Avidienus — you may know him — who

Was always call'd the Dog, and rightly too,
On olives five-year-old is wont to dine,
And, till 'tis sour, will never broach his wine:
Oft as, attired for feasting, blithe and gay,
He keeps some birthday, wedding, holiday,
From his big horn he sprinkles drop by drop
Oil on the cabbages himself: — you'd stop
Your nose to smell it: — vinegar, I own,
He gives you without stint, and that alone.
Well, betwixt these, what should a wise man do?
Which should he copy, think you, of the two?
'Tis Scylla and Charybdis, rock and gulf:
On this side howls the dog, on that the wolf.
A man that's neat in table, as in dress,
Errs not by meanness, yet avoids excess;
Nor, like Albucius, when he plays the host,
Storms at his slaves, while giving each his post;
Nor, like poor Naevius, carelessly offends
By serving greasy water to his friends.

Now listen for a space, while I declare
The good results that spring from frugal fare.
IMPRIMIS, health: for 'tis not hard to see
How various meats are like to disagree,
If you remember with how light a weight
Your last plain meal upon your stomach sate:
Now, when you've taken toll of every dish,
Have mingled roast with boiled and fowl with fish,
The mass of dainties, turbulent and crude,

Engenders bile, and stirs intestine feud.
Observe your guests, how ghastly pale their looks
When they've discussed some mystery of your cook's:
Ay, and the body, clogged with the excess
Of yesterday, drags down the mind no less,
And fastens to the ground in living death
That fiery particle of heaven's own breath.
Another takes brief supper, seeks repair
From kindly sleep, then rises light as air:
Not that sometimes he will not cross the line,
And, just for once, luxuriously dine,
When feasts come round with the revolving year,
Or his shrunk frame suggests more generous cheer:
Then too, when age draws on and life is slack,
He has reserves on which he can fall back:
But what have you in store when strength shall fail,
You, who forestall your goods when young and hale?

A rancid boar our fathers used to praise:
What? had they then no noses in those days?
No: but they wished their friends to have the treat
When tainted rather than themselves when sweet.
O had I lived in that brave time of old,
When men were heroes, and the age was gold!

Come now, you set some store by good repute:
In truth, its voice is softer than a lute:

Then know, great fishes on great dishes still
Produce great scandal, let alone the bill.
Think too of angry uncles, friends grown rude,
Nay, your own self with your own self at feud
And longing for a rope to end your pain:
But ropes cost twopence; so you long in vain.
"O, talk," you say, "to Trausius: though severe,
Such truths as these are just what HE should hear:
But I have untold property, that brings
A yearly sum, sufficient for three kings."
Untold indeed! then can you not expend
Your superflux on some diviner end?
Why does one good man want while you abound?
Why are Jove's temples tumbling to the ground?
O selfish! what? devote no modicum
To your dear country from so vast a sum?
Ay, you're the man: the world will go your way….
O how your foes will laugh at you one day!
Take measure of the future: which will feel
More confidence in self, come woe, come weal,
He that, like you, by long indulgence plants
In body and in mind a thousand wants,
Or he who, wise and frugal, lays in stores
In view of war ere war is at the doors?

But, should you doubt what good Ofellus says,
When young I knew him, in his wealthier days:
Then, when his means were fair, he spent and spared
Nor more nor less than now, when they're impaired.

Still, in the field once his, but now assigned
To an intruding veteran, you may find,
His sons and beasts about him, the good sire,
A sturdy farmer, working on for hire.
“I ne’er exceeded” — so you’ll hear him say —
“Herbs and smoked gammon on a working day;
But if at last a friend I entertained,
Or there dropped in some neighbour while it rained,
I got no fish from town to grace my board,
But dined off kid and chicken like a lord:
Raisins and nuts the second course supplied,
With a split fig, first doubled and then dried:
Then each against the other, with a fine
To do the chairman’s work, we drank our wine,
And draughts to Ceres, so she’d top the ground
With good tall ears, our frets and worries drowned
Let Fortune brew fresh tempests, if she please,
How much can she knock off from joys like these!
Have you or I, young fellows, looked more lean
Since this new holder came upon the scene?
Holder, I say, for tenancy’s the most
That he, or I, or any man can boast:
Now he has driven us out: but him no less
His own extravagance may dispossess
Or slippery lawsuit: in the last resort
A livelier heir will cut his tenure short.
Ofellus’ name it bore, the field we plough,
A few years back: it bears Umbrenus’ now:
None has it as a fixture, fast and firm,

But he or I may hold it for a term.
Then live like men of courage, and oppose
Stout hearts to this and each ill wind that blows.”

SATIRE III.

SIC RARO SCRIBIS.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMASIPPUS.

So seldom do you write, we scarcely hear
Your tablets called for four times in the year:
And even then, as fast as you compose,
You quarrel with the thing, and out it goes,
Vexed that, in spite of bottle and of bed,
You turn out nothing worthy to be read.
How is it all to end? Here you've come down,
Avoiding a December spent in town:
Your brains are clear: begin, and charm our ears
With something worth your boasting. — Nought appears.
You blame your pens, and the poor wall, accurst
From birth by gods and poets, comes off worst.
Yet you looked bold, and talked of what you'd do,
Could you lie snug for one free day or two.
What boot Menander, Plato, and the rest
You carried down from town to stock your nest?
Think you by turning lazy to exempt
Your life from envy? No, you'll earn contempt.

Then stop your ears to sloth's enchanting voice,
Or give up your best hopes: there lies your choice.

H. Good Damasippus, may the immortals grant,
For your sage counsel, the one thing you want,
A barber! but pray tell me how yon came
To know so well what scarce is known to fame?

D. Why, ever since my hapless all went down
'Neath the mid arch, I go about the town,
And make my neighbours' matters my sole care,
Seeing my own are damaged past repair.
Once I was anxious on a bronze to light
Where Sisyphus had washed his feet at night;
Each work of art I criticized and classed,
Called this ill chiselled, that too roughly cast;
Prized that at fifty thousand: then I knew
To buy at profit grounds and houses too,
With a sure instinct: till the whole town o'er
"The pet of Mercury" was the name I bore.

H. I know your case, and am surprised to see
So clear a cure of such a malady.

D, Ay, but my old complaint (though strange, 'tis true)
Was banished from my system by a new:
Just as diseases of the side or head
My to the stomach or the chest instead,

Like your lethargic patient, when he tears
Himself from bed, and at the doctor squares.

H. Spare me but that, I'll trust you.

D. Don't be blind;
You're mad yourself, and so are all mankind,
If truth is in Stertinius, from whose speech
I learned the precious lessons that I teach,
What time he bade me grow a wise man's beard,
And sent me from the bridge, consoled and cheered.
For once, when, bankrupt and forlorn, I stood
With muffled head, just plunging in the flood,
"Don't do yourself a mischief," so he cried
In friendly tones, appearing at my side:
"'Tis all false shame: you fear to be thought mad,
Not knowing that the world are just as bad.
What constitutes a madman? if 'tis shown
The marks are found in you and you alone,
Trust me, I'll add no word to thwart your plan,
But leave you free to perish like a man.
The wight who drives through life with bandaged eyes,
Ignorant of truth and credulous of lies,
He in the judgment of Chrysippus' school
And the whole porch is tabled as a fool.
Monarchs and people, every rank and age,
That sweeping clause includes, — except the sage.

“Now listen while I show you, how the rest
Who call you madman, are themselves possessed.
Just as in woods, when travellers step aside
From the true path for want of some good guide,
This to the right, that to the left hand strays,
And all are wrong, but wrong in different ways,
So, though you’re mad, yet he who banters you
Is not more wise, but wears his pigtail too.
One class of fools sees reason for alarm
In trivial matters, innocent of harm:
Stroll in the open plain, you’ll hear them talk
Of fires, rocks, torrents, that obstruct their walk:
Another, unlike these, but not more sane,
Takes fires and torrents for the open plain:
Let mother, sister, father, wife combined
Cry ‘There’s a pitfall! there’s a rock! pray mind!’
They’ll hear no more than drunken Fufius, he
Who slept the part of queen Ilione,
While Catienus, shouting in his ear,
Roared like a Stentor, ‘Hearken, mother dear!’

“Well, now, I’ll prove the mass of humankind
Have judgments just as jaundiced, just as blind.
That Damasippus shows himself insane
By buying ancient statues, all think plain:
But he that lends him money, is he free
From the same charge? ‘O, surely.’ Let us see.
I bid you take a sum you won’t return:
You take it: is this madness, I would learn?

Were it not greater madness to renounce
The prey that Mercury puts within your pounce?
Secure him with ten bonds; a hundred; nay,
Clap on a thousand; still he'll slip away,
This Protean scoundrel: drag him into court,
You'll only find yourself the more his sport:
He'll laugh till scarce you'd think his jaws his own,
And turn to boar or bird, to tree or stone.
If prudence in affairs denotes men sane
And bungling argues a disordered brain,
The man who lends the cash is far more fond
Than you, who at his bidding sign the bond.

"Now give attention and your gowns refold,
Who thirst for fame, grow yellow after gold,
Victims to luxury, superstition blind,
Or other ailment natural to the mind:
Come close to me and listen, while I teach
That you're a pack of madmen, all and each.

"Of all the hellebore that nature breeds,
The largest share by far the miser needs:
In fact, I know not but Anticyra's juice
Was all intended for his single use.
When old Staberius died, his heirs engraved
Upon his monument the sum he'd saved:
For, had they failed to do it, they were tied
A hundred pair of fencers to provide,
A feast at Arrius' pleasure, not too cheap,

And corn, as much as Afric's farmers reap.
'I may be right, I may be wrong,' said he,
'Who cares? 'tis not for you to lecture me.'
Well, one who knew Staberius would suppose
He was a man that looked beyond his nose:
Why did he wish, then, that his funeral stone
Should make the sum he left behind him known?
Why, while he lived, he dreaded nothing more
Than that great sin, the sin of being poor,
And, had he left one farthing less in purse,
The man, as man, had thought himself the worse:
For all things human and divine, renown,
Honour, and worth at money's shrine bow down:
And he who has made money, fool or knave,
Becomes that moment noble, just, and brave.
A sage, you ask me? yes, a sage, a king,
Whate'er he chooses; briefly, everything.
So good Staberius hoped each extra pound
His virtue saved would to his praise redound.
Now look at Aristippus, who, in haste
To make his journey through the Libyan waste,
Bade the stout slaves who bore his treasure throw
Their load away, because it made them slow.
Which was more mad? Excuse me: 'twill not do
To shut one question up by opening two.

"If one buys fiddles, hoards them up when bought,
Though music's study ne'er engaged his thought,
One lasts and awls, unversed in cobbler's craft,

One sails for ships, not knowing fore from aft,
You'd call them mad: but tell me, if you please,
How that man's case is different from these,
Who, as he gets it, stows away his gain,
And thinks to touch a farthing were profane?
Yet if a man beside a huge corn-heap
Lies watching with a cudgel, ne'er asleep,
And dares not touch one grain, but makes his meat
Of bitter leaves, as though he found them sweet:
If, with a thousand wine-casks — call the hoard
A million rather — in his cellars stored,
He drinks sharp vinegar: nay, if, when nigh
A century old, on straw he yet will lie,
While in his chest rich coverlets, the prey
Of moth and canker, moulder and decay,
Few men can see much madness in his whim,
Because the mass of mortals ail like him.

"O heaven-abandoned wretch! is all this care
To save your stores for some degenerate heir,
A son, or e'en a freedman, who will pour
All down his throttle, ere a year is o'er?
You fear to come to want yourself, you say?
Come, calculate how small the loss per day,
If henceforth to your cabbage you allow
And your own head the oil you grudge them now.
If anything's sufficient, why forswear,
Embezzle, swindle, pilfer everywhere?
Can you be sane? suppose you choose to throw

Stones at the crowd, as by your door they go,
Or at the slaves, your chattels, every lad
And every girl will hoot yon down as mad:
When with a rope you kill your wife, with bane
Your aged mother, are you right in brain?
Why not? Orestes did it with the blade,
And 'twas in Argos that the scene was laid.
Think you that madness only then begun
To seize him, when the impious deed was done,
And not that Furies spurred him on, before
The sword grew purple with a parent's gore?
Nay, from the time they reckon him insane,
He did no deed of which you could complain:
No stroke this madman at Electra aims
Or Pylades: he only calls them names,
Fury or other monster, in the style
Which people use when stirred by tragic bile.

"Opimius, who, with gold and silver store
Lodged in his coffers, ne'ertheless was poor
(The man would drink from earthen nipperkin
Flat wine on working-days, on feast-days thin),
Once fell into a lethargy so deep
That his next heir supposed it more than sleep,
And entering on possession at his ease,
Went round the coffers and applied the keys.
The doctor had a conscience and a head:
He had a table moved beside the bed,
Poured out a money-bag, and bade men come

And ring the coin and reckon o'er the sum:
Then, lifting up his patient, he began:
'That heir of yours is plundering you, good man.
'What? while I live?' 'You wish to live? then take
The necessary steps: be wide awake.'
'What steps d'ye mean?' 'Your strength will soon run short,
Unless your stomach have some strong support.
Come, rouse yourself: take this ptisane of rice.'
'The price?' 'A trifle.' 'I will know the price.'
'Eight-pence.' 'O dear! what matters it if I
Die by disease or robbery? still I die.'
"'Who then is sane?' He that's no fool, in troth.
'Then what's a miser?' Fool and madman both.
'Well, if a man's no miser, is he sane
That moment?' No. 'Why, Stoic?' I'll explain.
The stomach here is sound as any bell,
Craterus may say: then is the patient well?
May he get up? Why no; there still are pains
That need attention in the side or reins.
You're not forsworn nor miserly: go kill
A porker to the gods who ward off ill.
You're headlong and ambitious: take a trip
To Madman's Island by the next swift ship.
For where's the difference, down the rabble's throat
To pour your gold, or never spend a groat?

Servius Oppidius, so the story runs,
Rich for his time, bequeathed to his two sons

Two good-sized farms, and calling to his bed
The hopeful youths, in faltering accents said:
‘E’er since I saw you, Aulus, give away
Your nuts and taws, or squander them at play,
While you, Tiberius, careful and morose,
Would count them over, hide them, keep them close,
I’ve feared lest both should err in different ways,
And one have Cassius’, one Cicuta’s craze.
So now I beg you by the household powers
Who guard, and still shall guard, this roof of ours,
That you diminish not, nor you augment
What I and nature fix for your content.
To bar ambition too, I lay an oath
Of heaviest weight upon the souls of both;
Should either be an aedile, or, still worse,
A praetor, let him feel a father’s curse.
What? would you wish to lavish my bequest
In vetches, beech-nuts, lupines and the rest,
You, that in public you may strut, or stand
All bronze, when stripped of money, stripped of land;
You, that Agrippa’s plaudits you may win,
A sneaking fox in a brave lion’s skin?’

“What moves you, Agamemnon, thus to fling
Great Ajax to the dogs? ‘I am a king.’
And I a subject: therefore I forbear
More questions. ‘Right; for what I will is fair:
Yet, if there be who fancy me unjust,

I give my conduct up to be discussed.'
Mightiest of mighty kings, may proud success
And safe return your conquering army bless!
May I ask questions then, and shortly speak
When you have answered? 'Take the leave you seek.'
Then why should Ajax, though so oft renowned
For patriot service, rot above the ground,
Your bravest next Achilles, just that Troy
And envious Priam may the scene enjoy,
Beholding him, through whom their children came
To feed the dogs, himself cast out to shame?
'A flock the madman slew, and cried that he
Had killed my brother, Ithacus, and me.'
Well, when you offered in a heifer's stead
Your child, and strewed salt meal upon her head,
Then were you sane, I ask you? 'Why not sane?'
Why, what did Ajax when the flock was slain?
He did no violence to his wife or child:
He cursed the Atridae, true; his words were wild;
But against Teucer ne'er a hand he raised,
Nor e'en Ulysses: yet you call him crazed.
'But I, of purpose, soothed the gods with blood,
To gain our fleet free passage o'er the flood.'
Blood! ay, your own, you madman. 'Nay, not so:
My own, I grant it: but a madman's, no.'

"He that sees things amiss, his mind distraught
By guilty deeds, a madman will be thought;

And, so the path of reason once be missed,
Who cares if rage or folly gave the twist?
When Ajax falls with fury on the fold,
He shows himself a madman, let us hold:
When you, of purpose, do a crime to gain
A meed of empty glory, are you sane?
The heart that air-blown vanities dilate,
Will medicine say 'tis in its normal state?
Suppose a man in public chose to ride
With a white lambkin nestling at his side,
Called it his daughter, had it richly clothed,
And did his best to get it well betrothed,
The law would call him madman, and the care
Of him and of his goods would pass elsewhere.
You offer up your daughter for a lamb;
And are you rational? Don't say, I am.
No; when a man's a fool, he's then insane:
The man that's guilty, he's a maniac plain:
The dupe of bubble glory, war's grim queen
Has dinned away his senses, clear and clean.

"Cassius and luxury! hunt that game with me;
For spendthrifts are insane, the world shall see.
Soon as the youngster had received at last
The thousand talents that his sire amassed,
He sent round word to all the sharking clan,
Perfumer, fowler, fruiterer, fisherman,
Velabrum's refuse, Tuscan Alley's scum,
To come to him. next morning. Well, they come.

First speaks the pimp: ‘Whatever I or these
Possess, is yours: command it when you please.’
Now hear his answer, and admire the mind
That thus could speak, so generous and so kind.
‘You sleep in Umbrian snow-fields, booted o’er
The hips, that I may banquet on a boar;
You scour the sea for fish in winter’s cold,
And I do nought; I don’t deserve this gold:
Here, take it; you a hundred, you as much,
But you, the spokesman, thrice that sum shall
touch.’

“AEsopus’ son took from his lady dear
A splendid pearl that glittered in her ear,
Then melted it in vinegar, and quaffed
(Such was his boast) a thousand at a draught:
How say you? had the act been more insane
To fling it in a river or a drain?

“Arrius’ two sons, twin brothers, of a piece
In vice, perverseness, folly, and caprice,
Would lunch off nightingales: well, what’s their
mark?
Shall it be chalk or charcoal, white or dark?

“To ride a stick, to build a paper house,
Play odd and even, harness mouse and mouse,
If a grown man professed to find delight
In things like these, you’d call him mad outright.

“Well now, should reason force you to admit
That love is just as childish, every whit;
To own that whimpering at your mistress’ door
Is e’en as weak as building on the floor;
Say, will you put conviction into act,
And, like young Polemo, at once retract;
Take off the signs and trappings of disease,
Your leg-bands, tippets, furs, and muffatees,
As he slipped off his chaplets, when the word
Of sober wisdom all his being stirred?

“Give a cross child an apple: ‘Take it, pet:’
He sulks and will not: hold it back, he’ll fret.
Just so the shut-out lover, who debates
And parleys near the door he vows he hates,
In doubt, when sent for, to go back or no,
Though, if not sent for, he’d be sure to go.
‘She calls me: ought I to obey her call,
Or end this long infliction once for all?
The door was shut:’tis open: ah, that door!
Go back? I won’t, however she implore.’
So he. Now listen while the slave replies,
And say if of the two he’s not more wise:
‘Sir, if a thing is senseless, to bring sense
To bear upon it is a mere pretence;
Now love is such a thing, the more’s the shame;
First war, then peace, ’tis never twice the same,
For ever heaving, like a sea in storm,
And taking every hour some different form.

You think to fix it? why, the job's as bad
As if you tried by reason to be mad.'

"When you pick apple-pips, and try to hit
The ceiling with them, are you sound of wit?
"When with your withered lips you bill and coo,
Is he that builds card-houses worse than you?
Then, too, the blood that's spilt by fond desires,
The swords that men will use to poke their fires!
When Marius killed his mistress t'other day
And broke his neck, was he demented, say?
Or would you call him criminal instead,
And stigmatize his heart to save his head,
Following the common fallacy, which founds
A different meaning upon different sounds?

"There was an aged freedman, who would run
From shrine to shrine at rising of the sun,
Sober and purified for prayer, and cry
'Save me, me only! sure I need not die;
Heaven can do all things:' ay, the man was sane
In ears and eyes: but how about his brain?
Why, that his master, if not bent to plead
Before a court, could scarce have guaranteed.
Him and all such Chrysippus would assign
To mad Menenius' most prolific line.

"'Almighty Jove, who giv'st and tak'st away
The pains we mortals suffer, hear me pray!'

(So cries the mother of a child whose cold,
Or ague rather, now is five months old)
‘Cure my poor boy, and he shall stand all bare
In Tiber, on thy fast, in morning air.’
So if, by chance or treatment, the attack
Should pass away, the wretch will bring it back,
And give the child his death: ’tis madness clear;
But what produced it? superstitious fear.”

Such were the arms Stertinius, next in sense
To the seven sages, gave me for defence.
Now he that calls me mad gets paid in kind,
And told to feel the pigtail stuck behind.

H. Good Stoic, may you mend your loss, and sell
All your enormous bargains twice as well.
But pray, since folly’s various, just explain
What type is mine? for I believe I’m sane.

D. What? is Agave conscious that she’s mad
When she holds up the head of her poor lad?

H. I own I’m foolish — truth must have her will —
Nay, mad: but tell me, what’s my form of ill?

D. I’ll tell you. First, you build, which means you try
To ape great men, yourself some two feet high,
And yet you laugh to see poor Turbo fight,
When he looks big and strains beyond his height.
What? if Maecenas does a thing, must you,

His weaker every way, attempt it too?
A calf set foot on some young frogs, they say,
Once when the mother chanced to be away:
One ‘scapes, and tells his dam with bated breath
How a huge beast had crushed the rest to death:
“How big?” quoth she: “is this as big?” and here
She swelled her body out. “No, nothing near.”
Then, seeing her still fain to puff and puff,
“You’ll burst,” gays he, “before you’re large
enough.”
Methinks the story fits you. Now then, throw
Your verses in, like oil to feed the glow.
If ever poet yet was sane, no doubt,
You may put in your plea, but not without.
Your dreadful temper —

H. Hold.

D. The sums you spend
Beyond your income —

H. Mind yourself, my friend.

D. And then, those thousand flames no power can cool.

H. O mighty senior, spare a junior fool!

SATIRE IV.

UNDE ET QUO CATIUS?

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

Ho, Catius! whence and whither?

C. Not to-day:
I cannot stop to talk: I must away
To set down words of wisdom, which surpass
The Athenian sage and deep Pythagoras.

H. Faith, I did ill at such an awkward time
To cross your path; but you'll forgive the crime:
If you've lost aught, you'll get it back ere long
By nature or by art; in both you're strong.

C. Ah, 'twas a task to keep the whole in mind,
For style and matter were alike refined.

H. But who was lecturer? tell me whence he came.

C. I give the precepts, but suppress the name.

The oblong eggs by connoisseurs are placed
Above the round for whiteness and for taste:

Procure them for your table without fail,
For they're more fleshy, and their yolk is male.
The cabbage of dry fields is sweeter found
Than the weak growth of washed-out garden ground.
Should some chance guest surprise you late at night,
For fear the new-killed fowl prove tough to bite,
Plunge it while living in Falernian lees,
And then 'twill be as tender as you please.
Mushrooms that grow in meadows are far best;
You can't be too suspicious of the rest.
He that would pass through summer without hurt
Should eat a plate of mulberries for dessert,
But mind to pluck them in the morning hour,
Before the mid-day sun exerts its power.

Aufidius used Falernian, rich and strong,
To mingle with his honey: he did wrong:
For when the veins are empty, 'tis not well
To pour in fiery drinks to make them swell:
Mild gentle draughts will better do their part
In nourishing the cockles of the heart.
In costive cases, limpets from the shell
Are a cheap way the evil to dispel,
With groundling sorrel: but white Coan neat
You'll want to make the recipe complete.
For catching shell-fish the new moon's the time,
But there's a difference between clime and clime;
Baiae is good, but to the Lucrine yields;
Circeii ranks as best for oyster-fields;

Misenum's cape with urchins is supplied;
Flat bivalve mussels are Tarentum's pride.

Let no man fancy he knows how to dine
Till he has learnt how taste and taste combine.
'Tis not enough to sweep your fish away
From the dear stall, and chuckle as you pay,
Not knowing which want sauce, and which when broiled
Will tempt a guest whose appetite is spoiled.

The man who hates wild boars that eat like tame
Gets his from Umbria, genuine mast-fed game:
For the Laurentian beast, that makes its fat
Off sedge and reeds, is flavourless and flat.
The flesh of roes that feed upon the vine
Is not to be relied on when you dine.
With those who know what parts of hare are best
You'll find the wings are mostly in request.
Fishes and fowls, their nature and their age,
Have oft employed the attention of the sage;
But how to solve the problem ne'er was known
By mortal palate previous to my own.

There are whose whole invention is confined
To novel sweets: that shows a narrow mind;
As if you wished your wines to be first-rate,
But cared not with what oil your fish you ate.
Put Massic wine to stand 'neath a clear sky

All night, away the heady fumes will fly,
Purged by cool air: if 'tis through linen strained,
You spoil the flavour, and there's nothing gained.
Who mix Surrentine with Falernian dregs
Clear off the sediment with pigeons' eggs:
The yolk goes down; all foreign matters sink
Therewith, and leave the beverage fit to drink.
'Tis best with roasted shrimps and Afric snails
To rouse your drinker when his vigour fails:
Not lettuce; lettuce after wine ne'er lies
Still in the stomach, but is sure to rise:
The appetite, disordered and distressed,
Wants ham and sausage to restore its zest;
Nay, craves for peppered viands and what not,
Fetched from some greasy cookshop steaming hot.

There are two kinds of sauce; and I may say
That each is worth attention in its way.
Sweet oil's the staple of the first; but wine
Should be thrown in, and strong Byzantine brine.
Now take this compound, pickle, wine, and oil,
Mix it with herbs chopped small, then make it boil,
Put saffron in, and add, when cool, the juice
Venafrum's choicest olive-yards produce.
In taste Tiburtian apples count as worse
Than Picene; in appearance, the reverse.
For pots, Venucule grapes the best may suit:
For drying, Albans are your safer fruit.
'Twas I who first, authorities declare,

Served grapes with apples, lees with caviare,
White pepper with black salt, and had them set
Before each diner as his private whet.

’Tis gross to squander hundreds upon fish,
Yet pen them cooked within too small a dish.
So too it turns the stomach, if there sticks
Dirt to the bowl wherein your wine you mix;
Or if the servant, who behind you stands,
Has fouled the beaker with his greasy hands.
Brooms, dish-cloths, saw-dust, what a mite they cost!
Neglect them though, your reputation’s lost.
What? sweep with dirty broom a floor inlaid,
Spread unwashed cloths o’er tapestry and brocade,
Forgetting, sure, the less such things entail
Of care and cost, the more the shame to fail,
Worse than fall short in luxuries, which one sees
At no man’s table but your rich grandees’?

H. Catius, I beg, by all that binds a friend,
Let me go with you, when you next attend;
For though you’ve every detail at command,
There’s something must be lost at second hand.
Then the man’s look, his manner — these may seem
Mere things of course, perhaps, in your esteem,
So privileged as you are: for me, I feel
An inborn thirst, a more than common zeal,

Up to the distant river-head to mount,
And quaff these precious waters at their fount.

SATIRE V.

HOC QUOQUE, TIRESIA.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES

Now, good Tiresias, add one favour more
To those your kindness has vouchsafed before,
And tell me by what ways I may redeem
My broken fortunes — You're amused, 'twould
seem.

T. You get safe home, you see your native isle,
And yet it craves for more, that heart of guile!

U. O source of truth unerring, you're aware,
I reach my home impoverished and stripped bare
(So you predict), and find nor bit nor sup,
My flocks all slaughtered and my wines drunk up:
Yet family and worth, without the staff
Of wealth to lean on, are the veriest draff.

T. Since, in plain terms, 'tis poverty you fear,
And riches are your aim, attend and hear.
Suppose a thrush or other dainty placed
At your disposal, for your private taste,
Speed it to some great house, all gems and gold,

Where means are ample, and their master old:
Your choicest apples, ripe and full of juice,
And whatsoe'er your garden may produce,
Before they're offered at the Lares' shrine,
Give them to your rich friend, as more divine:
Be he a branded slave, forsworn, distained
With brother's blood, in short, a rogue ingrained,
Yet walk, if asked, beside him when you meet,
And (pray mind this) between him and the street.

U. What, give a slave the wall? in happier days,
At Troy, for instance, these were not my ways:
Then with the best I matched myself.

T. Indeed? I'm sorry: then you'll always be in need.

U. Well, well, my heart shall bear it; 'tis inured
To dire adventure, and has worse endured.
Go on, most worthy augur, and unfold
The arts whereby to pile up heaps of gold.

T. Well, I have told you, and I tell you still:
Lay steady siege to a rich dotard's will;
Nor, should a fish or two gnaw round the bait,
And 'scape the hook, lose heart and give up straight.
A suit at law comes on: suppose you find
One party's old and childless, never mind
Though law with him's a weapon to oppress
An upright neighbour, take his part no less:
But spurn the juster cause and purer life,

If burdened with a child or teeming wife.
“Good Quintus,” say, or “Publius” (nought endears
A speaker more than this to slavish ears),
“Your worth has raised you up a friend at court;
I know the law, and can a cause support;
I’d sooner lose an eye than aught should hurt,
In purse or name, a man of your desert:
Just leave the whole to me: I’ll do my best
To make you no man’s victim, no man’s jest.”
Bid him go home and nurse himself, while you
Act as his counsel and his agent too;
Hold on unflinching, never bate a jot,
Be it for wet or dry, for cold or hot,
Though “Sirius split dumb statues up,” or though
Fat Furius “spatter the bleak Alps with snow.”
“What steady nerve!” some bystander will cry,
Nudging a friend; “what zeal! what energy!
What rare devotion!” ay, the game goes well;
In flow the tunnies, and your fish-ponds swell.
Another plan: suppose a man of wealth
Has but one son, and that in weakly health;
Creep round the father, lest the court you pay
To childless widowers your game betray,
That he may put you second, and, in case
The poor youth die, insert you in his place,
And so you get the whole: a throw like this,
Discreetly hazarded, will seldom miss.
If offered by your friend his will to read,
Decline it with a “Thank you! no, indeed!”

Yet steal a side-long glance as you decline
At the first parchment and the second line,
Just to discover if he leaves you heir
All by yourself, or others have a share.
A constable turned notary oft will cheat
Your raven of the cheese he thought to eat;
And sly Nasica will become, you'll see,
Coranus' joke, but not his legatee.

U. What? are you mad, or do you mean to balk
My thirst for knowledge by this riddling talk?

T. O Laertiades! what I foreshow
To mortals, either will take place or no;
For 'tis the voice of Phoebus from his shrine
That speaks in me and makes my words divine.

U. Forgive my vehemence, and kindly state
The meaning of the fable you narrate.

T. When he, the Parthian's dread, whose blood comes down
E'en from Aeneas' veins, shall win renown
By land and sea, a marriage shall betide
Between Coranus, wight of courage tried,
And old Nasica's daughter, tall and large,
Whose sire owes sums he never will discharge.
The duteous son-in-law his will presents,
And begs the sire to study its contents:
At length Nasica, having long demurred,

Takes it and reads it through without a word;
And when the whole is done, perceives in fine
That he and his are simply left — to whine.

Suppose some freedman, or some crafty dame
Rules an old driveller, you may join their game:
Say all that's good of them to him, that they,
When your back's turned, the like of you may say
This plan has merits; but 'tis better far
To take the fort itself, and end the war.

A shrewd old crone at Thebes (the fact occurred
When I was old) was thus by will interred:
Her corpse was oiled all over, and her heir
Bore it to burial on his shoulders bare:
He'd stuck to her while living; so she said
She'd give him, if she could, the slip when dead.
Be cautious in attack; observe the mean,
And neither be too lukewarm, nor too keen.
Much talk annoys the testy and morose,
But 'tis not well to be reserved and close.
Act Davus in the drama: droop your head,
And use the gestures of a man in dread.
Be all attention: if the wind is brisk,
Say, "Wrap that precious head up! run no risk!"
Push shouldering through a crowd, the way to clear
Before him; when he maunders, prick your ear.
He craves for praise; administer the puff
Till, lifting up both hands, he cries "Enough."

But when, rewarded and released, at last
You gain the end of all your service past,
And, not in dreams but soberly awake,
Hear “One full quarter let Ulysses take,”
Say, once or twice, “And is good Dama dead?
Where shall I find his like for heart and head?”
If possible, shed tears: at least conceal
The tell-tale smiles that speak the joy you feel.
Then, for the funeral: with your hands untied,
Beware of erring upon meanness’ side:
No; let your friend be handsomely interred,
And let the neighbourhood give you its good word.
Should one of your co-heirs be old, and vexed
With an inveterate cough, approach him next:
A house or lands he’d purchase that belong
To your estate: they’re his for an old song.
But Proserpine commands me; I must fly;
Her will is law; I wish you health; good-bye.

SATIRE VI.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

This used to be my wish: a bit of land,
A house and garden with a spring at hand,
And just a little wood. The gods have crowned
My humble vows; I prosper and abound:
Nor ask I more, kind Mercury, save that thou
Wouldst give me still the goods thou giv'st me now:
If crime has ne'er increased them, nor excess
And want of thrift are like to make them less;
If I ne'er pray like this, "O might that nook
Which spoils my field be mine by hook or crook!
O for a stroke of luck like his, who found
A crock of silver, turning up the ground,
And, thanks to good Alcides, farmed as buyer
The very land where he had slaved for hire!"
If what I have contents me, hear my prayer:
Still let me feel thy tutelary care,
And let my sheep, my pastures, this and that,
My all, in fact, (except my brains,) be fat.

Now, lodged in my hill-castle, can I choose
Companion fitter than my homely Muse?
Here no town duties vex, no plague-winds blow,
Nor Autumn, friend to graveyards, works me woe.
Sire of the morning (do I call thee right,

Or hear'st thou Janus' name with more delight?)
Who introducest, so the gods ordain,
Life's various tasks, inaugurate my strain.
At Rome to bail I'm summoned. "Do your part,"
Thou bidd'st me; "quick, lest others get the start."
So, whether Boreas roars, or winter's snow
Clips short the day, to court I needs must go.
I give the fatal pledge, distinct and loud,
Then pushing, struggling, battle with the crowd.
"Now, madman!" clamours some one, not without
A threat or two, "just mind what you're about:
What? you must knock down all that's in your way,
Because you're posting to Maecenas, eh?"
This pleases me, I own; but when I get
To black Esquiliae, trouble waits me yet:
For other people's matters in a swarm
Buzz round my head and take my ears by storm.
"Sir, Roscius would be glad if you'd arrange
By eight a. m. to be with him on 'Change."
"Quintus, the scribes entreat you to attend
A meeting of importance, as their friend."
"Just get Maecenas' seal attached to these."
"I'll try." "O, you can do it, if you please."
Seven years, or rather eight, have well-nigh passed
Since with Maecenas' friends I first was classed,
To this extent, that, driving through the street,
He'd stop his car and offer me a seat,
Or make such chance remarks as "What's o'clock?"
"Will Syria's champion beat the Thracian cock?"

“These morning frosts are apt to be severe;”
Just chit-chat, suited to a leaky ear.
Since that auspicious date, each day and hour
Has placed me more and more in envy’s power:
“He joined his play, sat next him at the games:
A child of Fortune!” all the world exclaims.
From the high rostra a report comes down,
And like a chilly fog, pervades the town:
Each man I meet accosts me “Is it so?
You live so near the gods, you’re sure to know:
That news about the Dacians? have you heard
No secret tidings?” “Not a single word.”
“O yes! you love to banter us poor folk.”
“Nay, if I’ve heard a tittle, may I choke!”
“Will Caesar grant his veterans their estates
In Italy, or t’other side of the straits?”
I swear that I know nothing, and am dumb:
They think me deep, miraculously mum.
And so my day between my fingers slips,
While fond regrets keep rising to my lips:
O my dear homestead in the country! when
Shall I behold your pleasant face again;
And, studying now, now dozing and at ease,
Imbibe forgetfulness of all this tease?
O when, Pythagoras, shall thy brother bean,
With pork and cabbage, on my board be seen?
O happy nights and suppers half divine,
When, at the home-gods’ altar, I and mine
Enjoy a frugal meal, and leave the treat

Unfinished for my merry slaves to eat!
Not bound by mad-cap rules, but free to choose
Big cups or small, each follows his own views:
You toss your wine off boldly, if you please,
Or gently sip, and mellow by degrees.
We talk of — not our neighbour's house or field,
Nor the last feat of Lepos, the light-heeled —
But matters which to know concerns us more,
Which none but at his peril can ignore;
Whether 'tis wealth or virtue makes men blest,
What leads to friendship, worth or interest,
In what the good consists, and what the end
And chief of goods, on which the rest depend:
While neighbour Cervius, with his rustic wit,
Tells old wives' tales, this case or that to hit.
Should some one be unwise enough to praise
Arellius' toilsome wealth, he straightway says:
"One day a country mouse in his poor home
Received an ancient friend, a mouse from Rome:
The host, though close and careful, to a guest
Could open still: so now he did his best.
He spares not oats or vetches: in his chaps
Raisins he brings and nibbled bacon-scraps,
Hoping by varied dainties to entice
His town-bred guest, so delicate and nice,
Who condescended graciously to touch
Thing after thing, but never would take much,
While he, the owner of the mansion, sate
On threshed-out straw, and spelt and darnels ate.

At length the townsman cries: “I wonder how
You can live here, friend, on this hill’s rough brow:
Take my advice, and leave these ups and downs,
This hill and dale, for humankind and towns.
Come now, go home with me: remember, all
Who live on earth are mortal, great and small:
Then take, good sir, your pleasure while you may;
With life so short, ‘twere wrong to lose a day.”
This reasoning made the rustic’s head turn round;
Forth from his hole he issues with a bound,
And they two make together for their mark,
In hopes to reach the city during dark.
The midnight sky was bending over all,
When they set foot within a stately hall,
Where couches of wrought ivory had been spread
With gorgeous coverlets of Tyrian red,
And viands piled up high in baskets lay,
The relics of a feast of yesterday.
The townsman does the honours, lays his guest
At ease upon a couch with crimson dressed,
Then nimbly moves in character of host,
And offers in succession boiled and roast;
Nay, like a well-trained slave, each wish prevents,
And tastes before the tit-bits he presents.
The guest, rejoicing in his altered fare,
Assumes in turn a genial diner’s air,
When hark! a sudden banging of the door:
Each from his couch is tumbled on the floor:
Half dead, they scurry round the room, poor things,

While the whole house with barking mastiffs rings.
Then says the rustic: “It may do for you,
This life, but I don’t like it; so adieu:
Give me my hole, secure from all alarms,
I’ll prove that tares and vetches still have charms.”

SATIRE VII.

JAMDUDUM AUSCULTO.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

I've listened long, and fain a word would say,
But, as a slave, I dare not.

H. Davus, eh?

D. Yes, Davus, true and faithful, good enough,
But not too good to be of lasting stuff.

H. Well, take December's licence: I'll not balk
Our fathers' good intentions: have your talk.

D. Some men there are take pleasure in what's ill
Persistently, and do it with a will:
The greater part keep wavering to and fro,
And now all right, and now all wrong they go.
Prisons, we all remember, oft would wear
Three rings at once, then show his finger bare;
First he'd be senator, then knight, and then
In an hour's time a senator again;
Flit from a palace to a crib so mean,
A decent freedman scarce would there be seen;

Now with Athenian wits he'd make his home,
Now live with scamps and profligates at Rome;
Born in a luckless hour, when every face
Vertumnus wears was pulling a grimace.
Shark Volanerius tried to disappoint
The gout that left his fingers ne'er a joint
By hiring some one at so much per day
To shake the dicebox while he sat at play;
Consistent in his faults, so less a goose
Than your poor wretch who shifts from fast to loose.

H. For whom d'ye mean this twaddle, tell me now,
You hang-dog?

D. Why, for you.

H. Good varlet, how?

D. You praise the life that people lived of old,
When Rome was frugal and the age was gold,
And yet, if on a sudden forced to dwell
With men like those, you'd strenuously rebel,
Either because you don't believe at heart
That what you bawl for is the happier part,
Or that you can't act out what you avow,
But stand with one foot sticking in the slough.
At Rome you hanker for your country home;
Once in the country, there's no place like Rome.
If not asked out to supper, then you bless
The stars that let you eat your quiet mess,

Vow that engagements are mere clogs, and think
You're happy that you've no one's wine to drink.
But should Maecenas, somewhat late, invite
His favourite bard to come by candle-light,
"Bring me the oil this instant! is there none
Hears me?" you scream, and in a trice are gone:
While Milvius and his brother beasts of prey,
With curses best not quoted, walk away.
Yet what says Milvius? "Honest truth to tell,
I turn my nose up at a kitchen's smell;
I'm guided by my stomach; call me weak,
Coward, tavern-spunger, still by book you'll speak.
But who are you to treat me to your raps?
You're just as bad as I, nay worse perhaps,
Though you've a cloak of decent words, forsooth,
To throw at pleasure o'er the ugly truth."
What if at last a greater fool you're found
Than I, the slave you bought for twenty pound?
Nay, nay, don't scare me with that threatening eye:
Unclench your fist and lay your anger by,
While I retail the lessons which of late
The porter taught me at Crispinus' gate.

You're no adulterer: — nor a thief am I,
When I see plate and wisely pass it by:
But take away the danger, in a trice
Nature unbridled plunges into vice.
What? you to be my master, who obey
More persons, nay, more things than words can say,

Whom not the praetor's wand, though four times waved,
Could make less tyrant-ridden, less enslaved?
Press home the matter further: how d'ye call
The thrall who's servant to another thrall?
An understrapper, say; the name will do;
Or fellow-servant: such am I to you:
For you, whose work I do, do others' work,
And move as dolls move when their wires we jerk.

Who then is free? The sage, who keeps in check
His baser self, who lives at his own beck,
Whom neither poverty nor dungeon drear
Nor death itself can ever put in fear,
Who can reject life's goods, resist desire,
Strong, firmly braced, and in himself entire,
A hard smooth ball that gives you ne'er a grip,
'Gainst whom when Fortune runs, she's sure to trip.
Such are the marks of freedom: look them through,
And tell me, is there one belongs to you?
Your mistress begs for money, plagues you sore,
Ducks you with water, drives you from her door,
Then calls you back: break the vile bondage; cry
"I'm free, I'm free." — Alas, you cannot. Why?
There's one within you, armed with spur and stick,
Who turns and drives you, howsoe'er you kick.

On one of Pausias' masterworks you pore,
As you were crazy: what does Davus more,

Standing agape and straining knees and eyes
At some rude sketch of fencers for a prize,
Where, drawn in charcoal or red ochre, just
As if alive, they parry and they thrust?
Davus gets called a loiterer and a scamp,
You (save the mark!) a critic of high stamp.
If hot sweet-cakes should tempt me, I am naught:
Do you say no to dainties as you ought?
Am I worse trounced than you when I obey
My stomach? true, my back is made to pay:
But when you let rich tit-bits pass your lip
That cost no trifle, do you ‘scape the whip?
Indulging to excess, you loathe your meat,
And the bloat trunk betrays the gouty feet.

The lad’s a rogue who goes by night to chop
A stolen flesh-brush at a fruiterer’s shop:
The man who sells a farm to buy good fare,
Is there no slavery to the stomach there?

Then too you cannot spend an hour alone;
No company’s more hateful than your own;
You dodge and give yourself the slip; you seek
In bed or in your cups from care to sneak:
In vain: the black dog follows you, and hangs
Close on your flying skirts with hungry fangs.

H. Where’s there a stone?

D. Who wants it?

H. Or a pike?

D. Mere raving this, or verse-making belike.

H. Unless you're off at once, you'll join the eight
Who do their digging down at my estate.

SATIRE VIII.

UT NASIDIENI.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

That rich Nasidienus — let me hear
How yesterday you relished his good cheer:
For when I tried to get you, I was told
You'd been there since the day was six hours old.

F. O, 'twas the finest treat.

H. Inform me, pray,
What first was served your hunger to allay.

F. First a Lucanian boar; 'twas captured wild
(So the host told us) when the wind was mild;
Around it, turnips, lettuce, radishes,
By way of whet, with brine and Coan lees.
Then, when the board, a maple one, was cleared,
A high-girt slave with purple cloth appeared
And rubbed and wiped it clean: another boy
Removed the scraps, and all that might annoy:
"While dark Hydaspes, like an Attic maid
Who carries Ceres' basket, grave and staid,
Came in with Caecuban, and, close behind,

Alcon with Chian, which had ne'er been brined.
Then said our host: "If Alban you'd prefer,
Maecenas, or Falern, we have them, Sir."

H. What sorry riches! but I fail to glean
Who else was present at so rare a scene.

F. Myself at top, then Viscus, and below
Was Varius: after us came Balatro,
Vibidius also, present at the treat
Unasked, as members of Maecenas' suite.
Porcius and Nomentanus last, and he,
Our host, who lay betwixt them, made the three:
Porcius the undermost, a witty droll,
Who makes you laugh by swallowing cheesecakes whole:
While Nomentanus' specialty was this,
To point things out that vulgar eyes might miss;
For fish and fowl, in fact whate'er was placed
Before us, had, we found, a novel taste,
As one experiment sufficed to show,
Made on a flounder and a turbot's roe.
Then, turning the discourse to fruit, he treats
Of the right time for gathering honey-sweets;
Plucked when the moon's on wane, it seems they're red;
For further details see the fountain-head.
When thus to Balatro Vibidius: "Fie!
Let's drink him out, or unrevenged we die;

Here, bigger cups.” Our entertainer’s cheek
Turned deadly white, as thus he heard him speak;
For of the nuisances that can befall
A man like him, your toper’s worst of all,
Because, you know, hot wines do double wrong;
They dull the palate, and they edge the tongue.
On go Vibidius and his mate, and tilt
Whole flagons into cups Allifae-built:
We follow suit: the host’s two friends alone
Forbore to treat the wine-flask as their own.

A lamprey now appears, a sprawling fish,
With shrimps about it swimming in the dish.
Whereon our host remarks: “This fish was caught
While pregnant: after spawning it is naught.
We make our sauce with oil, of the best strain
Venafrum yields, and caviare from Spain,
Pour in Italian wine, five years in tun,
While yet ’tis boiling; when the boiling’s done,
Chian suits best of all; white pepper add,
And vinegar, from Lesbian wine turned bad.
Rockets and elecampanes with this mess
To boil, is my invention, I profess:
To put sea-urchins in, unwashed as caught,
‘Stead of made pickle, was Curtillus’ thought.”

Meantime the curtains o’er the table spread
Came tumbling in a heap from overhead,
Dragging withal black dust in whirlwinds, more

Than Boreas raises on Campania's floor:
We, when the shock is over, smile to see
The danger less than we had feared 'twould be,
And breathe again. Poor Rufus drooped his head
And wept so sore, you'd think his son was dead:
And things seemed hastening to a tragic end,
But Nomentanus thus consoled his friend:
"O Fortune, cruellest of heavenly powers,
Why make such game of this poor life of ours?"
Varius his napkin to his mouth applied,
A laugh to stifle, or at least to hide:
But Balatro, with his perpetual sneer,
Cries, "Such is life, capricious and severe,
And hence it comes that merit never gains
A meed of praise proportioned to its pains.
What gross injustice! just that I may get
A handsome dinner, you must fume and fret,
See that the bread's not burned, the sauce not spoiled,
The servants in their places, curled and oiled.
Then too the risks; the tapestry, as of late,
May fall; a stumbling groom may break a plate.
But gifts, concealed by sunshine, are displayed
In hosts, as in commanders, by the shade."
Rufus returned, "Heaven speed things to your mind!
Sure ne'er was guest so friendly and so kind;"
Then takes his slippers. Head to head draws near,
And each man's lips are at his neighbour's ear.

H. ’Tis better than a play: but please report
What further things occurred to make you sport.

F. Well, while Vibidius takes the slaves to task,
Enquiring if the tumble broke the flask,
And Balatro keeps starting some pretence
For mirth, that we may laugh without offence,
With altered brow returns our sumptuous friend,
Resolved, what chance has damaged, art shall mend.
More servants follow, staggering ‘neath the load
Of a huge dish where limbs of crane were stowed,
Salted and floured; a goose’s liver, crammed
To twice its bulk, so close the figs were jammed;
And wings of hares dressed separate, better so
Than eaten with the back, as gourmands know.
Then blackbirds with their breasts all burnt to coal,
And pigeons without rumps, not served up whole,
Dainties, no doubt, but then there came a speech
About the laws and properties of each;
At last the feeder and the food we quit,
Taking revenge by tasting ne’er a bit,
As if Canidia’s mouth had breathed an air
Of viperous poison on the whole affair.

EPODES (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

Published circa 30 BC, Horace's epodes are among his earliest and most experimental poems. Traditionally the *epode* was the third part of an ode, which followed the *strophe* and the *antistrophe*. The epode is ascribed to the early Greek poet Archilochus of the island of Paros, who was renowned for his cutting and sarcastic use of tone while employing the epode form. Many years later, Horace sought to introduce a new form of lyric poetry in Latin literature by releasing a book of epodes and imitating the effect of the iambic distichs used by Archilochus. Therefore, the first ten of these epodes are composed in alternate verses of iambic trimeter and iambic dimeter, as for example, demonstrated in Epode 5.1–2:

At o deorum quidquid in caelo regit
terras et humanum genus

But, o any of the gods in the heavens ruling
the lands and the human race.

In the seven remaining epodes Horace diversified the measures, while retaining the general character of the distich. The epodes clearly identify the early youth of the poet, displaying an aggressive and controversial nature, which are absent from his more mature works. As he was imitating the model of Archilochus, Horace used sarcastic and fierce language to capture his desired tone. Several of the epodes are also memorable for having a ‘sting’ at the end of the poem, seeking to surprise the reader.

Bust of Horace as a young man

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EPODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

Thou wilt go, my friend Maecenas, with Liburian galleys among the towering forts of ships, ready at thine own [hazard] to undergo any of Caesar's dangers. What shall I do? To whom life may be agreeable, if you survive; but, if otherwise, burdensome. Whether shall I, at your command, pursue my ease, which can not be pleasing unless in your company? Or shall I endure this toil with such a courage, as becomes effeminate men to bear? I will bear it? and with an intrepid soul follow you, either through the summits of the Alps, and the inhospitable Caucus, or to the furthest western bay. You may ask how I, unwarlike and infirm, can assist your labors by mine? While I am your companion, I shall be in less anxiety, which takes possession of the absent in a greater measure. As the bird, that has unfledged young, is in a greater dread of serpents' approaches, when they are left; — not that, if she should be present when they came, she could render more help. Not only this, but every other war, shall be cheerfully embraced by me for the hope of your favor; [and this,] not that my plows should labor, yoked to a greater number of mine own oxen; or that my cattle before the scorching dog-star should

change the Calabrian for the Lucanian pastures: neither that my white country-box should equal the Circaean walls of lofty Tusculum. Your generosity has enriched me enough, and more than enough: I shall never wish to amass, what either, like the miser Chremes, I may bury in the earth, or luxuriously squander, like a prodigal.

EPODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man, who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, disengaged from every kind of usury; he is neither alarmed by the horrible trump, as a soldier, nor dreads he the angry sea; he shuns both the bar and the proud portals of citizens in power. Wherefore he either weds the lofty poplars to the mature branches of the vine; and, lopping off the useless boughs with his pruning-knife, he ingrafts more fruitful ones: or he takes a prospect of the herds of his lowing cattle, wandering about in a lonely vale; or stores his honey, pressed [from the combs], in clean vessels; or shears his tender sheep. Or, when autumn has lifted up in the fields his head adorned with mellow fruits, how does he rejoice, while he gathers the grafted pears, and the grape that vies with the purple, with which he may recompense thee, O Priapus, and thee, father Sylvanus, guardian of his boundaries! Sometimes he delights to lie under an aged holm, sometimes on the matted grass: meanwhile the waters glide along in their deep channels; the birds warble in the woods; and the fountains murmur with their purling streams, which invites gentle slumbers.

But when the wintery season of the tempestuous air prepares rains and snows, he either drives the fierce boars, with many a dog, into the intercepting toils; or spreads his thin nets with the smooth pole, as a snare for the voracious thrushes; or catches in his gin the timorous hare, or that stranger the crane, pleasing rewards [for his labor]. Among such joys as these, who does not forget those mischievous anxieties, which are the property of love. But if a chaste wife, assisting on her part [in the management] of the house, and beloved children (such as is the Sabine, or the sun-burned spouse of the industrious Apulian), piles up the sacred hearth with old wood, just at the approach of her weary husband; and, shutting up the fruitful cattle in the woven hurdles, milks dry their distended udders: and, drawing this year's wine out of a well-seasoned cask, prepares the unbought collation: not the Lucrine oysters could delight me more, nor the turbot, nor the scar, should the tempestuous winter drive any from the eastern floods to this sea: not the turkey, nor the Asiatic wild-fowl, can come into my stomach more agreeably, than the olive gathered from the richest branches from the trees, or the sorrel that loves the meadows, or mallows salubrious for a sickly body, or a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus, or a kid rescued from the wolf. Amid these dainties, how it pleases one to see the well-fed sheep hastening home! to see the weary oxen, with drooping neck,

dragging the inverted ploughshare! and slaves, the test of a rich family, ranged about the smiling household gods! When Alfius, the usurer, now on the point of turning countryman, had said this, he collected in all his money on the Ides; and endeavors to put it out again at the Calends.

EPODE III.

TO MAECENAS.

If any person at any time with an impious hand has broken his aged father's neck, let him eat garlic, more baneful than hemlock. Oh! the hardy bowels of the mowers! What poison is this that rages in my entrails? Has viper's blood, infused in these herbs, deceived me? Or has Canidia dressed this baleful food? When Medea, beyond all the [other] argonauts, admired their handsome leader, she anointed Jason with this, as he was going to tie the untried yoke on the bulls: and having revenged herself on [Jason's] mistress, by making her presents besmeared with this, she flew away on her winged dragon. Never did the steaming influence of any constellation so raging as this rest upon the thirsty Appulia: neither did the gift [*of Dejanira*] burn hotter upon the shoulders of laborious Hercules. But if ever, facetious Maecenas, you should have a desire for any such stuff again, I wish that your girl may oppose her hand to your kiss, and lie at the furthest part of the bed.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

As great an enmity as is allotted by nature to wolves and lambs, [so great a one] have I to you, you that are galled at your back with Spanish cords, and on your legs with the hard fetter. Though, purse-proud with your riches, you strut along, yet fortune does not alter your birth. Do you not observe while you are stalking along the sacred way with a robe twice three ells long, how the most open indignation of those that pass and repass turns their looks on thee? This fellow, [say they,] cut with the triumvir's whips, even till the beadle was sick of his office, plows a thousand acres of Falernian land, and wears out the Appian road with his nags; and, in despite of Otho, sits in the first rows [of the circus] as a knight of distinction. To what purpose is it, that so many brazen-beaked ships of immense bulk should be led out against pirates and a band of slaves, while this fellow, this is a military tribune?

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES MANGLING A BOY.

But oh, by all the gods in heaven, who rule the earth and human race, what means this tumult? And what the hideous looks of all these [hags, fixed] upon me alone? I conjure thee by thy children (if invoked Lucina was ever present at any real birth of thine), I [conjure] thee by this empty honor of my purple, by Jupiter, who must disapprove these proceedings, why dost thou look at me as a step-mother, or as a wild beast stricken with a dart? While the boy made these complaints with a faltering voice, he stood with his bandages of distinction taken from him, a tender frame, such as might soften the impious breasts of the cruel Thracians; Canidia, having interwoven her hair and uncombed head with little vipers, orders wild fig-trees torn up from graves, orders funeral cypresses and eggs besmeared with the gore of a loathsome toad, and feathers of the nocturnal screech-owl, and those herbs, which lolchos, and Spain, fruitful in poisons, transmits, and bones snatched from the mouth of a hungry bitch, to be burned in Colchian flames. But Sagana, tucked up for expedition, sprinkling the waters of Avernus all over the house, bristles up with her rough hair like a sea-urchin, or a boar in the chase. Veia,

deterred by no remorse of conscience, groaning with the toil, dug up the ground with the sharp spade; where the boy, fixed in, might long be tormented to death at the sight of food varied two or three times in a day: while he stood out with his face, just as much at bodies suspended by the chin [in swimming] project from the water, that his parched marrow and dried liver might be a charm for love; when once the pupils of his eyes had wasted away, fixed on the forbidden food. Both the idle Naples, and every neighboring town believed, that Folia of Ariminum, [a witch] of masculine lust, was not absent: she, who with her Thessalian incantations forces the charmed stars and the moon from heaven. Here the fell Canidia, gnawing her unpaired thumb with her livid teeth, what said she? or what did she not say? O ye faithful witnesses to my proceedings, Night and Diana, who presidest over silence, when the secret rites are celebrated: now, now be present, now turn your anger and power against the houses of our enemies, while the savage wild beasts lie hid in the woods, dissolved in sweet repose; let the dogs of Suburra (which may be matter of ridicule for every body) bark at the aged profligate, bedaubed with ointment, such as my hands never made any more exquisite. What is the matter? Why are these compositions less efficacious than those of the barbarian Medea? by means of which she made her escape, after having revenged herself on [Jason's]

haughty mistress, the daughter of the mighty Creon; when the garment, a gift that was injected with venom, took off his new bride by its inflammatory power. And yet no herb, nor root hidden in inaccessible places, ever escaped my notice. [Nevertheless,] he sleeps in the perfumed bed of every harlot, from his forgetfulness [of me]. Ah! ah! he walks free [from my power] by the charms of some more knowing witch. Varus, (oh you that will shortly have much to lament!) you shall come back to me by means of unusual spells; nor shall you return to yourself by all the power of Marsian enchantments, I will prepare a stronger philter: I will pour in a stronger philter for you, disdainful as you are; and the heaven shall subside below the sea, with the earth extended over it, sooner than you shall not burn with love for me, in the same manner as this pitch [burns] in the sooty flames. At these words, the boy no longer [attempted], as before, to move the impious hags by soothing expressions; but, doubtful in what manner he should break silence, uttered Thyestean imprecations. Potions [said he] have a great efficacy in confounding right and wrong, but are not able to invert the condition of human nature; I will persecute you with curses; and execrating detestation is not to be expiated by any victim. Moreover, when doomed to death I shall have expired, I will attend you as a nocturnal fury; and, a ghost, I will attack your faces with my hooked talons

(for such is the power of those divinities, the Manes), and, brooding upon your restless breasts, I will deprive you of repose by terror. The mob, from village to village, assaulting you on every side with stones, shall demolish you filthy hags. Finally, the wolves and Esquiline vultures shall scatter abroad your unburied limbs. Nor shall this spectacle escape the observation of my parents, who, alas! must survive me.

EPODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

O cur, thou coward against wolves, why dost thou persecute innocent strangers? Why do you not, if you can, turn your empty yelpings hither, and attack me, who will bite again? For, like a Molossian, or tawny Laconian dog, that is a friendly assistant to shepherds, I will drive with erected ears through the deep snows every brute that shall go before me. You, when you have filled the grove with your fearful barking, you smell at the food that is thrown to you. Have a care, have a care; for, very bitter against bad men, I exert my ready horns uplift; like him that was rejected as a son-in-law by the perfidious Lycambes, or the sharp enemy of Bupalus. What, if any cur attack me with malignant tooth, shall I, without revenge, blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Whither, whither, impious men are you rushing? Or why are the swords drawn, that were [so lately] sheathed? Is there too little of Roman blood spilled upon land and sea? [And this,] not that the Romans might burn the proud towers of envious Carthage, or that the Britons, hitherto unassailed, might go down the sacred way bound in chains: but that, agreeably to the wishes of the Parthians, this city may fall by its own might. This custom [of warfare] never obtained even among either wolves or savage lions, unless against a different species. Does blind phrenzy, or your superior valor, or some crime, hurry you on at this rate? Give answer. They are silent: and wan paleness infects their countenances, and their stricken souls are stupefied. This is the case: a cruel fatality and the crime of fratricide have disquieted the Romans, from that time when the blood of the innocent Remus, to be expiated by his descendants, was spilled upon the earth.

EPODE VIII.

UPON A WANTON OLD WOMAN.

Can you, grown rank with lengthened age, ask what unnerves my vigor? When your teeth are black, and old age withers your brow with wrinkles: and your back sinks between your staring hip-bones, like that of an unhealthy cow. But, forsooth! your breast and your fallen chest, full well resembling a broken-backed horse, provoke me; and a body flabby, and feeble knees supported by swollen legs. May you be happy: and may triumphal statues adorn your funeral procession; and may no matron appear in public abounding with richer pearls. What follows, because the Stoic treatises sometimes love to be on silken pillows? Are unlearned constitutions the less robust? Or are their limbs less stout? But for you to raise an appetite, in a stomach that is nice, it is necessary that you exert every art of language.

EPODE IX.

TO MAECENAS.

When, O happy Maecenas, shall I, overjoyed at Caesar's being victorious, drink with you under the stately dome (for so it pleases Jove) the Caecuban reserved for festal entertainments, while the lyre plays a tune, accompanied with flutes, that in the Doric, these in the Phrygian measure? As lately, when the Neptunian admiral, driven from the sea, and his navy burned, fled, after having menaced those chains to Rome, which, like a friend, he had taken off from perfidious slaves. The Roman soldiers (alas! ye, our posterity, will deny the fact), enslaved to a woman, carry palisadoes and arms, and can be subservient to haggard eunuchs; and among the military standards, oh shame! the sun beholds an [Egyptian] canopy. Indignant at this the Gauls turned two thousand of their cavalry, proclaiming Caesar; and the ships of the hostile navy, going off to the left, lie by in port. Hail, god of triumph! Dost thou delay the golden chariots and untouched heifers? Hail, god of triumph! You neither brought back a general equal [to Caesar] from the Jugurthine war; nor from the African [war, him], whose valor raised him a monument over Carthage. Our enemy, overthrown both by land and sea, has changed his

purple vestments for mourning. He either seeks Crete, famous for her hundred cities, ready to sail with unfavorable winds; or the Syrtes, harassed by the south; or else is driven by the uncertain sea. Bring hither, boy, larger bowls, and the Chian or Lesbian wine; or, what may correct this rising qualm of mine, fill me out the Caecuban. It is my pleasure to dissipate care and anxiety for Caesar's danger with delicious wine.

EPODE X.

AGAINST MAEVIUS.

The vessel that carries the loathsome Maevius, makes her departure under an unlucky omen. Be mindful, O south wind, that you buffet it about with horrible billows. May the gloomy east, turning up the sea, disperse its cables and broken oars. Let the north arise as mighty as when be rives the quivering oaks on the lofty mountains; nor let a friendly star appear through the murky night, in which the baleful Orion sets: nor let him be conveyed in a calmer sea, than was the Grecian band of conquerors, when Pallas turned her rage from burned Troy to the ship of impious Ajax. Oh what a sweat is coming upon your sailors, and what a sallow paleness upon you, and that effeminate wailing, and those prayers to unregarding Jupiter; when the Ionian bay, roaring with the tempestuous south-west, shall break your keel. But if, extended along the winding shore, you shall delight the cormorants as a dainty prey, a lascivious he-goat and an ewe-lamb shall be sacrificed to the Tempests.

EPODE XI.

TO PECTIUS.

It by no means, O Pectius, delights me as heretofore to write Lyric verses, being smitten with cruel love: with love, who takes pleasure to inflame me beyond others, either youths or maidens. This is the third December that has shaken the [leafy] honors from the woods, since I ceased to be mad for Inachia. Ah me! (for I am ashamed of so great a misfortune) what a subject of talk was I throughout the city! I repent too of the entertainments, at which both a languishing and silence and sighs, heaved from the bottom of my breast, discovered the lover. As soon as the indelicate god [Bacchus] by the glowing wine had removed, as I grew warm, the secrets of [my heart] from their repository, I made my complaints, lamenting to you, “Has the fairest genius of a poor man no weight against wealthy lucre? Wherefore, if a generous indignation boil in my breast, insomuch as to disperse to the winds these disagreeable applications, that give no ease to the desperate wound; the shame [of being overcome] ending, shall cease to contest with rivals of such a sort.” When I, with great gravity, had applauded these resolutions in your presence, being ordered to go home, I was carried with a wandering foot to posts, alas! to me

not friendly, and alas! obdurate gates, against which I bruised my loins and side. Now my affections for the delicate Lyciscus engross all my time; from them neither the unreserved admonitions, nor the serious reprehensions of other friends can recall me [to my former taste for poetry]; but, perhaps, either a new flame for some fair damsel, or for some graceful youth who binds his long hair in a knot, [may do so].

EPODE XII.

TO A WOMAN WHOSE CHARMS WERE OVER.

What would you be at, you woman fitter for the swarthy monsters? Why do you send tokens, why billet-doux to me, and not to some vigorous youth, and of a taste not nice? For I am one who discerns a polypus, or fetid ramminess, however concealed, more quickly than the keenest dog the covert of the boar. What sweatiness, and how rank an odor every where rises from her withered limbs! when she strives to lay her furious rage with impossibilities; now she has no longer the advantage of moist cosmetics, and her color appears as if stained with crocodile's ordure; and now, in wild impetuosity, she tears her bed, bedding, and all she has. She attacks even my loathings in the most angry terms:— "You are always less dull with Inachia than me: in her company you are threefold complaisance; but you are ever unprepared to oblige me in a single instance. Lesbia, who first recommended you — so unfit a help in time of need — may she come to an ill end! when Coan Amyntas paid me his addresses; who is ever as constant in his fair one's service, as the young tree to the hill it grows on. For whom were labored the fleeces of the richest Tyrian dye? For you? Even so that there was not one in company,

among gentlemen of your own rank, whom his own wife admired preferably to you: oh, unhappy me, whom you fly, as the lamb dreads the fierce wolves, or the she-goats the lions!”

EPODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

A horrible tempest has condensed the sky, and showers and snows bring down the atmosphere: now the sea, now the woods bellow with the Thracian North wind. Let us, my friends, take occasion from the day; and while our knees are vigorous, and it becomes us, let old age with his contracted forehead become smooth. Do you produce the wine, that was pressed in the consulship of my Torquatus. Forbear to talk of any other matters. The deity, perhaps, will reduce these [present evils], to your former [happy] state by a propitious change. Now it is fitting both to be bedewed with Persian perfume, and to relieve our breasts of dire vexations by the lyre, sacred to Mercury. Like as the noble Centaur, [Chiron,] sung to his mighty pupil: "Invincible mortal, son of the goddess Thetis, the land of Assaracus awaits you, which the cold currents of little Scamander and swift-gliding Simois divide: whence the fatal sisters have broken off your return, by a thread that cannot be altered: nor shall your azure mother convey you back to your home. There [then] by wine and music, sweet consolations, drive away every symptom of hideous melancholy."

EPODE XIV.

TO MAECENAS.

You kill me, my courteous Maecenas, by frequently inquiring, why a soothing indolence has diffused as great a degree of forgetfulness on my inmost senses, as if I had imbibed with a thirsty throat the cups that bring on Lethean slumbers. For the god, the god prohibits me from bringing to a conclusion the verses I promised [you, namely those] iambics which I had begun. In the same manner they report that Anacreon of Teios burned for the Samian Bathyllus; who often lamented his love to an inaccurate measure on a hollow lyre. You are violently in love yourself; but if a fairer flame did not burn besieged Troy, rejoice in your lot. Phryne, a freed-woman, and not content with a single admirer, consumes me.

EPODE XV.

TO NEAERA.

It was night, and the moon shone in a serene sky among the lesser stars; when you, about to violate the divinity of the great gods, swore [to be true] to my requests, embracing me with your pliant arms more closely than the lofty oak is clasped by the ivy; that while the wolf should remain an enemy to the flock, and Orion, unpropitious to the sailors, should trouble the wintery sea, and while the air should fan the unshorn locks of Apollo, [so long you vowed] that this love should be mutual. O Neaera, who shall one day greatly grieve on account of my merit: for, if there is any thing of manhood in Horace, he will not endure that you should dedicate your nights continually to another, whom you prefer; and exasperated, he will look out for one who will return his love; and though an unfeigned sorrow should take possession of you, yet my firmness shall not give way to that beauty which has once given me disgust. But as for you, whoever you be who are more successful [than me], and now strut proud of my misfortune; though you be rich in flocks and abundance of land, and Pactolus flow for you, nor the mysteries of Pythagoras, born again, escape you, and you excel Nireus in beauty; alas! you shall

[hereafter] bewail her love transferred elsewhere; but I shall laugh in my turn.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Now is another age worn away by civil wars, and Rome herself falls by her own strength. Whom neither the bordering Marsi could destroy, nor the Etrurian band of the menacing Porsena, nor the rival valor of Capua, nor the bold Spartacus, and the Gauls perfideous with their innovations; nor did the fierce Germany subdue with its blue-eyed youth, nor Annibal, detested by parents; but we, an impious race, whose blood is devoted to perdition, shall destroy her: and this land shall again be possessed by wild beasts. The victorious barbarian, alas! shall trample upon the ashes of the city, and the horsemen shall smite it with the sounding hoofs; and (horrible to see!) he shall insultingly disperse the bones of Romulus, which [as yet] are free from the injuries of wind and sun. Perhaps you all in general, or the better part of you, are inquisitive to know, what may be expedient, in order to escape [such] dreadful evils. There can be no determination better than this; namely, to go wherever our feet will carry us, wherever the south or boisterous south-west shall summon us through the waves; in the same manner as the state of the Phocaeans fled, after having uttered execrations [against such as should return],

and left their fields and proper dwellings and temples to be inhabited by boars and ravenous wolves. Is this agreeable? has any one a better scheme to advise? Why do we delay to go on ship-board under an auspicious omen? But first let us swear to these conditions — the stones shall swim upward, lifted from the bottom of the sea, as soon as it shall not be impious to return; nor let it grieve us to direct our sails homeward, when the Po shall wash the tops of the Matinian summits; or the lofty Apennine shall remove into the sea, or a miraculous appetite shall unite monsters by a strange kind of lust; Insomuch that tigers may delight to couple with hinds, and the dove be polluted with the kite; nor the simple herds may dread the brindled lions, and the he-goat, grown smooth, may love the briny main. After having sworn to these things, and whatever else may cut off the pleasing: hope of returning, let us go, the whole city of us, or at least that part which is superior to the illiterate mob: let the idle and despairing part remain upon these inauspicious habitations. Ye, that have bravery, away with effeminate grief, and fly beyond the Tuscan shore. The ocean encircling the land awaits us; let us seek the happy plains and prospering Islands, where the untilled land yearly produces corn, and the unpruned vineyard punctually flourishes; and where the branch of the never-failing olive blossoms forth, and the purple fig adorns its native tree: honey distills

from the hollow oaks; the light water bounds down from the high mountains with a murmuring pace. There the she-goats come to the milk-pails of their own accord, and the friendly flock return with their udders distended; nor does the bear at evening growl about the sheepfold, nor does the rising ground swell with vipers; and many more things shall we, happy [Romans], view with admiration: how neither the rainy east lays waste the corn-fields with profuse showers, nor is the fertile seed burned by a dry glebe; the king of gods moderating both [extremes]. The pine rowed by the Argonauts never attempted to come hither; nor did the lascivious [Medea] of Colchis set her foot [in this place]: hither the Sidonian mariners never turned their sail-yards, nor the toiling crew of Ulysses. No contagious distempers hurt the flocks; nor does the fiery violence of any constellation scorch the herd. Jupiter set apart these shores for a pious people, when he debased the golden age with brass: with brass, then with iron he hardened the ages; from which there shall be a happy escape for the good, according to my predictions.

EPODE XVII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND CANIDIA.

Now, now I yield to powerful science; and suppliant beseech thee by the dominions of Proserpine, and by the inflexible divinity of Diana, and by the books of incantations able to call down the stars displaced from the firmament; O Canidia, at length desist from thine imprecations, and quickly turn, turn back thy magical machine. Telephus moved [with compassion] the grandson of Nereus, against whom he arrogantly had put his troops of Mysians in battle-array, and against whom he had darted his sharp javelins. The Trojan matrons embalmed the body of the man-slaying Hector, which had been condemned to birds of prey, and dogs, after king [Priam], having left the walls of the city, prostrated himself, alas! at the feet of the obstinate Achilles. The mariners of the indefatigable Ulysses, put off their limbs, bristled with the hard skins [of swine], at the will of Circe: then their reason and voice were restored, and their former comeliness to their countenances. I have suffered punishment enough, and more than enough, on thy account, O thou so dearly beloved by the sailors and factors. My vigor is gone away, and my ruddy complexion has left me; my bones are covered

with a ghastly skin; my hair with your preparations is grown hoary. No ease respites me from my sufferings: night presses upon day, and day upon night: nor is it in my power to relieve my lungs, which are strained with gasping. Wherefore, wretch that I am, I am compelled to credit (what was denied, by me) that the charms of the Samnites discompose the breast, and the head splits in sunder at the Marsian incantations. What wouldst thou have more? O sea! O earth! I burn in such a degree as neither Hercules did, besmeared with the black gore of Nessus, nor the fervid flame burning In the Sicilian Aetna. Yet you, a laboratory of Colchian poisons, remain on fire, till I [reduced to] a dry ember, shall be wafted away by the injurious winds. What event, or what penalty awaits me? Speak out: I will with honor pay the demanded mulct; ready to make an expiation, whether you should require a hundred steers, or chose to be celebrated on a lying lyre. You, a woman of modesty, you, a woman of probity, shall traverse the stars, as a golden constellation. Castor and the brother of the great Castor, offended at the infamy brought on [their sister] Helen, yet overcome by entreaty, restored to the poet his eyes that were taken away from him. And do you (for it is in your power) extricate me from this frenzy; O you, that are neither defiled by family meanness, nor skillful to disperse the ashes of poor people, after they have been nine days interred.

You have an hospitable breast, and unpolluted hands; and Pactumeius is your son, and thee the midwife has tended; and, whenever you bring forth, you spring up with unabated vigor.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

Why do you pour forth your entreaties to ears that are closely shut [against them]? The wintery ocean, with its briny tempests, does not lash rocks more deaf to the cries of the naked mariners. What, shall you, without being made an example of, deride the Cotyttian mysteries, sacred to unrestrained love, which were divulged [by you]? And shall you, [assuming the office] of Pontiff [with regard to my] Esquilian incantations, fill the city with my name unpunished? What did it avail me to have enriched the Palignian sorceress [with my charms], and to have prepared poison of greater expedition, if a slower fate awaits you than is agreeable to my wishes? An irksome life shall be protracted by you, wretch as you are, for this purpose, that you may perpetually be able to endure new tortures. Tantalus, the perfidious sire of Pelops, ever craving after the plenteous banquet [which is always before him], wishes for respite; Prometheus, chained to the vulture, wishes [for rest]; Sisyphus wishes to place the stone on the summit of the mountain: but the laws of Jupiter forbid. Thus you shall desire at one time to leap down from a high tower, at another to lay open your breast with the Noric sword; and,

grieving with your tedious indisposition, shall tie nooses about your neck in vain. I at that time will ride on your odious shoulders; and the whole earth shall acknowledge my unexampled power. What shall I who can give motion to waxen images (as you yourself, inquisitive as you are, were convinced of) and snatch the moon from heaven by my incantations; I, who can raise the dead after they are burned, and duly prepare the potion of love, shall I bewail the event of my art having no efficacy upon you?

EPODES (VERSE)

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

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EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF thou in thy Liburnians go
Amid the bulwarked galleys of the foe,
Resolved, my friend Maecenas, there
All Cæsar's dangers as thine own to share,
What shall we do, whose life is gay
Whilst thou art here, but sad with thee away?
Obedient to thy will, shall we
Seek ease, not sweet, unless 'tis shared by thee?
Or shall we with such spirit share
Thy toils, as men of gallant heart should bear?
Bear them we will; and Alpine peak
Scale by thy side, or Caucasus the bleak;
Or follow thee with dauntless breast
Into the farthest ocean of the West.
And shouldst thou ask, how I could aid
Thy task, unwarlike I, and feebly made?
Near thee my fears, I answer, would
Be less, than did I absent o'er them brood;
As of her young, if they were left,
The bird more dreads by snakes to be bereft,
Than if she brooded on her nest,
Although she could not thus their doom arrest.
Gladly, in hopes your grace to gain,

I'll share in this or any fresh campaign!
Not, trust me, that more oxen may,
Yoked in my ploughshares, turn the yielding clay,
Nor that, to 'scape midsummer's heat,
My herds may to Leucanian pastures sweet
From my Calabrian meadows change;
Nor I erect upon the sunny range
Of Tusculum, by Circe's walls,
A gorgeous villa's far-seen marble halls!
Enough and more thy bounty has
Bestowed on me; I care not to amass
Wealth, either, like old Chremes in the play,
To hide in earth; or fool, like spendthrift heir, away!

EPODE II.

ALPHIUS.

HAPPY the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
  Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
  Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
  Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum with its wordy jars,
  Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
  He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
  And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
  Watches his wandering herds-of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
  Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
  Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand

Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter conies, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the travelled crane, and timorous hare,
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
  The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
  And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
  His cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
  Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills,

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
  Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
  Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
  A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast, — oh then, not more
  Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
  If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
  Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
  Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
  Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
  Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
  Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
  Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
  Dragging the upturned ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
  To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
  And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
  Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent;
  But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF his old father's throat any impious sinner
  Has cut with unnatural hand to the bone,
Give him garlic, more noxious than hemlock, at dinner;
  Ye gods! The strong stomachs that reapers must own!

With what poison is this that my vitals are heated?
  By viper's blood — certes, it cannot be less —
Stewed into the potherbs, can I have been cheated?
  Or Canidia, did she cook the damnable mess?

When Medea was smit by the handsome sea-rover,
  Who in beauty outshone all his Argonaut band,
This mixture she took to lard Jason all over,
  And so tamed the fire-breathing bulls to his hand.

With this her fell presents she dyed and infected,
  On his innocent leman avenging the slight
Of her terrible beauty, forsaken, neglected,
  And then on her car, dragon-wafted, took flight.

Never star on Apulia, the thirsty and arid,
  Exhaled a more baleful or pestilent dew,

And the gift, which invincible Hercules carried,
  Burned not to his bones more remorselessly through.

Should you e’er long again for such relish as this is,
  Devoutly I’ll pray, friend Mæcenas, I vow,
With her hand that your mistress arrest all your kisses,
  And lie as far off as the couch will allow.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

SUCH hate as nature meant to be
‘Twixt lamb and wolf feel I for thee,
Whose hide by Spanish scourge is tanned,
And legs still bear the fetter’s brand!
Though of your gold you strut, so rain,
Wealth cannot change the knave in grain.
How! See you not, when striding down
The Via Sacra in your gown
Good six ells wide, the passers there
Turn on you with indignant stare?
“This wretch,” such jibes your ear invade,
“By the triumvir’s scourges flayed,
Till even the crier shirked his toil,
Some thousand acres ploughs of soil
Falernian, and with his nags
Wears out the Appian highway’s flags;
Nay, on the foremost seats, despite
Of Otho, sits and apes the knight.
What boots it to despatch a fleet
So large, so heavy, so complete
Against a gang of rascal knaves,
Thieves, corsairs, buccaniers, and slaves,

If villain of such vulgar breed
Is in the foremost rank to lead?”

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES' ORGY.

"WHAT, O ye gods, who from the sky
Rule earth and human destiny,
What means this coil? And wherefore be
These cruel looks all bent on me?
Thee by thy children I conjure,
If at their birth Lucina pure
Stood by; thee by this vain array
Of purple, thee by Jove I pray,
Who views with anger deeds so foul,
Why thus on me like stepdame scowl,
Or like some wild beast, that doth glare
Upon the hunter from its lair?"

As thus the boy in wild distress,
Bewailed, of bulla stripped and dress, —
So fair, that ruthless breasts of Thrace
Had melted to behold his face, —
Canidia, with dishevelled hair,
And short crisp vipers coiling there,
Beside a fire of Colchos stands,
And her attendant hags commands,
To feed the flames with fig-trees torn
From dead men's sepulchres forlorn,

With dismal cypress, eggs rubbed o'er
With filthy toads' envenomed gore,
With screech-owls' plumes, and herbs of bane,
From far Iolchos fetched and Spain,
And fleshless bones, by beldam witch
Snatched from the jaws of famished bitch.
And Sagana, the while, with gown
Tucked to the knees, stalks up and down,
Sprinkling in room and hall and stair
Her magic hell-drops, with her hair
Bristling on end, like furious boar,
Or some sea-urchin washed on shore;
Whilst Veia, by remorse unstayed,
Groans at her toil, as she with spade
That flags not digs a pit, wherein
The boy embedded to the chin,
With nothing seen save head and throat,
Like those who in the water float,
Shall dainties see before him set,
A maddening appetite to whet,
Then snatched away before his eyes,
Till, famished, in despair he dies;
That when his glazing eyeballs should
Have closed on the untasted food,
His sapless marrow and dry spleen
May drug a philtre-draught obscene.
Nor were these all the hideous crew,
But Ariminian Folia, too,

Who with insatiate lewdness swells,
And drags, by her Thessalian spells,
The moon and stars down from the sky,
Ease-loving Naples vows, was by;
And every hamlet round about
Declares she was, beyond a doubt.

Now forth the fierce Canidia sprang,
And still she gnawed with rotten fang
Her long sharp unpared thumb-nail. What
Then said she? Yea, what said she not?

"O Night and Dian, who with true
And friendly eyes my purpose view,
And guardian silence keep, whilst I
My secret orgies safely ply,
Assist me now, now on my foes
With all your wrath celestial close!
Whilst, stretched in soothing sleep, amid
Their forests grim the beasts lie hid,
May all Suburra's mongrels bark
At yon old wretch, who through the dark
Doth to his lewd encounters crawl,
And on him draw the jeers of all!
He's with an ointment smeared, that is
My masterpiece. But what is this?
Why, why should poisons brewed by me
Less potent than Medea's be.

By which, for love betrayed, beguiled,
On mighty Creon's haughty child
She wreaked her vengeance sure and swift,
And vanished, when the robe, her gift,
In deadliest venom steeped and dyed,
Swept off in flame the new-made bride?
No herb there is, nor root in spot
However wild, that I have not;
Yet every common harlot's bed
Seems with some rare Nepenthe spread,
For there he lies in swinish drowse,
Of me oblivious, and his vows!
He is, aha! protected well
By some more skilful witch's spell!
But, Varus, thou (doomed soon to know
The rack of many a pain and woe!)
By potions never used before
Shalt to my feet be brought once more.
And 'tis no Marsian charm shall be
The spell that brings thee back to me!
A draught I'll brew more strong, more sure,
Thy wandering appetite to cure;
And sooner 'neath the sea the sky
Shall sink, and earth upon them lie,
Than thou not burn with fierce desire
For me, like pitch in sooty fire!"

On this the boy by gentle tones
No more essayed to move the crones,
But wildly forth with frenzied tongue
These curses Thyestéan flung:
“Your sorceries, and spells, and charms
To man may compass deadly harms,
But heaven’s great law of Wrong and Right
Will never bend before their might.
My curse shall haunt you, and my hate
No victim’s blood shall expiate.
But when at your behests I die,
Like Fury of the Night will I
From Hades come, a phantom sprite, —
Such is the Manes’ awful might, —
With crookèd nails your cheeks I’ll tear,
And squatting on your bosoms scare
With hideous fears your sleep away!
Then shall the mob, some future day,
Pelt you from street to street with stones,
Till falling dead, ye filthy crones,
The dogs and wolves, and carrion fowl,
That make on Esquiline their prowl,
In banquet horrible and grim
Shall tear your bodies limb from limb.
Nor shall my parents fail to see
That sight, — alas, surviving me!”

EPODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

VILE cur, why will you late and soon
  At honest people fly?
You, you, the veriest poltroon
  Whene'er a wolf comes by!

Come on, and if your stomach be
  So ravenous for fight,
I'm ready! Try your teeth on me,
  You'll find that I can bite.

For like Molossian mastiff stout,
  Or dun Laconian hound,
That keeps sure ward, and sharp look-out
  For all the sheepfolds round,

Through drifted snows with ears thrown back,
  I'm ready, night or day,
To follow fearless on the track
  Of every beast of prey.

But you, when you have made the wood
  With bark and bellowing shake,
If any thief shall fling you food,
  The filthy bribe will take.

Beware, beware! For evermore
  I hold such knaves in scorn,
And bear, their wretched sides to gore,
  A sharp and ready horn;

Like him whose joys Lycambes dashed,
  Defrauding of his bride,
Or him, who with his satire lashed
  Old Bupalus till he died.

What! If a churl shall snap at me,
  And pester and annoy,
Shall I sit down contentedly,
  And blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

AH, whither would ye, dyed in guilt, thus headlong rush? Or why
Grasp your right hands the battle-brands so recently laid by?
Say, can it be, upon the sea, or yet upon the shore,
That we have poured too sparingly our dearest Latian gore?
Not that yon envious Carthage her haughty towers should see
To flames devouring yielded up by the sons of Italy;
Nor that the Briton, who has ne'er confessed our prowess, may
Descend, all gyved and manacled, along the Sacred Way,
But that our Rome, in answer to Parthia's prayer and moan,
Should by our hands, her children's hands, be crushed and overthrown?
Alas! alas! More fell is ours than wolves' or lions' rage,
For they at least upon their kind no war unholy wage!
What power impels you? Fury blind, or demon that

would wreak
Revenge for your blood-guiltiness and crimes?
Make answer! Speak!
They’re dumb, and with an ashy hue their cheeks and lips are dyed,
And stricken through with conscious guilt their souls are stupefied!
’Tis even so; relentless fates the sons of Rome pursue,
And his dread crime, in brother’s blood who did his hands imbrue;
For still for vengeance from the ground calls guiltless Remus’ gore,
By his descendants’ blood to be atoned for evermore!

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCEXAS.

WHEN, blest Maecenas, shall we twain
Beneath your stately roof a bowl
Of Cæcuban long-hoarded drain,
In gladsomeness of soul,,
For our great Caesar's victories,
Whilst, as our cups are crowned,
Lyres blend their Doric melodies
With flutes' Barbaric sound?

As when of late that braggart vain,
The self-styled "Son of Neptune" fled,
And far from the Sicilian main
With blazing ships he sped;
He, who on Rome had vowed in scorn
The manacles to bind,
Which he from faithless serfs had tom,
To kindred baseness kind!

A Roman soldier, (ne'er, oh ne'er,
Posterity, the shame avow!)
A woman's slave, her arms doth bear,
And palisadoes now;
To wrinkled eunuchs crooks the knee,

And now the sun beholds
‘Midst warriors’ standards flaunting free
The vile pavilion’s folds!

Maddened to view this sight of shame,
Two thousand Gauls their horses wheeled,
And wildly shouting Cæsar’s name,
Deserted on the field;
Whilst, steering leftwise o’er the sea,
The foemen’s broken fleet
Into the sheltering haven flee
In pitiful retreat.

Ho, Triumph! Wherefore stay ye here
The unbroke steers, the golden cars?
Ho! Never brought you back his peer
From the Jugurthine wars!
Nor mightier was the chief revered
Of that old famous time,
Who in the wreck of Carthage reared
His cenotaph sublime!

Vanquished by land and sea, the foe
His regal robes of purple shifts
For miserable weeds of woe,
And o’er the wild waves drifts,
Where Crete amid the ocean stands
With cities many a score,

Or where o’er Afric’s whirling sands
The Southern tempests roar.

Come, boy, and ampler goblets crown
With Chian or with Lesbian wine,
Or else our qualmish sickness drown
In Cæcuban divine!
Thus let us lull our cares and sighs,
Our fears that will not sleep,
For Cæsar, and his great emprise,
In goblets broad and deep!

EPODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

FOUL fall the day, when from the bay
The vessel puts to sea,
That carries Mævius away,
That wretch unsavoury'!

Mind, Auster, with appalling rpar
That you her timbers scourge;
Black Eurus, snap each rope and oar
With the o'ertoppling surge!

Rise, Aquilo, as when the far
High mountain-oaks ye rend;
When stem Orion sets, no star
Its friendly lustre lend!

Seethe, ocean, as when Pallas turned
Her wrath from blazing Troy
On impious Ajax's bark, and spumed
The victors in their joy!

I see them now, your wretched crew,
All toiling might and main,
And you, with blue and death-like hue,
Imploring Jove in vain!

“Mercy, oh, mercy! Spare me! Pray!”
With craven moan ye call,
When founders in the Ionian bay
Your bark before the squall:

But if your corpse a banquet forms
For sea-birds, I’ll devote
Unto the Powers that rule the storms
A lamb and liquorish goat.

EPODE XI.

THE LOVERS' CONFESSION.

O PETTIUS! no pleasure have I, as of yore,
In scribbling of verse, for I'm smit to the core
By love, cruel love, who delights, false deceiver,
In keeping this poor heart of mine in a fever.
Three winters the woods of their honours have stripped,
Since I for Inachia, ceased to be hypped.
Good heavens! I can feel myself blush to the ears,
When I think how I drew on my folly the sneers
And talk of the town; how, at parties, my stare
Of asinine silence, and languishing air,
The tempest of sighs from the depths of my breast,
All the love-stricken swain to my comrades confessed.
"No genius," I groaned, whilst you kindly condoled,
"If poor, has the ghost of a chance against gold;
But if" — here I grew more confiding and plain,
As the fumes of the wine mounted up to my brain —
"If my manhood shall rally, and fling to the wind
These maudlin regrets which enervate the mind,
But soothe not the wound, then the shame of defeat
From a strife so unequal shall make me retreat."
Thus, stern as a judge, having valiantly said,

Being urged by yourself to go home to my bed,
I staggered with steps, not so steady as free,
To a door which, alas! shows no favour to me;
And there, on that threshold of beauty and scorn,
Heigho! my poor bones lay and ached till the mom.
Now I'm all for Lycisca — more mincing than she
Can no little woman in daintiness be —
A love, neither counsel can cure, nor abuse,
Though I feel, that with me it is playing the deuce,
But which a new fancy for some pretty face,
Or tresses of loose-flowing amber, may chase.

EPODE XIII.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

WITH storm and wrack the sky is black, and sleet and dashing rain
With all the gathered streams of heaven are deluging the plain;
NOAV roars the sea, the forests roar with the shrill north wind of Thrace,
Then let us snatch the hour, my friends, the hour that flies apace,
Whilst yet the bloom is on our cheeks, and rightfully we may
With song and jest and jollity keep wrinkled age at bay!
Bring forth a jar of lordly wine, whose years my own can mate,
Its ruby juices stained the vats in Torquatus' consulate!
No word of anything that's sad; whate'er may be amiss,
The Gods belike will change to some vicissitude of bliss!
With Achæmenian nard bedew our locks, and troubles dire
Subdue to rest in every breast with the Cyllenian

lyre!
So to his peerless pupil once the noble Centaur sang;
“Invincible, yet mortal, who from goddess Thetis sprang,
Thee waits Assaracus’s realm, where arrowy Simois glides,
That realm which chill Scamander’s rill with scanty stream divides,
Whence never more shalt thou return, — the Parcæ so decree.
Nor shall thy blue-eyed mother home again e’er carry thee.
Then chase with wine and song divine each grief and trouble there,
The sweetest, surest antidotes of beauty-marring care!”

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCEXAS.

WHY to the core of my inmost sense
Doth this soul-palsying torpor creep,
As though I had quaffed to the lees a draught
Charged with the fumes of Lethean sleep?
O gentle Maecenas! you kill me, when
For the poem I've promised so long you dun me
I have tried to complete it again and again,
But in vain, for the ban of the god is on me.

So Bathyllus of Samos fired, they tell,
The breast of the Teian bard, who often
His passion bewailed on the hollow shell,
In measures he stayed not to mould and soften,
You, too, are on fire; but if fair thy flame
As she who caused Ilion its fateful leaguer,
Rejoice in thy lot; I am pining, oh shame!
For Phrynè, that profligate little intriguer.

EPODE XV.

TO NÆERA.

‘TWAS night! — let me recall to thee that night!
The silver moon, in the unclouded sky,
Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,
When in the words I did adjure thee by,
Thou with thy clinging arms, more tightly knit
Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,
Didst breathe a vow — mock the great gods with it
—
A vow which, false one, thou hast foully broke;
That while the ravened wolf should hunt the flocks,
The shipman’s foe, Orion, vex the sea,
And Zephyrs lift the unshorn Apollo’s locks,
So long wouldst thou be fond, be true to me!

Yet shall thy heart, Næera, bleed for this,
For if in Flaccus aught of man remain,
Give thou another joys that once were his,
Some other maid more true shall soothe his pain;
Nor think again to lure him to thy heart!
The pang once felt, his love is past recall;
And thou, more favoured youth, whoe’er thou art,
Who revell’st now in triumph o’er his fall,
Though thou be rich in land and golden store,

In lore a sage, with shape framed to beguile,
Thy heart shall ache when, this brief fancy o’er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly smile.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

ANOTHER age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne,
That Rome, the Marsians could not crush, who border on our lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stem,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with impious hands imbrued in brothers gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread The City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places

of renown,
And the bones of great Quirinus, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask, how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily,
No better counsel can I urge, than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and the ravening wolf; so we, in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or wheresoe'er across the seas the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
But let us swear this oath;— "Whene'er, if e'er shall come the time,
Rocks upwards from the deep shall float, return shall not be crime;

Nor we be loath to back our sails, the ports of home to seek,
When the waters of the Po shall lave Matinum's rifted peak,
Or skyey Apenninus down into the sea be rolled,
Or wild unnatural desires such monstrous revel hold,
That in the stag's endearments the tigress shall delight,
And the turtle-dove adulterate with the falcon and the kite,
That unsuspicious herds no more shall tawny lions fear,
And the he-goat, smoothly sleek of skin, through the briny deep career!"
This having sworn, and what beside may our returning stay,
Straight let us all, this City's doomed inhabitants, away,
Or those that rise above the herd, the few of nobler soul;
The craven and the hopeless here on their ill-starred beds may loll.
Ye who can feel and act like men, this woman's wail give o'er,
And fly to regions far away beyond the Etruscan shore!
The circling ocean waits us; then away, where nature smiles,

To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy Isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star
With fury of remorseless heat the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor this the only bliss that waits us there, where drenching rains

By watery Eurus swept along ne’er devastate the plains,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods,
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the Gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark’s stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily she of Colchis with step unchaste profaned,
The sails of Sidon’s galleys ne’er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses’ toilworn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That blissful region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared, but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise and follow me!

EPODE XVII.

HORACE'S RECANTATION TO CANIDIA.

HERE at thy feet behold me now
Thine all-subduing skill avow,
And beg of thee on suppliant knee,
By realms of dark Persephone,
By Dian's awful might, and by
Thy books of charms which from the sky
Can drag the stars, Canidia,
To put thy magic sleights away,
Reverse thy whirling wheel amain,
And loose the spell that binds my brain!
Even Telephus to pity won
The ocean-cradled Thetis' son,
'Gainst whom his Mysian hosts he led,
And his sharp-pointed arrow sped.
The man-destroying Hector, doomed
By kites and dogs to be consumed,
Was natheless by the dames of Troy
Embalmed, when, mourning for his boy,
King Priam left his city's wall,
At stern Achilles' feet to fall.
Ulysses' stalwart rowers, too,
Away their hide of bristles threw
At Circe's word, and donned again

The shape, the voice, the soul of men.
Enough of punishment, Pm sure,
Thou hast compelled me to endure,
Enough and more, thou being dear
To pedlar and to marinere!
My youth has fled, my rosy hue
Turned to a wan and livid blue;
Blanched by thy mixtures is my hair;
No respite have I from despair.
The days and nights, they wax and wane,
But bring me no release from pain;
Nor can I ease, howe'er I gasp,
The spasm which holds me in its grasp.
So am I vanquished, so recant,
Unlucky wretch! my creed, and grant,
That Sabine spells can vex the wit,
And heads by Marsic charms be split.
What wouldst thou more? O earth! O sea!
Nor even Alcides burned like me,
With Nessus' venomed gore imbued,
Nor Ætna in its fiercest mood;
For till my flesh, to dust calcined,
Be scattered by the scornful wind,
Thou glowest a very furnace fire,
Distilling Colchian poisons dire!
When will this end? Or what may be
The ransom, that shall set me free?
Speak! Let the fine be what it may,

That fine most rigidly I'll pay.
Demand a hundred steers, with these
Thy wrath I'm ready to appease!
Or wouldst thou rather so desire
The praise of the inventive lyre,
Thou, chaste and good, shalt range afar
The spheres, thyself a golden star!
  Castor, with wrath indignant stung,
And Castor's brother, by the tongue,
That slandered Helena the fair,
Yet listened to the slanderer's prayer,
Forgave the bard the savage slight,
Forgave him, and restored his sight.
Then drive, for so thou canst, this pain,
This 'wildering frenzy from my brain!
O thou, untainted by the guile
Of parentage depraved and vile,
Thou, who dost ne'er in haglike wont,
Among the tombs of paupers hunt
For ashes newly laid in ground,
Love-charms and philtres to compound,
Thy heart is gentle, pure thy hands;
And there thy Partumeius stands,
Reproof to all, who dare presume
With barrenness to charge thy womb;
For never dame more sprightly rose
Or lustier from child-bed throes!

CANIDIA'S REPLY.

"WHY pour your prayers to heedless ears?
Not rocks, when Winter's blast careers,
Lashed by the angry surf, are more
Deaf to the seaman dashed on shore!
What! Think, unpunished, to deride,
And rudely rend the veil aside,
That shrouds Cotytto's murky rites,
And love's, unfettered love's, delights?
And, as though you high priest might be
Of Esquilinian sorcery,
Branding my name with ill renown,
Make me the talk of all the town?
Where then my gain, that with my gold
I bribed Pelignian beldames old,
Or mastered, by their aid, the gift
To mingle poisons sure and swift?
You'd have a speedy doom? But no,
It shall be lingering, sharp, and slow.
Your life, ungrateful wretch ' shall be
Spun out in pain and misery,
And still new tortures, woes, and pangs,
Shall gripe you with relentless fangs!
Yearns Pelops' perjured sire for rest,
Mocked by the show of meats unblest,
For rest, for rest, Prometheus cries,
As to the vulture chained he lies,

And Sisyphus his rock essays
Up to the mountain's top to raise;
Still clings the curse, for Jove's decree
Forbids them ever to be free.
So you would from the turret leap,
So in your breast the dagger steep,
So, in disgust with life, would fain
Go hang yourself, — but all in vain!
Then comes my hour of triumph, then
I'll goad you till you writhe again;
Then shall you curse the evil hour,
You made a mockery of my power!
Think ye, that I who can at will
Move waxen images — my skill
You, curious fool! know all too well —
That I who can by muttered spell
The moon from out the welkin shake,
The dead even from their ashes wake,
To mix the chalice to inspire
With fierce unquenchable desire,
Shall my so-potent art bemoan
As impotent 'gainst thee alone?

Waking thou shalt behold me; in the night's
Still watches, through the shadows of the dark
Descried, I'll dash the slumber from thy lids."

ODES (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

Since classical times, Horace's odes have been regarded as some of the greatest works of Latin poetry ever written. The Horatian ode has been emulated by poets across the world, establishing the format and style as the pinnacle of its form. The odes were first published in three books in 23 BC, which were then followed up by a fourth book of 15 poems, ten years later in 13 BC.

The *Odes* were developed as a conscious imitation of the short lyric poetry of Greek originals by such poets as Pindar, Sappho and Alcaeus, whom Horace greatly admired, wishing to synthesise the grace of their older forms to the social life of Rome in the age of Augustus. The earliest positively dated poem in the collection is I.37, which is an ode concerning the defeat of Cleopatra at the battle of Actium, clearly written in 30 BC, though it is possible some of the lighter sketches from the Greek (e.g. I.10, a hymn to the god Mercury) are contemporary with Horace's earlier *Epodes* and *Satires*. The first book consists of 30 odes, with notable works including, I.3 *Sic te diva potens*

Cypri, which is a *propempticon* (a 'travel' poem) addressed to Horace's good friend, the contemporary poet Virgil. I.5, *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*, is a particularly powerful ode, concerning the poet's farewell to love, as he turns his back on the coquettish Pyrrha. Several of the odes were inspired by the ancient poetry of Alcaeus, whose works now only survive in fragments. Of particular note is I.9, *Vides ut alta ... Soracte ...,* which describes moving from the stiffness of a wintery scene to an invocation of youth's pleasures that are now there to be had. Horace's most famous quotation is to be found in I.11, in which he gives a short rebuke to a woman worrying about the future. He closes the ode with the celebrated line *carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero* — Seize the day, trusting to tomorrow as little as possible.

Another now famous quotation from Horace is taken from Book III of the *Odes*, which was used by Wilfred Owen in his famous poem *Dulce et Decorum Est*. In III.2.13 Horace declares:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persequitur virum
nec parcit inbellis iuventae
poplitibus timidove tergo.

How sweet and right it is to die for one's country:
Death pursues the man who flees,

spares not the hamstrings or cowardly backs
Of battle-shy youths.

In the early twentieth century, these words were often quoted by supporters of the war near its inception and they were of particular relevance to soldiers of the era. In 1913, the first line, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, was inscribed on the wall of the chapel of the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. Therefore, in the final stanza of his poem *Dulce et Decorum Est,* Owen chose to bitterly refer to Horace's sentiment as "The old Lie".

Horace by Giacomo Di Chirico

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BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, descended from royal ancestors, O both my protection and my darling honor! There are those whom it delights to have collected Olympic dust in the chariot race; and [whom] the goal nicely avoided by the glowing wheels, and the noble palm, exalts, lords of the earth, to the gods.

This man, if a crowd of the capricious Quirites strive to raise him to the highest dignities; another, if he has stored up in his own granary whatsoever is swept from the Libyan thrashing floors: him who delights to cut with the hoe his patrimonial fields, you could never tempt, for all the wealth of Attalus, [to become] a timorous sailor and cross the Myrtoan sea in a Cyprian bark. The merchant, dreading the south-west wind contending with the Icarian waves, commends tranquility and the rural retirement of his village; but soon after, incapable of being taught to bear poverty, he refits his shattered vessel. There is another, who despises not cups of old Massic, taking a part from the entire day, one while stretched under the green arbute, another at the placid head of some sacred stream.

The camp, and the sound of the trumpet mingled with that of the clarion, and wars detested by

mothers, rejoice many.

The huntsman, unmindful of his tender spouse, remains in the cold air, whether a hart is held in view by his faithful hounds, or a Marsian boar has broken the fine-wrought toils.

Ivy, the reward of learned brows, equals me with the gods above: the cool grove, and the light dances of nymphs and satyrs, distinguish me from the crowd; if neither Euterpe withholds her pipe, nor Polyhymnia disdains to tune the Lesbian lyre. But, if you rank me among the lyric poets, I shall tower to the stars with my exalted head.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CAESAR

Enough of snow and dreadful hail has the Sire now sent upon the earth, and having hurled [his thunderbolts] with his red right hand against the sacred towers, he has terrified the city; he has terrified the nations, lest the grievous age of Pyrrha, complaining of prodigies till then unheard of, should return, when Proteus drove all his [marine] herd to visit the lofty mountains; and the fishy race were entangled in the elm top, which before was the frequented seat of doves; and the timorous deer swam in the overwhelming flood. We have seen the yellow Tiber, with his waves forced back with violence from the Tuscan shore, proceed to demolish the monuments of king [Numa], and the temples of Vesta; while he vaunts himself the avenger of the too disconsolate Ilia, and the uxorious river, leaving his channel, overflows his left bank, notwithstanding the disapprobation of Jupiter.

Our youth, less numerous by the vices of their fathers, shall hear of the citizens having whetted that sword [against themselves], with which it had been better that the formidable Persians had fallen; they shall hear of [actual] engagements. Whom of the gods shall the people invoke to the affairs of the

sinking empire? With what prayer shall the sacred virgins importune Vesta, who is now inattentive to their hymns? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of expiating our wickedness? Do thou at length, prophetic Apollo, (we pray thee!) come, vailing thy radiant shoulders with a cloud: or thou, if it be more agreeable to thee, smiling Venus, about whom hover the gods of mirth and love: or thou, if thou regard thy neglected race and descendants, our founder Mars, whom clamor and polished helmets, and the terrible aspect of the Moorish infantry against their bloody enemy, delight, satiated at length with thy sport, alas! of too long continuance: or if thou, the winged son of gentle Maia, by changing thy figure, personate a youth upon earth, submitting to be called the avenger of Caesar; late mayest thou return to the skies, and long mayest thou joyously be present to the Roman people; nor may an untimely blast transport thee from us, offended at our crimes. Here mayest thou rather delight in magnificent triumphs, and to be called father and prince: nor suffer the Parthians with impunity to make incursions, you, O Caesar, being our general.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP, IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL TO ATHENS.

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus; so may the bright stars, the brothers of Helen; and so may the father of the winds, confining all except Iapyx, direct thee, O ship, who art intrusted with Virgil; my prayer is, that thou mayest land him safe on the Athenian shore, and preserve the half of my soul. Surely oak and three-fold brass surrounded his heart who first trusted a frail vessel to the merciless ocean, nor was afraid of the impetuous Africus contending with the northern storms, nor of the mournful Hyades, nor of the rage of Notus, than whom there is not a more absolute controller of the Adriatic, either to raise or assuage its waves at pleasure. What path of death did he fear, who beheld unmoved the rolling monsters of the deep; who beheld unmoved the tempestuous swelling of the sea, and the Acroceraunians — ill-famed rocks?

In vain has God in his wisdom divided the countries of the earth by the separating ocean, if nevertheless profane ships bound over waters not to be violated. The race of man presumptuous enough to endure everything, rushes on through forbidden wickedness.

The presumptuous son of Iapetus, by an impious fraud, brought down fire into the world. After fire was stolen from the celestial mansions, consumption and a new train of fevers settled upon the earth, and the slow approaching necessity of death, which, till now, was remote, accelerated its pace. Daedalus essayed the empty air with wings not permitted to man. The labor of Hercules broke through Acheron. There is nothing too arduous for mortals to attempt. We aim at heaven itself in our folly; neither do we suffer, by our wickedness, Jupiter to lay aside his revengeful thunderbolts.

ODE IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

Severe winter is melted away beneath the agreeable change of spring and the western breeze; and engines haul down the dry ships. And neither does the cattle any longer delight in the stalls, nor the ploughman in the fireside; nor are the meadows whitened by hoary frosts. Now Cytherean Venus leads off the dance by moonlight; and the comely Graces, in conjunction with the Nymphs, shake the ground with alternate feet; while glowing Vulcan kindles the laborious forges of the Cyclops. Now it is fitting to encircle the shining head either with verdant myrtle, or with such flowers as the relaxed earth produces. Now likewise it is fitting to sacrifice to Faunus in the shady groves, whether he demand a lamb, or be more pleased with a kid. Pale death knocks at the cottages of the poor, and the palaces of kings, with an impartial foot. O happy Sextius! The short sum total of life forbids us to form remote expectations. Presently shall darkness, and the unreal ghosts, and the shadowy mansion of Pluto oppress you; where, when you shall have once arrived, you shall neither decide the dominion of the bottle by dice, nor shall you admire the tender

Lycidas, with whom now all the youth is inflamed, and for whom ere long the maidens will grow warm.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

What dainty youth, bedewed with liquid perfumes, caresses you, Pyrrha, beneath the pleasant grot, amid a profusion of roses? For whom do you bind your golden hair, plain in your neatness? Alas! how often shall he deplore your perfidy, and the altered gods; and through inexperience be amazed at the seas, rough with blackening storms who now credulous enjoys you all precious, and, ignorant of the faithless gale, hopes you will be always disengaged, always amiable! Wretched are those, to whom thou untried seemest fair? The sacred wall [of Neptune's temple] demonstrates, by a votive tablet, that I have consecrated my dropping garments to the powerful god of the sea.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

You shall be described by Varius, a bird of Maeonian verse, as brave, and a subduer of your enemies, whatever achievements your fierce soldiery shall have accomplished, under your command; either on ship-board or on horseback. We humble writers, O Agrippa, neither undertake these high subjects, nor the destructive wrath of inexorable Achilles, nor the voyages of the crafty Ulysses, nor the cruel house of Pelops: while diffidence, and the Muse who presides over the peaceful lyre, forbid me to diminish the praise of illustrious Caesar, and yours, through defect of genius. Who with sufficient dignity will describe Mars covered with adamantine coat of mail, or Meriones swarthy with Trojan dust, or the son of Tydeus by the favor of Pallas a match for the gods? We, whether free, or ourselves enamored of aught, light as our wont, sing of banquets; we, of the battles of maids desperate against young fellows — with pared nails.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Other poets shall celebrate the famous Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth, situated between two seas, or Thebes, illustrious by Bacchus, or Delphi by Apollo, or the Thessalian Tempe. There are some, whose one task it is to chant in endless verse the city of spotless Pallas, and to prefer the olive culled from every side, to every other leaf. Many a one, in honor of Juno, celebrates Argos, productive of steeds, and rich Mycenae. Neither patient Lacedaemon so much struck me, nor so much did the plain of fertile Larissa, as the house of resounding Albunea, and the precipitately rapid Anio, and the Tiburnian groves, and the orchards watered by ductile rivulets. As the clear south wind often clears away the clouds from a lowering sky, now teems with perpetual showers; so do you, O Plancus, wisely remember to put an end to grief and the toils of life by mellow wine; whether the camp, refulgent with banners, possess you, or the dense shade of your own Tibur shall detain you. When Teucer fled from Salamis and his father, he is reported, notwithstanding, to have bound his temples, bathed in wine, with a poplar crown, thus accosting his anxious friends: “O associates and

companions, we will go wherever fortune, more propitious than a father, shall carry us. Nothing is to be despaired of under Teucer's conduct, and the auspices of Teucer: for the infallible Apollo has promised, that a Salamis in a new land shall render the name equivocal. O gallant heroes, and often my fellow-sufferers in greater hardships than these, now drive away your cares with wine: to-morrow we will re-visit the vast ocean."

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, I conjure thee by all the powers above, to tell me why you are so intent to ruin Sybaris by inspiring him with love? Why hates he the sunny plain, though inured to bear the dust and heat? Why does he neither, in military accouterments, appear mounted among his equals; nor manage the Gallic steed with bitted reins? Why fears he to touch the yellow Tiber? Why shuns he the oil of the ring more cautiously than viper's blood? Why neither does he, who has often acquired reputation by the quoit, often by the javelin having cleared the mark, any longer appear with arms all black-and-blue by martial exercises? Why is he concealed, as they say the son of the sea-goddess Thetis was, just before the mournful funerals of Troy; lest a manly habit should hurry him to slaughter, and the Lycian troops?

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

You see how Soracte stands white with deep snow, nor can the laboring woods any longer support the weight, and the rivers stagnate with the sharpness of the frost. Dissolve the cold, liberally piling up billets on the hearth; and bring out, O Thaliarchus, the more generous wine, four years old, from the Sabine jar. Leave the rest to the gods, who having once laid the winds warring with the fervid ocean, neither the cypresses nor the aged ashes are moved. Avoid inquiring what may happen tomorrow; and whatever day fortune shall bestow on you, score it up for gain; nor disdain, being a young fellow, pleasant loves, nor dances, as long as ill-natured hoariness keeps off from your blooming age. Now let both the Campus Martius and the public walks, and soft whispers at the approach of evening be repeated at the appointed hour: now, too, the delightful laugh, the betrayer of the lurking damsel from some secret corner, and the token ravished from her arms or fingers, pretendingly tenacious of it.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas, thou who artful didst from the savage manners of the early race of men by oratory, and the institution of the graceful Palaestra: I will celebrate thee, messenger of Jupiter and the other gods, and parent of the curved lyre; ingenious to conceal whatever thou hast a mind to, in jocose theft. While Apollo, with angry voice, threatened you, then but a boy, unless you would restore the oxen, previously driven away by your fraud, he laughed, [when he found himself] deprived of his quiver [also]. Moreover, the wealthy Priam too, on his departure from Ilium, under your guidance deceived the proud sons of Atreus, and the Thessalian watch-lights, and the camp inveterate agaist Troy. You settle the souls of good men in blissful regions, and drive together the airy crowd with your golden rod, acceptable both to the supernal and infernal gods.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

Inquire not, Leuconoe (it is not fitting you should know), how long a term of life the gods have granted to you or to me: neither consult the Chaldean calculations. How much better is it to bear with patience whatever shall happen! Whether Jupiter have granted us more winters, or [this as] the last, which now breaks the Etrurian waves against the opposing rocks. Be wise; rack off your wines, and abridge your hopes [in proportion] to the shortness of your life. While we are conversing, envious age has been flying; seize the present day, not giving the least credit to the succeeding one.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

What man, what hero, O Clio, do you undertake to celebrate on the harp, or the shrill pipe? What god? Whose name shall the sportive echo resound, either in the shady borders of Helicon, or on the top of Pindus, or on cold Haemus? Whence the woods followed promiscuously the tuneful Orpheus, who by his maternal art retarded the rapid courses of rivers, and the fleet winds; and was so sweetly persuasive, that he drew along the listening oaks with his harmonious strings. But what can I sing prior to the usual praises of the Sire, who governs the affairs of men and gods; who [governs] the sea, the earth, and the whole world with the vicissitudes of seasons? Whence nothing is produced greater than him; nothing springs either like him, or even in a second degree to him: nevertheless, Pallas has acquired these honors, which are next after him.

Neither will I pass thee by in silence, O Bacchus, bold in combat; nor thee, O Virgin, who art an enemy to the savage beasts; nor thee, O Phoebus, formidable for thy unerring dart.

I will sing also of Hercules, and the sons of Leda, the one illustrious for his achievements on horseback, the other on foot; whose clear-shining

constellation as soon as it has shone forth to the sailors, the troubled surge falls down from the rocks, the winds cease, the clouds vanish, and the threatening waves subside in the sea — because it was their will. After these, I am in doubt whom I shall first commemorate, whether Romulus, or the peaceful reign of Numa, or the splendid ensigns of Tarquinius, or the glorious death of Cato. I will celebrate, out of gratitude, with the choicest verses, Regulus, and the Scauri, and Paulus, prodigal of his mighty soul, when Carthage conquered, and Fabricius.

Severe poverty, and an hereditary farm, with a dwelling suited to it, formed this hero useful in war; as it did also Curius with his rough locks, and Camillus. The fame of Marcellus increases, as a tree does in the insensible progress of time. But the Julian constellation shines amid them all, as the moon among the smaller stars. O thou son of Saturn, author and preserver of the human race, the protection of Caesar is committed to thy charge by the Fates: thou shalt reign supreme, with Caesar for thy second. Whether he shall subdue with a just victory the Parthians making inroads upon Italy, or shall render subject the Seres and Indians on the Eastern coasts; he shall rule the wide world with equity, in subordination to thee. Thou shalt shake Olympus with thy tremendous car; thou shalt hurl thy hostile thunderbolts against the polluted groves.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

O Lydia, when you commend Telephus' rosy neck, and the waxen arms of Telephus, alas! my inflamed liver swells with bile difficult to be repressed. Then neither is my mind firm, nor does my color maintain a certain situation: and the involuntary tears glide down my cheek, proving with what lingering flames I am inwardly consumed. I am on fire, whether quarrels rendered immoderate by wine have stained your fair shoulders; or whether the youth, in his fury, has impressed with his teeth a memorial on your lips. If you will give due attention to my advice, never expect that he will be constant, who inhumanly wounds those sweet kisses, which Venus has imbued with the fifth part of all her nectar. O thrice and more than thrice happy those, whom an indissoluble connection binds together; and whose love, undivided by impious complainings, does not separate them sooner than the last day!

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMAN STATE.

O ship, new waves will bear you back again to sea. O what are you doing? Bravely seize the port. Do you not perceive, that your sides are destitute of oars, and your mast wounded by the violent south wind, and your main-yards groan, and your keel can scarcely support the impetuosity of the waves without the help of cordage? You have not entire sails; nor gods, whom you may again invoke, pressed with distress: notwithstanding you are made of the pines of Pontus, and as the daughter of an illustrious wood, boast your race, and a fame now of no service to you. The timorous sailor has no dependence on a painted stern. Look to yourself, unless you are destined to be the sport of the winds. O thou, so lately my trouble and fatigue, but now an object of tenderness and solicitude, mayest thou escape those dangerous seas which flow among the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

TO PARIS.

When the perfidious shepherd (Paris) carried off by sea in Trojan ships his hostess Helen, Nereus suppressed the swift winds in an unpleasant calm, that he might sing the dire fates. “With unlucky omen art thou conveying home her, whom Greece with a numerous army shall demand back again, having entered into a confederacy to dissolve your nuptials, and the ancient kingdom of Priam. Alas! what sweat to horses, what to men, is just at hand! What a destruction art thou preparing for the Trojan nation! Even now Pallas is fitting her helmet, and her shield, and her chariot, and her fury. In vain, looking fierce through the patronage of Venus, will you comb your hair, and run divisions upon the effeminate lyre with songs pleasing to women. In vain will you escape the spears that disturb the nuptial bed, and the point of the Cretan dart, and the din [of battle], and Ajax swift in the pursuit. Nevertheless, alas! the time will come, though late, when thou shalt defile thine adulterous hairs in the dust. Dost thou not see the son of Laertes, fatal to thy nation, and Pylian Nestor, Salaminian Teucer, and Sthenelus skilled in fight (or if there be occasion to manage horses, no tardy charioteer), pursue thee

with intrepidity? Meriones also shalt thou experience. Behold! the gallant son of Tydeus, a better man than his father, glows to find you out: him, as a stag flies a wolf, which he has seen on the opposite side of the vale, unmindful of his pasture, shall you, effeminate, fly, grievously panting: — not such the promises you made your mistress. The fleet of the enraged Achilles shall defer for a time that day, which is to be fatal to Troy and the Trojan matrons: but, after a certain number of years, Grecian fire shall consume the Trojan palaces."

ODE XVI.

TO A YOUNG LADY HORACE HAD OFFENDED.

O daughter, more charming than your charming mother, put what end you please to my insulting iambics; either in the flames, or, if you choose it, in the Adriatic. Nor Cybele, nor Apollo, the dweller in the shrines, so shakes the breast of his priests; Bacchus does not do it equally, nor do the Corybantes so redouble their strokes on the sharp-sounding cymbals, as direful anger; which neither the Noric sword can deter, nor the shipwrecking sea, nor dreadful fire, not Jupiter himself rushing down with awful crash. It is reported that Prometheus was obliged to add to that original clay [with which he formed mankind], some ingredient taken from every animal, and that he applied the vehemence of the raging lion to the human breast. It was rage that destroyed Thyestes with horrible perdition; and has been the final cause that lofty cities have been entirely demolished, and that an insolent army has driven the hostile plowshare over their walls. Compose your mind. An ardor of soul attacked me also in blooming youth, and drove me in a rage to the writing of swift-footed iambics. Now I am desirous of exchanging severity for good nature,

provided that you will become my friend, after my having recanted my abuse, and restore me your affections.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

The nimble Faunus often exchanges the Lycaean mountain for the pleasant Lucretilis, and always defends my she-goats from the scorching summer, and the rainy winds. The wandering wives of the unsavory husband seek the hidden strawberry-trees and thyme with security through the safe grove: nor do the kids dread the green lizards, or the wolves sacred to Mars; whenever, my Tyndaris, the vales and the smooth rocks of the sloping Ustica have resounded with his melodious pipe. The gods are my protectors. My piety and my muse are agreeable to the gods. Here plenty, rich with rural honors, shall flow to you, with her generous horn filled to the brim. Here, in a sequestered vale, you shall avoid the heat of the dog-star; and, on your Anacreontic harp, sing of Penelope and the frail Circe striving for one lover; here you shall quaff, under the shade, cups of unintoxicating Lesbian. Nor shall the raging son of Semele enter the combat with Mars; and unsuspected you shall not fear the insolent Cyrus, lest he should savagely lay his intemperate hands on you, who are by no means a match for him; and should rend the chaplet that is platted in your hair, and your inoffensive garment.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

O Varus, you can plant no tree preferable to the sacred vine, about the mellow soil of Tibur, and the walls of Catilus. For God hath rendered every thing cross to the sober; nor do biting cares disperse any otherwise [than by the use of wine]. Who, after wine, complains of the hardships of war or of poverty? Who does not rather [celebrate] thee, Father Bacchus, and thee, comely Venus? Nevertheless, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithae, which was fought in their cups, admonishes us not to exceed a moderate use of the gifts of Bacchus. And Bacchus himself admonishes us in his severity to the Thracians; when greedy to satisfy their lusts, they make little distinction between right and wrong. O beauteous Bacchus, I will not rouse thee against thy will, nor will I hurry abroad thy [mysteries, which are] covered with various leaves. Cease your dire cymbals, together with your Phrygian horn, whose followers are blind Self-love and Arrogance, holding up too high her empty head, and the Faith communicative of secrets, and more transparent than glass.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

The cruel mother of the Cupids, and the son of the Theban Gemele, and lascivious ease, command me to give back my mind to its deserted loves. The splendor of Glycera, shining brighter than the Parian marble, inflames me: her agreeable petulance, and her countenance, too unsteady to be beheld, inflame me. Venus, rushing on me with her whole force, has quitted Cyprus; and suffers me not to sing of the Scythians, and the Parthian, furious when his horse is turned for flight, or any subject which is not to the present purpose. Here, slaves, place me a live turf; here, place me vervains and frankincense, with a flagon of two-year-old wine. She will approach more propitious, after a victim has been sacrificed.

ODE XX.

TO MAECENAS.

My dear knight Maecenas, you shall drink [at my house] ignoble Sabine wine in sober cups, which I myself sealed up in the Grecian cask, stored at the time, when so loud an applause was given to you in the amphitheatre, that the banks of your ancestral river, together with the cheerful echo of the Vatican mountain, returned your praises. You [when you are at home] will drink the Caecuban, and the grape which is squeezed in the Calenian press; but neither the Falernian vines, nor the Formian hills, season my cups.

ODE XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender virgins, sing Diana; ye boys, sing Apollo with his unshorn hair, and Latona passionately beloved by the supreme Jupiter. Ye (virgins), praise her that rejoices in the rivers, and the thick groves, which project either from the cold Algidus, or the gloomy woods of Erymanthus, or the green Cragus. Ye boys, extol with equal praises Apollo's Delos, and his shoulder adorned with a quiver, and with his brother Mercury's lyre. He, moved by your intercession, shall drive away calamitous war, and miserable famine, and the plague from the Roman people and their sovereign Caesar, to the Persians and the Britons.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The man of upright life and pure from wickedness, O Fuscus, has no need of the Moorish javelins, or bow, or quiver loaded with poisoned darts. Whether he is about to make his journey through the sultry Syrtes, or the inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which Hydaspes, celebrated in story, washes. For lately, as I was singing my Lalage, and wandered beyond my usual bounds, devoid of care, a wolf in the Sabine wood fled from me, though I was unarmed: such a monster as neither the warlike Apulia nourishes in its extensive woods, nor the land of Juba, the dry-nurse of lions, produces. Place me in those barren plains, where no tree is refreshed by the genial air; at that part of the world, which clouds and an inclement atmosphere infest. Place me under the chariot of the too neighboring sun, in a land deprived of habitations; [there] will I love my sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking Lalage.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn that is seeking its timorous mother in the pathless mountains, not without a vain dread of the breezes and the thickets: for she trembles both in her heart and knees, whether the arrival of the spring has terrified by its rustling leaves, or the green lizards have stirred the bush. But I do not follow you, like a savage tigress, or a Gaetulian lion, to tear you to pieces. Therefore, quit your mother, now that you are mature for a husband.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

What shame or bound can there be to our affectionate regret for so dear a person? O Melpomene, on whom your father has bestowed a clear voice and the harp, teach me the mournful strains. Does then perpetual sleep oppress Quinctilius? To whom when will modesty, and uncorrupt faith the sister of Justice, and undisguised truth, find any equal? He died lamented by many good men, but more lamented by none than by you, my Virgil. You, though pious, alas! in vain demand Quinctilius back from the gods, who did not lend him to us on such terms. What, though you could strike the lyre, listened to by the trees, with more sweetness than the Thracian Orpheus; yet the blood can never return to the empty shade, which Mercury, inexorable to reverse the fates, has with his dreadful Caduceus once driven to the gloomy throng. This is hard: but what it is out of our power to amend, becomes more supportable by patience.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

The wanton youths less violently shake thy fastened windows with their redoubled knocks, nor do they rob you of your rest; and your door, which formerly moved its yielding hinges freely, now sticks lovingly to its threshold. Less and less often do you now hear: “My Lydia, dost thou sleep the live-long night, while I your lover am dying?” Now you are an old woman, it will be your turn to bewail the insolence of rakes, when you are neglected in a lonely alley, while the Thracian wind rages at the Interlunium: when that hot desire and lust, which is wont to render furious the dams of horses, shall rage about your ulcerous liver: not without complaint, that sprightly youth rejoice rather in the verdant ivy and growing myrtle, and dedicate sapless leaves to Eurus, the companion of winter.

ODE XXVI.

TO AELIUS LAMIA.

A friend to the Muses, I will deliver up grief and fears to the wanton winds, to waft into the Cretan Sea; singularly careless, what king of a frozen region is dreaded under the pole, or what terrifies Tiridates. O sweet muse, who art delighted with pure fountains, weave together the sunny flowers, weave a chaplet for my Lamia. Without thee, my praises profit nothing. To render him immortal by new strains, to render him immortal by the Lesbian lyre, becomes both thee and thy sisters.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

To quarrel over your cups, which were made for joy, is downright Thracian. Away with the barbarous custom, and protect modest Bacchus from bloody frays. How immensely disagreeable to wine and candles is the sabre of the Medes! O my companions, repress your wicked vociferations, and rest quietly on bended elbow. Would you have me also take my share of stout Falernian? Let the brother of Opuntian Megilla then declare, with what wound he is blessed, with what dart he is dying. — What, do you refuse? I will not drink upon any other condition. Whatever kind of passion rules you, it scorches you with the flames you need not be ashamed of, and you always indulge in an honorable, an ingenuous love. Come, whatever is your case, trust it to faithful ears. Ah, unhappy! in what a Charybdis art thou struggling, O youth, worthy of a better flame! What witch, what magician, with his Thessalian incantations, what deity can free you? Pegasus himself will scarcely deliver you, so entangled, from this three-fold chimera.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

The [want of the] scanty present of a little sand near the Mantinian shore, confines thee, O Archytas, the surveyor of sea and earth, and of the innumerable sand: neither is it of any advantage to you, to have explored the celestial regions, and to have traversed the round world in your imagination, since thou wast to die. Thus also did the father of Pelops, the guest of the gods, die; and Tithonus likewise was translated to the skies, and Minos, though admitted to the secrets of Jupiter; and the Tartarean regions are possessed of the son of Panthous, once more sent down to the receptacle of the dead; notwithstanding, having retaken his shield from the temple, he gave evidence of the Trojan times, and that he had resigned to gloomy death nothing but his sinews and skin; in your opinion, no inconsiderable judge of truth and nature. But the game night awaits all, and the road of death must once be travelled. The Furies give up some to the sport of horrible Mars: the greedy ocean is destructive to sailors: the mingled funerals of young and old are crowded together: not a single person does the cruel Proserpine pass by. The south wind, the tempestuous attendant on the setting Orion, has sunk me also in the Illyrian waves.

But do not thou, O sailor, malignantly grudge to give a portion of loose sand to my bones and unburied head. So, whatever the east wind shall threaten to the Italian sea, let the Venusinian woods suffer, while you are in safety; and manifold profit, from whatever port it may, come to you by favoring Jove, and Neptune, the defender of consecrated Tarentum. But if you, by chance, make light of committing a crime, which will be hurtful to your innocent posterity, may just laws and haughty retribution await you. I will not be deserted with fruitless prayers; and no expiations shall atone for you. Though you are in haste, you need not tarry long: after having thrice sprinkled the dust over me, you may proceed.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

O Iccius, you now covet the opulent treasures of the Arabians, and are preparing vigorous for a war against the kings of Saba, hitherto unconquered, and are forming chains for the formidable Mede. What barbarian virgin shall be your slave, after you have killed her betrothed husband? What boy from the court shall be made your cup-bearer, with his perfumed locks, skilled to direct the Seric arrows with his father's bow? Who will now deny that it is probable for precipitate rivers to flow back again to the high mountains, and for Tiber to change his course, since you are about to exchange the noble works of Panaetius, collected from all parts, together with the whole Socratic family, for Iberian armor, after you had promised better things?

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus, queen of Gnidus and Paphos, neglect your favorite Cyprus, and transport yourself into the beautiful temple of Glycera, who is invoking you with abundance of frankincense. Let your glowing son hasten along with you, and the Graces with their zones loosed, and the Nymphs, and Youth possessed of little charm without you and Mercury.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

What does the poet beg from Phoebus on the dedication of his temple? What does he pray for, while he pours from the flagon the first libation? Not the rich crops of fertile Sardinia: not the goodly flocks of scorched Calabria: not gold, or Indian ivory: not those countries, which the still river Liris eats away with its silent streams. Let those to whom fortune has given the Calenian vineyards, prune them with a hooked knife; and let the wealthy merchant drink out of golden cups the wines procured by his Syrian merchandize, favored by the gods themselves, inasmuch as without loss he visits three or four times a year the Atlantic Sea. Me olives support, me succories and soft mallows. O thou son of Latona, grant me to enjoy my acquisitions, and to possess my health, together with an unimpaired understanding, I beseech thee; and that I may not lead a dishonorable old age, nor one bereft of the lyre.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

We are called upon. If ever, O lyre, in idle amusement in the shade with thee, we have played anything that may live for this year and many, come on, be responsive to a Latin ode, my dear lyre — first tuned by a Lesbian citizen, who, fierce in war, yet amid arms, or if he had made fast to the watery shore his tossed vessel, sung Bacchus, and the Muses, and Venus, and the boy, her ever-close attendant, and Lycus, lovely for his black eyes and jetty locks. O thou ornament of Apollo, charming shell, agreeable even at the banquets of supreme Jove! O thou sweet alleviator of anxious toils, be propitious to me, whenever duly invoking thee!

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Grieve not too much, my Albius, thoughtful of cruel Glycera; nor chant your mournful elegies, because, as her faith being broken, a younger man is more agreeable, than you in her eyes. A love for Cyrus inflames Lycoris, distinguished for her little forehead: Cyrus follows the rough Pholoe; but she-goats shall sooner be united to the Apulian wolves, than Pholoe shall commit a crime with a base adulterer. Such is the will of Venus, who delights in cruel sport, to subject to her brazen yokes persons and tempers ill suited to each other. As for myself, the slave-born Myrtale, more untractable than the Adriatic Sea that forms the Calabrian gulfs, entangled me in a pleasing chain, at the very time that a more eligible love courted my embraces.

ODE XXXIV.

AGAINST THE EPICURIANS.

A remiss and irregular worshiper of the gods, while I professed the errors of a senseless philosophy, I am now obliged to set sail back again, and to renew the course that I had deserted. For Jupiter, who usually cleaves the clouds with his gleaming lightning, lately drove his thundering horses and rapid chariot through the clear serene; which the sluggish earth, and wandering rivers; at which Styx, and the horrid seat of detested Taenarus, and the utmost boundary of Atlas were shaken. The Deity is able to make exchange between the highest and the lowest, and diminishes the exalted, bringing to light the obscure; rapacious fortune, with a shrill whizzing, has borne off the plume from one head, and delights in having placed it on another.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O Goddess, who presidest over beautiful Antium; thou, that art ready to exalt mortal man from the most abject state, or to convert superb triumphs into funerals! Thee the poor countryman solicits with his anxious vows; whosoever plows the Carpathian Sea with the Bithynian vessel, importunes thee as mistress of the ocean. Thee the rough Dacian, thee the wandering Scythians, and cities, and nations, and warlike Latium also, and the mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, fear. Spurn not with destructive foot that column which now stands firm, nor let popular tummult rouse those, who now rest quiet, to arms — to arms — and break the empire. Necessity, thy minister, alway marches before thee, holding in her brazen hand huge spikes and wedges, nor is the unyielding clamp absent, nor the melted lead. Thee Hope reverences, and rare Fidelity robed in a white garment; nor does she refuse to bear thee company, howsoever in wrath thou change thy robe, and abandon the houses of the powerful. But the faithless crowd [of companions], and the perjured harlot draw back. Friends, too faithless to bear equally the yoke of adversity, when casks are exhausted, very dregs and all, fly off.

Preserve thou Caesar, who is meditating an expedition against the Britons, the furthest people in the world, and also the new levy of youths to be dreaded by the Eastern regions, and the Red Sea. Alas! I am ashamed of our scars, and our wickedness, and of brethren. What have we, a hardened age, avoided? What have we in our impiety left unviolated! From what have our youth restrained their hands, out of reverence to the gods? What altars have they spared? O mayest thou forge anew our blunted swords on a different anvil against the Massagetae and Arabians.

ODE XXXVI.

This is a joyful occasion to sacrifice both with incense and music of the lyre, and the votive blood of a heifer to the gods, the guardians of Numida; who, now returning in safety from the extremest part of Spain, imparts many embraces to his beloved companions, but to none more than his dear Lamia, mindful of his childhood spent under one and the same governor, and of the gown, which they changed at the same time. Let not this joyful day be without a Cretan mark of distinction; let us not spare the jar brought forth [from the cellar]; nor, Salian-like, let there be any cessation of feet; nor let the toping Damalis conquer Bassus in the Thracian Amystis; nor let there be roses wanting to the banquet, nor the ever-green parsley, nor the short-lived lily. All the company will fix their dissolving eyes on Damalis; but she, more luxuriant than the wanton ivy, will not be separated from her new lover.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now, my companions, is the time to carouse, now to beat the ground with a light foot: now is the time that was to deck the couch of the gods with Salian dainties. Before this, it was impious to produce the old Caecuban stored up by your ancestors; while the queen, with a contaminated gang of creatures, noisome through distemper, was preparing giddy destruction for the Capitol and the subversion of the empire, being weak enough to hope for any thing, and intoxicated with her prospering fortune. But scarcely a single ship preserved from the flames bated her fury; and Caesar brought down her mind, inflamed with Egyptian wine, to real fears, close pursuing her in her flight from Italy with his galleys (as the hawk pursues the tender doves, or the nimble hunter the hare in the plains of snowy Aemon), that he might throw into chains this destructive monster [of a woman]; who, seeking a more generous death, neither had an effeminate dread of the sword, nor repaired with her swift ship to hidden shores. She was able also to look upon her palace, lying in ruins, with a countenance unmoved, and courageous enough to handle exasperated asps, that she might imbibe in her body the deadly poison, being more

resolved by having pre-meditated her death: for she was a woman of such greatness of soul, as to scorn to be carried off in haughty triumph, like a private person, by rough Liburnians.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Boy, I detest the pomp of the Persians; chaplets, which are woven with the rind of the linden, displease me; give up the search for the place where the latter rose abides. It is my particular desire that you make no laborious addition to the plain myrtle; for myrtle is neither unbecoming you a servant, nor me, while I quaff under this mantling vine.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

You are treating of the civil commotion, which began from the consulship of Metelius, and the causes, and the errors, and the operations of the war, and the game that fortune played, and the pernicious confederacy of the chiefs, and arms stained with blood not yet expiated — a work full of danger and hazard: and you are treading upon fires, hidden under deceitful ashes: let therefore the muse that presides over severe tragedy, be for a while absent from the theaters; shortly, when thou hast completed the narrative of the public affairs, you shall resume your great work in the tragic style of Athens, O Pollio, thou excellent succor to sorrowing defendants and a consulting senate; [Pollio,] to whom the laurel produced immortal honors in the Dalmatian triumph. Even now you stun our ears with the threatening murmur of horns: now the clarions sound; now the glitter of arms affrights the flying steeds, and dazzles the sight of the riders. Now I seem to hear of great commanders besmeared with, glorious dust, and the whole earth subdued, except the stubborn soul of Cato. Juno, and every other god propitious to the Africans, impotently went off, leaving that land unrevenged; but soon offered the

descendants of the conquerors, as sacrifices to the manes of Jugurtha. What plain, enriched by Latin blood, bears not record, by its numerous sepulchres, of our impious battles, and of the sound of the downfall of Italy, heard even by the Medes? What pool, what rivers, are unconscious of our deplorable war? What sea have not the Daunian slaughters discolored? What shore is unstained by our blood? Do not, however, rash muse, neglecting your jocose strains, resume the task of Caean plaintive song, but rather with me seek measures of a lighter style beneath some love-sequestered grotto.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

O Crispus Sallustius, thou foe to bullion, unless it derives splendor from a moderate enjoyment, there is no luster in money concealed in the niggard earth. Proculeius shall live an extended age, conspicuous for fatherly affection to brothers; surviving fame shall bear him on an untiring wing. You may possess a more extensive dominion by controlling a craving disposition, than if you could unite Libya to the distant Gades, and the natives of both the Carthages were subject to you alone. The direful dropsy increases by self-indulgence, nor extinguishes its thirst, unless the cause of the disorder has departed from the veins, and the watery languor from the pallid body. Virtue, differing from the vulgar, excepts Phraates though restored to the throne of Cyrus, from the number of the happy; and teaches the populace to disuse false names for things, by conferring the kingdom and a safe diadem and the perpetual laurel upon him alone, who can view large heaps of treasure with undazzled eye.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.

O Dellius, since thou art born to die, be mindful to preserve a temper of mind even in times of difficulty, as well an restrained from insolent exultation in prosperity: whether thou shalt lead a life of continual sadness, or through happy days regale thyself with Falernian wine of the oldest date, at case reclined in some grassy retreat, where the lofty pine and hoary poplar delight to interweave their boughs into a hospitable shade, and the clear current with trembling surface purls along the meandering rivulet. Hither order [your slaves] to bring the wine, and the perfumes, and the too short-lived flowers of the grateful rose, while fortune, and age; and the sable threads of the three sisters permit thee. You must depart from your numerous purchased groves; from your house also, and that villa, which the yellow Tiber washes, you must depart: and an heir shall possess these high-piled riches. It is of no consequence whether you are the wealthy descendant of ancient Inachus, or whether, poor and of the most ignoble race, you live without a covering from the open air, since you are the victim of merciless Pluto. We are all driven toward the same quarter: the lot of all is shaken in the urn;

destined sooner or later to come forth, and embark us in [Charon's] boat for eternal exile.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Let not, O Xanthias Phoceus, your passion for your maid put you out of countenance; before your time, the slave Briseis moved the haughty Achilles by her snowy complexion. The beauty of the captive Tecmessa smote her master, the Telamonian Ajax; Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, burned for a ravished virgin: when the barbarian troops fell by the hands of their Thessalian conqueror, and Hector, vanquished, left Troy more easily to be destroyed by the Grecians. You do not know that perchance the beautiful Phyllis has parents of condition happy enough to do honor to you their son-in-law. Certainly she must be of royal race, and laments the unpropitiousness of her family gods. Be confident, that your beloved is not of the worthless crowd; nor that one so true, so unmercenary, could possibly be born of a mother to be ashamed of. I can commend arms, and face, and well-made legs, quite chastely: avoid being jealous of one, whose age is hastening onward to bring its eighth mastrum to a close.

ODE V.

Not yet is she fit to be broken to the yoke; not yet is she equal to the duties of a partner, nor can she support the weight of the bull impetuously rushing to enjoyment. Your heifer's sole inclination is about verdant fields, one while in running streams soothing the grievous heat; at another, highly delighted to frisk with the steerlings in the moist willow ground. Suppress your appetite for the immature grape; shortly variegated autumn will tinge for thee the lirid clusters with a purple hue. Shortly she shall follow you; for her impetuous time runs on, and shall place to her account those years of which it abridges you; shortly Lalage with a wanton assurance will seek a husband, beloved in a higher degree than the coy Pholoe, or even Chloris; shining as brightly with her fair shoulder, as the spotless moon upon the midnight sea, or even the Gnidian Gyges, whom if you should intermix in a company of girls, the undiscernible difference occasioned by his flowing locks and doubtful countenance would wonderfully impose even on sagacious strangers.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMUS.

Septimus, who art ready to go with me, even to Gades, and to the Cantabrian, still untaught to bear our yoke, and the inhospitable Syrtes, where the Mauritanian wave perpetually boils. O may Tibur, founded by a Grecian colony, be the habitation of my old age! There let there be an end to my fatigues by sea, and land, and war; whence if the cruel fates debar me, I will seek the river of Galesus, delightful for sheep covered with skins, and the countries reigned over by Lacedaemonian Phalantus. That corner of the world smiles in my eye beyond all others; where the honey yields not to the Hymettian, and the olive rivals the verdant Venafrian: where the temperature of the air produces a long spring and mild winters, and Aulon friendly to the fruitful vine, envies not the Falernian grapes. That place, and those blest heights, solicit you and me; there you shall bedew the glowing ashes of your poet friend with a tear due [to his memory].

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

O thou, often reduced with me to the last extremity in the war which Brutus carried on, who has restored thee as a Roman citizen, to the gods of thy country and the Italian air, Pompey, thou first of my companions; with whom I have frequently broken the tedious day in drinking, having my hair, shining with the Syrian maiobathrum, crowned [with flowers]! Together with thee did I experience the [battle of] Phillippi and a precipitate flight, having shamefully enough left my shield; when valor was broken, and the most daring smote the squalid earth with their faces. But Mercury swift conveyed me away, terrified as I was, in a thick cloud through the midst of the enemy. Thee the reciprocating sea, with his tempestuous waves, bore back again to war. Wherefore render to Jupiter the offering that is due, and deposit your limbs, wearied with a tedious war, under my laurel, and spare not the casks reserved for you. Fill up the polished bowls with care-dispelling Massic: pour out the perfumed ointments from the capacious shells. Who takes care to quickly weave the chaplets of fresh parsely or myrtle? Whom shall the Venus pronounce to be master of the revel? In wild carouse I will become frantic as the

Bacchanalians. ’Tis delightful to me to play the madman, on the reception of my friends.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If any punishment, Barine, for your violated oath had ever been of prejudice to you: if you had become less agreeable by the blackness of a single tooth or nail, I might believe you. But you no sooner have bound your perfidious head with vows, but you shine out more charming by far, and come forth the public care of our youth. It is of advantage to you to deceive the buried ashes of your mother, and the silent constellations of the night, together with all heaven, and the gods free from chill death. Venus herself, I profess, laughs at this; the good-natured nymphs laugh, and cruel Cupid, who is perpetually sharpening his burning darts on a bloody whetstone. Add to this, that all our boys are growing up for you; a new herd of slaves is growing up; nor do the former ones quit the house of their impious mistress, notwithstanding they often have threatened it. The matrons are in dread of you on account of their young ones; the thrifty old men are in dread of you; and the girls but just married are in distress, lest your beauty should slacken [the affections of] their husbands.

ODE IX.

TO TITUS VALGIUS.

Showers do not perpetually pour down upon the rough fields, nor do varying hurricanes forever harass the Caspian Sea; nor, my friend Valgius, does the motionless ice remain fixed throughout all the months, in the regions of Armenia; nor do the Garganian oaks [always] labor under the northerly winds, nor are the ash-trees widowed of their leaves. But thou art continually pursuing Mystes, who is taken from thee, with mournful measures: nor do the effects of thy love for him cease at the rising of Vesper, or when he flies the rapid approach of the sun. But the aged man who lived three generations, did not lament the amiable Antilochus all the years of his life: nor did his parents or his Trojan sisters perpetually bewail the blooming Troilus. At length then desist from thy tender complaints; and rather let us sing the fresh trophies of Augustus Caesar, and the Frozen Niphates, and the river Medus, added to the vanquished nations, rolls more humble tides, and the Gelonians riding within a prescribed boundary in a narrow tract of land.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

O Licinius, you will lead a more correct course of life, by neither always pursuing the main ocean, nor, while you cautiously are in dread of storms, by pressing too much upon the hazardous shore. Whosoever loves the golden mean, is secure from the sordidness of an antiquated cell, and is too prudent to have a palace that might expose him to envy, if the lofty pine is more frequently agitated with winds, and high towers fall down with a heavier ruin, and lightnings strike the summits of the mountains. A well-provided breast hopes in adversity, and fears in prosperity. 'Tis the same Jupiter, that brings the hideous winters back, and that takes them away. If it is ill with us now, it will not be so hereafter. Apollo sometimes rouses the silent lyric muse, neither does he always bend his bow. In narrow circumstances appear in high spirits, and undaunted. In the same manner you will prudently contract your sails, which are apt to be too much swollen in a prosperous gale.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

O Quintius Hirpinus, forbear to be inquisitive what the Cantabrian, and the Scythian, divided from us by the interposed Adriatic, is meditating; neither be fearfully solicitous for the necessaries of a life, which requires but a few things. Youth and beauty fly swift away, while sapless old age expels the wanton loves and gentle sleep. The same glory does not always remain to the vernal flowers, nor does the ruddy moon shine with one continued aspect; why, therefore, do you fatigue you mind, unequal to eternal projects? Why do we not rather (while it is in our power) thus carelessly reclining under a lofty plane-tree, or this pine, with our hoary locks made fragrant by roses, and anointed with Syrian perfume, indulge ourselves with generous wine? Bacchus dissipates preying cares. What slave is here, instantly to cool some cups of ardent Falernian in the passing stream? Who will tempt the vagrant wanton Lyde from her house? See that you bid her hasten with her ivory lyre, collecting her hair into a graceful knot, after the fashion of a Spartan maid.

ODE XII.

TO MAECENAS.

Do not insist that the long wars of fierce Numantia, or the formidable Annibal, or the Sicilian Sea impurpled with Carthaginian blood, should be adapted to the tender lays of the lyre: nor the cruel Lapithae, nor Hylaeus excessive in wine and the earth born youths, subdued by Herculean force, from whom the splendid habitation of old Saturn dreaded danger. And you yourself, Maecenas, with more propriety shall recount the battles of Caesar, and the necks of haughty kings led in triumph through the streets in historical prose. It was the muse's will that I should celebrate the sweet strains of my mistress Lycimnia, that I should celebrate her bright darting eyes, and her breast laudably faithful to mutual love: who can with a grace introduce her foot into the dance, or, sporting, contend in raillery, or join arms with the bright virgins on the celebrated Diana's festival. Would you, [Maecenas,] change one of Lycimnia's tresses for all the rich Achaemenes possessed, or the Mygdonian wealth of fertile Phrygia, or all the dwellings of the Arabians replete with treasures? Especially when she turns her neck to meet your burning kisses, or with a gentle cruelty denies, what she would more delight to have

ravished than the petitioner — or sometimes eagerly anticipates to snatch them her self.

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

O tree, he planted thee on an unlucky day whoever did it first, and with an impious hand raised thee for the destruction of posterity, and the scandal of the village. I could believe that he had broken his own father's neck, and stained his most secret apartments with the midnight blood of his guest. He was wont to handle Colchian poisons, and whatever wickedness is anywhere conceived, who planted in my field thee, a sorry log; thee, ready to fall on the head of thy inoffensive master. What we ought to be aware of, no man is sufficiently cautious at all hours. The Carthaginian sailor thoroughly dreads the Bosphorus; nor, beyond that, does he fear a hidden fate from any other quarter. The soldier dreads the arrows and the fleet retreat of the Parthian; the Parthian, chains and an Italian prison; but the unexpected assault of death has carried off, and will carry off, the world in general. How near was I seeing the dominions of black Proserpine, and Aeacus sitting in judgment; the separate abodes also of the pious, and Sappho complaining in her Aeohan lyre of her own country damsels; and thee, O Alcaeus, sounding in fuller strains on thy golden harp the distresses of exile, and the distresses of war.

The ghosts admire them both, while they utter strains worthy of a sacred silence; but the crowded multitude, pressing with their shoulders, imbibes, with a more greedy ear, battles and banished tyrants. What wonder? Since the many headed monster, astonished at those lays, hangs down his sable ears; and the snakes, entwined in the hair of the furies, are soothed. Moreover, Prometheus and the sire of Pelops are deluded into an insensibility of their torments, by the melodious sound: nor is Orion any longer solicitous to harass the lions, or the fearful lynxes.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Alas! my Postumus, my Postumus, the fleeting years gilde on; nor will piety cause any delay to wrinkles, and advancing old age, and insuperable death. You could not, if you were to sacrifice every passing day three hundred bulls, render propitious pitiless Pluto, who confines the thrice-monstrous Geryon and Tityus with the dismal Stygian stream, namely, that stream which is to be passed over by all who are fed by the bounty of the earth, whether we be kings or poor ninds. In vain shall we be free from sanguinary Mars, and the broken billows of the hoarse Adriatic; in vain shall we be apprehensive for ourselves of the noxious South, in the time of autumn. The black Cocytus wandering with languid current, and the infamous race of Danaus, and Sisyphus, the son of the Aeolus, doomed to eternal toil, must be visited; your land and house and pleasing wife must be left, nor shall any of those trees, which you are nursing, follow you, their master for a brief space, except the hated cypresses; a worthier heir shall consume your Caecuban wines now guarded with a hundred keys, and shall wet the pavement with the haughty wine, more exquisite than what graces pontifical entertainment.

ODE XV.

AGAINST THE LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

The palace-like edifices will in a short time leave but a few acres for the plough; ponds of wider extent than the Lucrine lake will be every where to be seen; and the barren plane-tree will supplant the elms. Then banks of violets, and myrtle groves, and all the tribe of nosegays shall diffuse their odors in the olive plantations, which were fruitful to their preceding master. Then the laurel with dense boughs shall exclude the burning beams. It was not so prescribed by the institutes of Romulus, and the unshaven Cato, and ancient custom. Their private income was contracted, while that of the community was great. No private men were then possessed of galleries measured by ten-feet rules, which collected the shady northern breezes; nor did the laws permit them to reject the casual turf [for their own huts], though at the same time they obliged them to ornament in the most sumptuous manner, with new stone, the buildings of the public, and the temples of the gods, at a common expense.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

O Grosphus, he that is caught in the wide Aegean Sea; when a black tempest has obscured the moon, and not a star appears with steady light for the mariners, supplicates the gods for repose: for repose, Thrace furious in war; the quiver-graced Medes, for repose neither purchasable by jewels, nor by purple, nor by gold. For neither regal treasures nor the consul's officer can remove the wretched tumults of the mind, nor the cares that hover about splendid ceilings. That man lives happily on a little, who can view with pleasure the old-fashioned family salt-cellar on his frugal board; neither anxiety nor sordid avarice robs him of gentle sleep. Why do we, brave for a short season, aim at many things? Why do we change our own for climates heated by another sun? Whoever, by becoming an exile from his country, escaped likewise from himself? Consuming care boards even brazen-beaked ships: nor does it quit the troops of horsemen, for it is more fleet than the stags, more fleet than the storm-driving east wind. A mind that is cheerful in its present state, will disdain to be solicitous any further, and can correct the bitters of life with a placid smile. Nothing is on all hands completely blessed. A premature death carried

off the celebrated Achilles; a protracted old age wore down Tithonus; and time perhaps may extend to me, what it shall deny to you. Around you a hundred flocks bleat, and Sicilian heifers low; for your use the mare, fit for the harness, neighs; wool doubly dipped in the African purple-dye, clothes you: on me undeceitful fate has bestowed a small country estate, and the slight inspiration of the Grecian muse, and a contempt for the malignity of the vulgar.

ODE XVII.

TO MAECENAS.

Why dost thoti kill me with thy complaints? 'Tis neither agreeable to the gods, nor to me, that thou shouldest depart first, O Maecenas, thou grand ornament and pillar of my affairs. Alas! if an untimely blow hurry away thee, a part of my soul, why do I the other moiety remain, my value lost, nor any longer whole? That [fatal] day shall bring destruction upon us both. I have by no means taken a false oath: we will go, we will go, whenever thou shalt lead the way, prepared to be fellow-travelers in the last journey. Me nor the breath of the fiery Chimaera, nor hundred-handed Gyges, were he to rise again, shall ever tear from thee: such is the will of powerful Justice, and of the Fates. Whether Libra or malignant Scorpio had the ascendant at my natal hour, or Capricon the ruler of the western wave, our horoscopes agree in a wonderful manner. Thee the benign protection of Jupiter, shining with friendly aspect, rescued from the baleful influence of impious Saturn, and retarded the wings of precipitate destiny, at the time the crowded people with resounding applauses thrice hailed you in the theatre: me the trunk of a tree, falling upon my skull, would have dispatched, had not Faunus, the

protector of men of genius, with his right hand warded off the blow. Be thou mindful to pay the victims and the votive temple; I will sacrifice an humble lamb.

ODE XVIII.

AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

Nor ivory, nor a fretted ceiling adorned with gold, glitters in my house: no Hymettian beams rest upon pillars cut out of the extreme parts of Africa; nor, a pretended heir, have I possessed myself of the palace of Attalus, nor do ladies, my dependants, spin Laconian purple for my use. But integrity, and a liberal vein of genius, are mine: and the man of fortune makes his court to me, who am but poor. I importune the gods no further, nor do I require of my friend in power any larger enjoyments, sufficiently happy with my Sabine farm alone. Day is driven on by day, and the new moons hasten to their wane. You put out marble to be hewn, though with one foot in the grave; and, unmindful of a sepulcher, are building houses; and are busy to extend the shore of the sea, that beats with violence at Baiae, not rich enough with the shore of the mainland. Why is it, that through avarice you even pluck up the landmarks of your neighbor's ground, and trespass beyond the bounds of your clients; and wife and husband are turned out, bearing in their bosom their household gods and their destitute children? Nevertheless, no court more certainly awaits its wealthy lord, than the destined limit of

rapacious Pluto. Why do you go on? The impartial earth is opened equally to the poor and to the sons of kings; nor has the life-guard ferryman of hell, bribed with gold, re-conducted the artful Prometheus. He confines proud Tantalus; and the race of Tantalus, he condescends, whether invoked or not, to relieve the poor freed from their labors.

ODE XIX.

ON BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC, OR DRINKING SONG.

I saw Bacchus (believe it, posterity) dictating strains among the remote rocks, and the nymphs learning them, and the ears of the goat-footed satyrs all attentive. Evoe! my mind trembles with recent dread, and my soul, replete with Bacchus, has a tumultuous joy, Evoe! spare me, Bacchus; spare me, thou who art formidable for thy dreadful thyrsus. It is granted me to sing the wanton Bacchanalian priestess, and the fountain of wine, and rivulets flowing with milk, and to tell again of the honeys distilling from the hollow trunks. It is granted me likewise to celebrate the honor added to the constellations by your happy spouse, and the palace of Pentheus demolished with no light ruin, and the perdition of Thracian. Lycurgus. You command the rivers, you the barbarian sea. You, moist with wine, on lonely mountain-tops bind the hair of your Thracian priestesses with a knot of vipers without hurt. You, when the impious band of giants scaled the realms of father Jupiter through the sky, repelled Rhoetus, with the paws and horrible jaw of the lion-shape [you had assumed]. Thou, reported to be

better fitted for dances, and jokes and play, you were accounted insufficient for fight; yet it then appeared, you, the same deity, was the mediator of peace and war. Upon you, ornamented with your golden horn, Orberus innocently gazed, gently wagging his tail; and with his triple tongue licked your feet and legs, as you returned.

ODE XX.

TO MAECENAS.

I, a two-formed poet, will be conveyed through the liquid air with no vulgar or humble wing; nor will I loiter upon earth any longer; and superior to envy, I will quit cities. Not I, even I, the blood of low parents, my dear Maecenas, shall die; nor shall I be restrained by the Stygian wave. At this instant a rough skin settles upon my ankles, and all upwards I am transformed into a white bird, and the downy plumage arises over my fingers and shoulders. Now, a melodious bird, more expeditious than the Daepalean Icarus, I will visit the shores of the murmuring Bosphorus, and the Gzetulean Syrtes, and the Hyperborean plains. Me the Colchian and the Dacian, who hides his fear of the Marsian cohort, land the remotest Gelonians, shall know: me the learned Spaniard shall study, and he that drinks of the Rhone. Let there be no dirges, nor unmanly lamentations, nor bewailings at my imaginary funeral; suppress your crying, and forbear the superfluous honors of a sepulcher.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

ON CONTENTMENT.

I abominate the uninitiated vulgar, and keep them at a distance. Preserve a religious silence: I, the priest of the Muses, sing to virgins and boys verses not heard before. The dominion of dread sovereigns is over their own subjects; that of Jupiter, glorious for his conquest over the giants, who shakes all nature with his nod, is over sovereigns themselves. It happens that one man, arranges trees, in regular rows, to a greater extent than another; this man comes down into the Campus [Martius] as a candidate of a better family; another vies with him for morals and a better reputation; a third has a superior number of dependants; but Fate, by the impartial law of nature, is allotted both to the conspicuous and the obscure; the capacious urn keeps every name in motion. Sicilian dainties will not force a delicious relish to that man, over whose impious neck the naked sword hangs: the songs of birds and the lyre will not restore his sleep. Sleep disdains not the humble cottages and shady bank of peasants; he disdains not Tempe, fanned by zephyrs. Him, who desires but a competency, neither the tempestuous sea renders anxious, nor the malign violence of Arcturus setting, or of the rising Kid; not

his vineyards beaten down with hail, and a deceitful farm; his plantations at one season blaming the rains, at another, the influence of the constellations parching the grounds, at another, the severe winters. The fishes perceive the seas contracted, by the vast foundations that have been laid in the deep: hither numerous undertakers with their men, and lords, disdainful of the land, send down mortar: but anxiety and the threats of conscience ascend by the same way as the possessor; nor does gloomy care depart from the brazen-beaked galley, and she mounts behind the horseman. Since then nor Phrygian marble, nor the use of purple more dazzling than the sun, nor the Falernian vine, nor the Persian nard, composes a troubled mind, why should I set about a lofty edifice with columns that excite envy, and in the modern taste? Why should I exchange my Sabine vale for wealth, which is attended with more trouble?

ODE II.

AGAINST THE DEGENERACY OF THE ROMAN YOUTH.

Let the robust youth learn patiently to endure pinching want in the active exercise of arms; and as an expert horseman, dreadful for his spear, let him harass the fierce Parthians; and let him lead a life exposed to the open air, and familiar with dangers. Him, the consort and marriageable virgin-daughter of some warring tyrant, viewing from the hostile walls, may sigh — Alas! let not the affianced prince, inexperienced as he is in arms, provoke by a touch this terrible lion, whom bloody rage hurries through the midst of slaughter. It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country; death even pursues the man that flies from him; nor does he spare the trembling knees of effeminate youth, nor the coward back. Virtue, unknowing of base repulse, shines with immaculate honors; nor does she assume nor lay aside the ensigns of her dignity, at the veering of the popular air. Virtue, throwing open heaven to those who deserve not to die, directs her progress through paths of difficulty, and spurns with a rapid wing grovelling cowards and the slippery earth. There is likewise a sure reward for faithful silence. I will prohibit that man, who shall divulge the sacred rites

of mysterious Ceres, from being under the same roof with me, or from setting sail with me in the same fragile bark: for Jupiter, when slighted, often joins a good man in the same fate with a bad one. Seldom hath punishment, though lame, of foot, failed to overtake the wicked.

ODE III.

ON STEADINESS AND INTEGRITY.

Not the rage of the people pressing to hurtful measures, not the aspect of a threatening tyrant can shake from his settled purpose the man who is just and determined in his resolution; nor can the south wind, that tumultuous ruler of the restless Adriatic, nor the mighty hand of thundering Jove; if a crushed world should fall in upon him, the ruins would strike him undismayed. By this character Pollux, by this the wandering Hercules, arrived at the starry citadels; among whom Augustus has now taken his place, and quaffs nectar with empurpled lips. Thee, O Father Bacchus, meritorious for this virtue, thy tigers carried, drawing the yoke with intractable neck; by this Romulus escaped Acheron on the horses of Mars — Juno having spoken what the gods in full conclave approve: “Troy, Troy, a fatal and lewd judge, and a foreign woman, have reduced to ashes, condemned, with its inhabitants and fraudulent prince, to me and the chaste Minerva, ever since Laomedon disappointed the gods of the stipulated reward. Now neither the infamous guest of the Lacedaemonian adulteress shines; nor does Priam’s perjured family repel the warlike Grecians by the aid of Hector, and that war, spun out to such a

length by our factions, has sunk to peace. Henceforth, therefore, I will give up to Mars both my bitter resentment, and the detested grandson, whom the Trojan princes bore. Him will I suffer to enter the bright regions, to drink the juice of nectar, and to be enrolled among the peaceful order of gods. As long as the extensive sea rages between Troy and Rome, let them, exiles, reign happy in any other part of the world: as long as cattle trample upon the tomb of Priam and Paris, and wild beasts conceal their young ones there with impunity, may the Capitol remain in splendor, and may brave Rome be able to give laws to the conquered Medes. Tremendous let her extend her name abroad to the extremest boundaries of the earth, where the middle ocean separates Europe from Africa, where the swollen Nile waters the plains; more brave in despising gold as yet undiscovered, and so best situated while hidden in the earth, than in forcing it out for the uses of mankind, with a hand ready to make depredations on everything that is sacred. Whatever end of the world has made resistance, that let her reach with her arms, joyfully alert to visit, even that part where fiery heats rage madding; that where clouds and rains storm with unmoderated fury. But I pronounce this fate to the warlike Romans, upon this condition; that neither through an excess of piety, nor of confidence in their power, they become inclined to rebuild the houses of their ancestors' Troy. The

fortune of Troy, reviving under unlucky auspices, shall be repeated with lamentable destruction, I, the wife and sister of Jupiter, leading on the victorious bands. Thrice, if a brazen wall should arise by means of its founder Phoebus, thrice should it fall, demolished by my Grecians; thrice should the captive wife bewail her husband and her children." These themes ill suit the merry lyre. Whither, muse, are you going? — Cease, impertinent, to relate the language of the gods, and to debase great things by your trifling measures.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descend from heaven, queen Calliope, and come sing with your pipe a lengthened strain; or, if you had now rather, with your clear voice, or on the harp or lute of Phoebus. Do ye hear? or does a pleasing frenzy delude me? I seem to hear [her], and to wander [with her] along the hallowed groves, through which pleasant rivulets and gales make their way. Me, when a child, and fatigued with play, in sleep the woodland doves, famous in story, covered with green leaves in the Apulian Vultur, just without the limits of my native Apulia; so that it was matter of wonder to all that inhabit the nest of lofty Acherontia, the Bantine Forests, and the rich soil of low Ferentum, how I could sleep with my body safe from deadly vipers and ravenous bears; how I could be covered with sacred laurel and myrtle heaped together, though a child, not animated without the [inspiration of the] gods. Yours, O ye muses, I am yours, whether I am elevated to the Sabine heights; or whether the cool Praeneste, or the sloping Tibur, or the watery Baiae have delighted me. Me, who am attached to your fountains and dances, not the army put to flight at Philippi, not the execrable tree, nor a Palinurus in the Sicilian Sea has destroyed. While

you shall be with me with pleasure will I, a sailor, dare the raging Bosphorus; or, a traveler, the burning sands of the Assyrian shore: I will visit the Britons inhuman to strangers, and the Concanian delighted [with drinking] the blood of horses; I will visit the quivered Geloni, and the Scythian river without hurt. You entertained lofty Caesar, seeking to put an end to his toils, in the Pierian grotto, as soon as he had distributed in towns his troops, wearied by campaigning: you administer [to him] moderate counsel, and graciously rejoice at it when administered. We are aware how he, who rules the inactive earth and the stormy main, the cities also, and the dreary realms [of hell], and alone governs with a righteous sway both gods and the human multitude, how he took off the impious Titans and the gigantic troop by his falling thunderbolts. That horrid youth, trusting to the strength of their arms, and the brethren proceeding to place Pelion upon shady Olympus, had brought great dread [even] upon Jove. But what could Typhoeus, and the strong Mimas, or what Porphyrion with his menacing statue; what Rhoetus, and Enceladus, a fierce darter with trees uptorn, avail, though rushing violently against the sounding shield of Pallas? At one part stood the eager Vulcan, at another the matron Juno, and he, who is never desirous to lay aside his bow from his shoulders, Apollo, the god of Delos and Patara, who bathes his flowing hair in the pure dew

of Castalia, and possesses the groves of Lycia and his native wood. Force, void of conduct, falls by its own weight; moreover, the gods promote discreet force to further advantage; but the same beings detest forces, that meditate every kind of impiety. The hundred-handed Gyges is an evidence of the sentiments I allege: and Orion, the tempter of the spotless Diana, destroyed by a virgin dart. The earth, heaped over her own monsters, grieves and laments her offspring, sent to murky Hades by a thunderbolt; nor does the active fire consume Aetna that is placed over it, nor does the vulture desert the liver of incontinent Tityus, being stationed there as an avenger of his baseness; and three hundred chains confine the amorous Pirithous.

ODE V.

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE STANDARDS FROM PHRAATES.

We believe from his thundering that Jupiter has dominion in the heavens: Augustus shall be esteemed a present deity the Britons and terrible Parthians being added to the empire. What! has any soldier of Crassus lived, a degraded husband with a barbarian wife? And has (O [corrupted] senate, and degenerate morals!) the Marsian and Apulian, unmindful of the sacred bucklers, of the [Roman] name and gown, and of eternal Vesta, grown old in the lands of hostile fathers-in-law, Jupiter and the city being in safety? The prudent mind of Regulus had provided against this, dissenting from ignominious terms, and inferring from such a precedent destruction to the succeeding age, if the captive youth were not to perish unpitied. I have beheld, said he, the Roman standards affixed to the Carthaginian temples, and their arms taken away from our soldiers without bloodshed. I have beheld the arms of our citizens bound behind their free-born backs, and the gates [of the enemy] unshut, and the fields, which were depopulated by our battles, cultivated anew. The soldier, to be sure, ransomed by gold, will return a braver fellow! — No — you add

loss to infamy; [for] neither does the wool once stained by the dye of the sea-weed ever resume its lost color; nor does genuine valor, when once it has failed, care to resume its place in those who have degenerated through cowardice. If the hind, disentangled from the thickset toils, ever fights, then indeed shall he be valorous, who has intrusted himself to faithless foes; and he shall trample upon the Carthaginians in a second war, who dastardly has felt the thongs with his arms tied behind him, and has been afraid of death. He, knowing no other way to preserve his life, has confounded peace with war. O scandal! O mighty Carthage, elevated to a higher pitch by Italy's disgraceful downfall! He *(Regulus)* is reported to have rejected the embrace of his virtuous wife and his little sons like one degraded; and to have sternly fixed his manly countenance on the ground, until, as an adviser, by his counsel he confirmed the wavering senators, and amid his weeping friends hastened away, a glorious exile. Notwithstanding he knew what the barbarian executioner was providing for him, yet he pushed from his opposing kindred and the populace retarding his return, in no other manner, than if (after he had quitted the tedious business of his clients, by determining their suit) he was only going to the Venafrian plains, or the Lacedaemonian Tarentum.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Thou shalt atone, O Roman, for the sins of your ancestors, though innocent, till you shall have repaired the temples and tottering shrines of the gods, and their statues, defiled with sooty smoke. Thou boldest sway, because thou bearest thyself subordinate to the gods; to this source refer every undertaking; to this, every event. The gods, because neglected, have inflicted many evils on calamitous Italy. Already has Monaeses, and the band of Pacorus, twice repelled our inauspicious attacks, and exults in having added the Roman spoils to their trivial collars. The Dacian and Ethiopian have almost demolished the city engaged in civil broils, the one formidable for his fleet, the other more expert for missile arrows. The times, fertile in wickedness, have in the first place polluted the marriage state, and [thence] the issue and families. From this fountain perdition being derived, has overwhelmed the nation and people. The marriageable virgin delights to be taught the Ionic dances, and even at this time is trained up in [seductive] arts, and cherishes unchaste desires from her very infancy. Soon after she courts younger debauchees when her husband is in his cups, nor has

she any choice, to whom she shall privately grant her forbidden pleasures when the lights are removed, but at the word of command, openly, not without the knowledge of her husband, she will come forth, whether it be a factor that calls for her, or the captain of a Spanish ship, the extravagant purchaser of her disgrace. It was not a youth born from parents like these, that stained the sea with Carthaginian gore, and slew Pyrrhus, and mighty Antiochus, and terrific Annibal; but a manly progeny of rustic soldiers, instructed to turn the glebe with Sabine spades, and to carry clubs cut [out of the woods] at the pleasure of a rigid mother, what time the sun shifted the shadows of the mountains, and took the yokes from the wearied oxen, bringing on the pleasant hour with his retreating chariot. What does not wasting time destroy? The age of our fathers, worse than our grandsires, produced us still more flagitious, us, who are about to product am offspring more vicious [even than ourselves].

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Why, O Asterie, do you weep for Gyges, a youth of inviolable constancy, whom the kindly zephyrs will restore to you in the beginning of the Spring, enriched with a Bithynian cargo? Driven as far as Oricum by the southern winds, after [the rising] of the Goat's tempestuous constellation, he sleepless passes the cold nights in abundant weeping [for you]; but the agent of his anxious landlady slyly tempts him by a thousand methods, informing him that [his mistress], Chloe, is sighing for him, and burns with the same love that thou hast for him. He remonstrates with him how a perfidious woman urged the credulous Proetus, by false accusations, to hasten the death of the over-chaste Bellerophon. He tells how Peleus was like to have been given up to the infernal regions, while out of temperance he avoided the Magnesian Hippolyte: and the deceiver quotes histories to him, that are lessons for sinning. In vain; for, heart-whole as yet, he receives his words deafer than the Icarian rocks. But with regard to you, have a care lest your neighbor Enipeus prove too pleasing. Though no other person equally skillful to guide the steed, is conspicuous in the course, nor does any one with equal swiftness swim down the

Etrurian stream, yet secure your house at the very approach of night, nor look down into the streets at the sound of the doleful pipe; and remain inflexible toward him, though he often upbraid thee with cruelty.

ODE VIII.

TO MAECENAS.

O Maecenas, learned in both languages, you wonder what I, a single man, have to do on the calends of March; what these flowers mean, and the censer replete with frankincense, and the coals laid upon the live turf. I made a vow of a joyous banquet, and a white goat to Bacchus, after having been at the point of death by a blow from a tree. This day, sacred in the revolving year, shall remove the cork fastened with pitch from that jar, which was set to inhale the smoke in the consulship of Tullus. Take, my Maecenas, a hundred cups on account of the safety of your friend, and continue the wakeful lamps even to day-light: all clamor and passion be far away. Postpone your political cares with regard to the state: the army of the Dacian Cotison is defeated; the troublesome Mede is quarreling with himself in a horrible [civil] war: the Cantabrian, our old enemy on the Spanish coast, is subject to us, though conquered by a long-disputed victory: now, too, the Scythians are preparing to quit the field with their imbent bows. Neglectful, as a private person, forbear to be too solicitous lest the community in any wise suffer, and joyfully seize the boons of the present hour, and quit serious affairs.

ODE IX.

TO LYDIA.

HORACE. As long as I was agreeable to thee, and no other youth more favored was wont to fold his arms around thy snowy neck, I lived happier than the Persian monarch.

LYDIA. As long as thou hadst not a greater flame for any other, nor was Lydia below Chloe [in thine affections], I Lydia, of distinguished fame, flourished more eminent than the Roman Ilia.

HOR. The Thracian Chloe now commands me, skillful in sweet modulations, and a mistress of the lyre; for whom I would not dread to die, if the fates would spare her, my surviving soul.

LYD. Calais, the son of the Thurian Ornitus, inflames me with a mutual fire; for whom I would twice endure to die, if the fates would spare my surviving youth.

HOR. What! if our former love returns, and unites by a brazen yoke us once parted? What if Chloe with her golden locks be shaken off, and the door again open to slighted Lydia.

LYD. Though he is fairer than a star, thou of more levity than a cork, and more passionate than the blustering Adriatic; with thee I should love to live, with thee I would cheerfully die.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

O Lyce, had you drunk from the remote Tanais, in a state of marriage with tome barbarian, yet you might be sorry to expose me, prostrate before your obdurate doors, to the north winds that have made those places their abode. Do you hear with what a noise your gate, with what [a noise] the grove, planted about your elegant buildings, rebellows to the winds? And how Jupiter glazes the settled snow with his bright influence? Lay aside disdain, offensive to Venus, lest your rope should run backward, while the wheel is revolving. Your Tyrrhenian father did not beget you to be as inaccessible as Penelope to your wooers. O though neither presents, nor prayers, nor the violet-tinctured paleness of your lovers, nor your husband smitten with a musical courtezan, bend you to pity; yet [at length] spare your suppliants, you that are not softer than the sturdy oak, nor of a gentler disposition than the African serpents. This side [of mine] will not always be able to endure your threshold, and the rain.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O Mercury, for under thy instruction the ingenious Amphion moved rocks by his voice, you being his tutor; and though my harp, skilled in sounding, with seven strings, formerly neither vocal nor pleasing, but now agreeable both to the tables of the wealthy and the temples [of the gods]; dictate measures to which Lyde may incline her obstinate ears, who, like a filly of three years old, plays and frisks about in the spacious fields, inexperienced in nuptial loves, and hitherto unripe for a brisk husband. You are able to draw after your tigers and attendant woods, and to retard rapid rivers. To your blandishments the enormous porter of the [infernal] palace yielded, though a hundred serpents fortify his head, and a pestilential steam and an infectious poison issue from his triple-tongued mouth. Moreover, Ixion and Tityus smiled with a reluctant aspect: while you soothe the daughters of Danaus with your delightful harmony, their vessel for some time remained dry. Let Lyde hear of the crime, and the well-known punishment of the virgins, and the cask emptied by the water streaming through the bottom, and what lasting fates await their misdeeds even beyond the grave. Impious! (for what greater impiety could they

have committed?) Impious! who could destroy their bridegrooms with the cruel sword! One out of the many, worthy of the nuptial torch, was nobly false to her perjured parent, and a maiden illustrious to all posterity; she, who said to her youthful husband, “Arise! arise! lest an eternal sleep be given to you from a hand you have no suspicion of; disappoint your father-in-law and my wicked sisters, who, like lionesses having possessed themselves of calves (alas)! tear each of them to pieces; I, of softer mold than they, will neither strike thee, nor detain thee in my custody. Let my father load me with cruel chains, because out of mercy I spared my unhappy spouse; let him transport me even to the extreme Numidian plains. Depart, whither your feet and the winds carry you, while the night and Venus are favorable: depart with happy omen; yet, not forgetful of me, engrave my mournful story on my tomb.”

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

It is for unhappy maidens neither to give indulgence to love, nor to wash away cares with delicious wine; or to be dispirited out of dread of the lashes of an uncle's tongue. The winged boy of Venus, O Neobule, has deprived you of your spindle and your webs, and the beauty of Hebrus from Lipara of inclination for the labors of industrious Minerva, after he has bathed his anointed shoulders in the waters of the Tiber; a better horseman than Bellerophon himself, neither conquered at boxing, nor by want of swiftness in the race: he is also skilled to strike with his javelin the stags, flying through the open plains in frightened herd, and active to surprise the wild boar lurking in the deep thicket.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

O thou fountain of Bandusia, clearer than glass, worthy of delicious wine, not unadorned by flowers; to-morrow thou shalt be presented with a kid, whose forehead, pouting with new horns, determines upon both love and war in vain; for this offspring of the wanton flock shall tinge thy cooling streams with scarlet blood. The severe season of the burning dog-star cannot reach thee; thou affordest a refreshing coolness to the oxen fatigued with the plough-share, and to the ranging flock. Thou also shalt become one of the famous fountains, through my celebrating the oak that covers the hollow rock, whence thy prattling rills descend with a bound.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

Augustus Caesar, O ye people, who was lately said, like another Hercules, to have sought for the laurel to be purchased only by death, revisits his domestic gods, victorious from the Spanish shore. Let the matron (*Livia*), to whom her husband alone is dear, come forth in public procession, having first performed her duty to the just gods; and (*Octavia*), the sister of our glorious general; the mothers also of the maidens and of the youths just preserved from danger, becomingly adorned with supplicatory fillets. Ye, O young men, and young women lately married, abstain from ill-omened words. This day, to me a real festival, shall expel gloomy cares: I will neither dread commotions, nor violent death, while Caesar is in possession of the earth. Go, slave, and seek for perfume and chaplets, and a cask that remembers the Marsian war, if any vessel could elude the vagabond Spartacus. And bid the tuneful Neaera make haste to collect into a knot her auburn hair; *but* if any delay should happen from the surly porter, come away. Hoary hair mollifies minds that are fond of strife and petulant wrangling. I would not have endured this treatment, warm with youth in the consulship of Plancus.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

You wife of the indigent Ibycus, at length put an end to your wickedness, and your infamous practices. Cease to sport among the damsels, and to diffuse a cloud among bright constellations, now on the verge of a timely death. If any thing will become Pholoe, it does not you Chloris, likewise. Your daughter with more propriety attacks the young men's apartments, like a Bacchanalian roused up by the rattling timbrel. The love of Nothus makes her frisk about like a wanton she-goat. The wool shorn near the famous Luceria becomes you now antiquated: not musical instruments, or the damask flower of the rose, or hogsheads drunk down to the lees.

ODE XVI.

TO MAECENAS.

A brazen tower, and doors of oak, and the melancholy watch of wakeful dogs, had sufficiently defended the imprisoned Danae from midnight gallants, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, the anxious keeper of the immured maiden: [for they well knew] that the way would be safe and open, after the god had transformed himself into a bribe. Gold delights to penetrate through the midst of guards, and to break through stone-walls, more potent than the thunderbolt. The family of the Grecian augur perished, immersed in destruction on account of lucre. The man of Macedon cleft the gates of the cities and subverted rival monarchs by bribery. Bribes enthrall fierce captains of ships. Care, and a thirst for greater things, is the consequence of increasing wealth. Therefore, Maecenas, thou glory of the [Roman] knights, I have justly dreaded to raise the far-conspicuous head. As much more as any man shall deny himself, so much more shall he receive from the gods. Naked as I am, I seek the camps of those who covet nothing; and as a deserter, rejoice to quit the side of the wealthy: a more illustrious possessor of a contemptible fortune, than if I could be said to treasure up in my granaries

all that the industrious Apulian cultivates, poor amid abundance of wealth. A rivulet of clear water, and a wood of a few acres, and a certain prospect of my good crop, are blessings unknown to him who glitters in the proconsulship of fertile Africa: I am more happily circumstanced. Though neither the Calabrian bees produce honey, nor wine ripens to age for me in a Formian cask, nor rich fleeces increase in Gallic pastures; yet distressful poverty is remote; nor, if I desired more, would you refuse to grant it me. I shall be better able to extend my small revenues, by contracting my desires, than if I could join the kingdom of Alyattes to the Phrygian plains. Much is wanting to those who covet much. ’Tis well with him to whom God has given what is necessary with a sparing hand.

ODE XVII.

TO AELIUS LAMIA.

O Aelius, who art nobly descended from the ancient Lamus (forasmuch as they report, that both the first of the Lamian family had their name hence, and all the race of the descendants through faithful records derives its origin from that founder, who is said to have possessed, as prince, the Formian walls, and Liris gliding on the shores of Marica — an extensive potentate). To-morrow a tempest sent from the east shall strew the grove with many leaves, and the shore with useless sea-weed, unless that old prophetess of rain, the raven, deceives me. Pile up the dry wood, while you may; to-morrow you shall indulge your genius with wine, and with a pig of two months old, with your slaves dismissed from their labors.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

A HYMN.

O Faunus, thou lover of the flying nymphs, benignly traverse my borders and sunny fields, and depart propitious to the young offspring of my flocks; if a tender kid fall [a victim] to thee at the completion of the year, and plenty of wines be not wanting to the goblet, the companion of Venus, and the ancient altar smoke with liberal perfume. All the cattle sport in the grassy plain, when the nones of December return to thee; the village keeping holiday enjoys leisure in the fields, together with the oxen free from toil. The wolf wanders among the fearless lambs; the wood scatters its rural leaves for thee, and the laborer rejoices to have beaten the hated ground in triple dance.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

How far Codrus, who was not afraid to die for his country, is removed from Inachus, and the race of Aeacus, and the battles also that were fought at sacred Troy — [these subjects] you descant upon; but at what price we may purchase a hogshead of Chian; who shall warm the water [for bathing]; who finds a house: and at what hour I am to get rid of these Pelignian colds, you are silent. Give me, boy, [a bumper] for the new moon in an instant, give me one for midnight, and one for Murena the augur. Let our goblets be mixed up with three or nine cups, according to every one's disposition. The enraptured bard, who delights in the odd-numbered muses, shall call for brimmers thrice three. Each of the Graces, in conjunction with the naked sisters, fearful of broils, prohibits upward of three. It is my pleasure to rave; why cease the breathings of the Phrygian flute? Why is the pipe hung up with the silent lyre? I hate your niggardly handfuls: strew roses freely. Let the envious Lycus hear the jovial noise; and let our fair neighbor, ill-suited to the old Lycus, [hear it.] The ripe Rhode aims at thee, Telephus, smart with thy bushy locks; at thee, bright as the clear evening star; the love of my Glycera slowly consumes me.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Do you not perceive, O Pyrrhus, at what hazard yon are taking away the whelps from a Gutulian lioness? In a little while you, a timorous ravisher, shall fly from the severe engagement, when she shall march through the opposing band of youths, re-demanding her beauteous Nearchus; a grand contest, whether a greater share of booty shall fall to thee or to her! In the mean time, while you produce your swift arrows, she whets her terrific teeth; while the umpire of the combat is reported to have placed the palm under his naked foot, and refreshed his shoulder, overspread with his perfumed locks, with the gentle breeze: just such another was Nireus, or he that was ravished from the watery Ida.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS JAR.

O thou goodly cask, that wast brought to light at the same time with me in the consulship of Manlius, whether thou containest the occasion of complaint, or jest, or broils and maddening amours, or gentle sleep; under whatever title thou preservest the choice Massic, worthy to be removed on an auspicious day; descend, Corvinus bids me draw the mellowest wine. He, though he is imbued in the Socratic lectures, will not morosely reject thee. The virtue even of old Cato is recorded to have been frequently warmed with wine. Thou appliest a gentle violence to that disposition, which is in general of the rougher cast: Thou revealest the cares and secret designs of the wise, by the assistance of merry Bacchus. You restore hope and spirit to anxious minds, and give horns to the poor man, who after [tasting] you neither dreads the diadems of enraged monarchs, nor the weapons of the soldiers. Thee Bacchus, and Venus, if she comes in good-humor, and the Graces loth to dissolve the knot [of their union], and living lights shall prolong, till returning Phoebus puts the stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

O virgin, protectress of the mountains and the groves, thou three-formed goddess, who thrice invoked, hearest young women in labor, and savest them from death; sacred to thee be this pine that overshadows my villa, which I, at the completion of every year, joyful will present with the blood of a boar-pig, just meditating his oblique attack.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

My rustic Phidyle, if you raise your suppliant hands to heaven at the new moon, and appease the household gods with frankincense, and this year's fruits, and a ravening swine; the fertile vine shall neither feel the pestilential south-west, nor the corn the barren blight, or your dear brood the sickly season in the fruit-bearing autumn. For the destined victim, which is pastured in the snowy Algidus among the oaks and holm trees, or thrives in the Albanian meadows, with its throat shall stain the axes of the priests. It is not required of you, who are crowning our little gods with rosemary and the brittle myrtle, to propitiate them with a great slaughter of sheep. If an innocent hand touches a clear, a magnificent victim does not pacify the offended Penates more acceptably, than a consecrated cake and crackling salt.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

Though, more wealthy than the unrifled treasures of the Arabians and rich India, you should possess yourself by your edifices of the whole Tyrrhenian and Apulian seas; yet, if cruel fate fixes its adamantine grapples upon the topmost roofs, you shall not disengage your mind from dread, nor your life from the snares of death. The Scythians that dwell in the plains, whose carts, according to their custom, draw their vagrant habitations, live in a better manner; and [so do] the rough Getae, whose uncircumscribed acres produce fruits and corn free to all, nor is a longer than annual tillage agreeable, and a successor leaves him who has accomplished his labor by an equal right. There the guiltless wife spares her motherless step-children, nor does the portioned spouse govern her husband, nor put any confidence in a sleek adulterer. Their dower is the high virtue of their parents, and a chastity reserved from any other man by a steadfast security; and it, is forbidden to sin, or the reward is death. O if there be any one willing to remove our impious slaughters, and civil rage; if he be desirous to be written FATHER OF THE STATE, on statues [erected to him], let him dare to curb insuperable licentiousness,

and be eminent to posterity; since we (O injustice!) detest virtue while living, but invidiously seek for her after she is taken out of our view. To what purpose are our woeful complaints, if sin is not cut off with punishment? Of what efficacy are empty laws, without morals; if neither that part of the world which is shut in by fervent heats, nor that side which borders upon Boreas, and snows hardened upon the ground, keep off the merchant; [and] the expert sailors get the better of the horrible seas? Poverty, a great reproach, impels us both to do and to suffer any thing, and deserts the path of difficult virtue. Let us, then, cast our gems and precious stones and useless gold, the cause of extreme evil, either into the Capitol, whither the acclamations and crowd of applauding [citizens] call us, or into the adjoining ocean. If we are truly penitent for our enormities, the very elements of depraved lust are to be erased, and the minds of too soft a mold should be formed by severer studies. The noble youth knows not how to keep his seat on horseback and is afraid to go a hunting, more skilled to play (if you choose it) with the Grecian trochus, or dice, prohibited by law; while the father's perjured faith can deceive his partner and friend, and he hastens to get money for an unworthy heir. In a word, iniquitous wealth increases, yet something is ever wanting to the incomplete fortune.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC.

Whither, O Bacchus, art thou hurrying me, replete with your influence? Into what groves, into what recesses am I driven, actuated with uncommon spirit? In what caverns, meditating the immortal honor of illustrious Caesar, shall I be heard enrolling him among the stars and the council of Jove? I will utter something extraordinary, new, hitherto unsung by any other voice. Thus the sleepless Bacchanal is struck with enthusiasm, casting her eyes upon Hebrus, and Thrace bleached with snow, and Rhodope traversed by the feet of barbarians. How am I delighted in my rambles, to admire the rocks and the desert grove! O lord of the Naiads and the Bacchanalian women, who are able with their hands to overthrow lofty ash-trees; nothing little, nothing low, nothing mortal will I sing. Charming is the hazard, O Bacchus, to accompany the god, who binds his temples with the verdant vine-leaf.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I lately lived a proper person for girls, and campaigned it not without honor; but now this wall, which guards the left side of [the statue] of sea-born Venus, shall have my arms and my lyre discharged from warfare. Here, here, deposit the shining flambeaux, and the wrenching irons, and the bows, that threatened the resisting doors. O thou goddess, who possessest the blissful Cyprus, and Memphis free from Sithonian snow, O queen, give the haughty Chloe one cut with your high-raised lash.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, UPON HER GOING TO SEA.

Let the omen of the noisy screech-owl and a pregnant bitch, or a tawny wolf running down from the Lanuvian fields, or a fox with whelp conduct the impious [on their way]; may the serpent also break their undertaken journey, if, like an arrow athwart the road, it has frightened the horses. What shall I, a provident augur, fear? I will invoke from the east, with my prayers, the raven forboding by his croaking, before the bird which presages impending showers, revisits the stagnant pools. Mayest thou be happy, O Galatea, wheresoever thou choosest to reside, and live mindful of me and neither the unlucky pye nor the vagrant crow forbids your going on. But you see, with what an uproar the prone Orion hastens on: I know what the dark bay of the Adriatic is, and in what manner Iapyx, [seemingly] serene, is guilty. Let the wives and children of our enemies feel the blind tumults of the rising south, and the roaring of the blackened sea, and the shores trembling with its lash. Thus too Europa trusted her fair side to the deceitful bull, and bold as she was, turned pale at the sea abounding with monsters, and the cheat now become manifest. She, who lately in the meadows was busied about flowers, and a

composer of the chaplet meet for nymphs, saw nothing in the dusky night put stars and water. Who as soon as she arrived at Crete, powerful with its hundred cities, cried out, overcome with rage, “O father, name abandoned by thy daughter! O my duty! Whence, whither am I come? One death is too little for virgins’ crime. Am I awake, while I deplore my base offense; or does some vain phantom, which, escaping from the ivory gate, brings on a dream, impose upon me, still free from guilt. Was it better to travel over the tedious waves, or to gather the fresh flowers? If any one now would deliver up to me in my anger this infamous bull, I would do my utmost to tear him to pieces with steel, and break off the horns of the monster, lately so much beloved. Abandoned I have left my father’s house, abandoned I procrastinate my doom. O if any of the gods hear this, I wish I may wander naked among lions: before foul decay seizes my comely cheeks, and moisture leaves this tender prey, I desire, in all my beauty, to be the food of tigers.” “Base Europa,” thy absent father urges, “why do you hesitate to die? you may strangle your neck suspended from this ash, with your girdle that has commodiously attended you. Or if a precipice, and the rocks that are edged with death, please you, come on, commit yourself to the rapid storm; unless you, that are of blood-royal, had rather card your mistress’s wool, and be given up as a concubine to some barbarian dame.” As she

complained, the treacherously-smiling Venus, and her son, with his bow relaxed, drew near. Presently, when she had sufficiently rallied her, “Refrain (she cried) from your rage and passionate chidings, since this detested bull shall surrender his horns to be torn in pieces by you. Are you ignorant, that you are the wife of the invincible Jove? Cease your sobbing; learn duly to support your distinguished good fortune. A division of the world shall bear your name.”

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

What can I do better on the festal day of Neptune? Quickly produce, Lyde, the hoarded Caecuban, and make an attack upon wisdom, ever on her guard. You perceive the noontide is on its decline; and yet, as if the fleeting day stood still, you delay to bring out of the store-house the loitering cask, [that bears its date] from the consul Bibulus. We will sing by turns, Neptune, and the green locks of the Nereids; you, shall chant, on your wreathed lyre, Latona and the darts of the nimble Cynthia; at the conclusion of your song, she also [shall be celebrated], who with her yoked swans visits Gnidos, and the shining Cyclades, and Paphos: the night also shall be celebrated in a suitable lay.

ODE XXIX.

TO MAECENAS.

O Maecenas, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, there has been a long while for you in my house some mellow wine in an unbroached hogshead, with rose-flowers and expressed essence for your hair. Disengage yourself from anything that may retard you, nor contemplate the ever marshy Tibur, and the sloping fields of Aesula, and the hills of Telegonus the parricide. Leave abundance, which is the source of daintiness, and yon pile of buildings approaching near the lofty clouds: cease to admire the smoke, and opulence, and noise of flourishing Rome. A change is frequently agreeable to the rich, and a cleanly meal in the little cottage of the poor has smoothed an anxious brow without carpets or purple. Now the bright father of Andromeda displays his hidden fire; now Procyon rages, and the constellation of the ravening Lion, as the sun brings round the thirsty season. Now the weary shepherd with his languid flock seeks the shade, and the river, and the thickets of rough Sylvanus; and the silent bank is free from the wandering winds. You regard what constitution may suit the state, and are in an anxious dread for Rome, what preparations the Seres and the Bactrians subject to Cyrus, and the factious Tanais are making.

A wise deity shrouds in obscure darkness the events of the time to come, and smiles if a mortal is solicitous beyond the law of nature. Be mindful to manage duly that which is present. What remains goes on in the manner of the river, at one time calmly gliding in the middle of its channel to the Tuscan Sea, at another, rolling along corroded stones, and stumps of trees, forced away, and cattle, and houses, not without the noise of mountains and neighboring woods, when the merciless deluge enrages the peaceful waters. That man is master of himself and shall live happy, who has it in his power to say, “I have lived to-day: to-morrow let the Sire invest the heaven, either with a black cloud, or with clear sunshine; nevertheless, he shall not render ineffectual what is past, nor undo or annihilate what the fleeting hour has once carried off. Fortune, happy in the execution of her cruel office, and persisting to play her insolent game, changes uncertain honors, indulgent now to me, by and by to another. I praise her, while she abides by me. If she moves her fleet wings, I resign what she has bestowed, and wrap myself up in my virtue, and court honest poverty without a portion. It is no business of mine, if the mast groan with the African storms, to have recourse to piteous prayers, and to make a bargain with my vows, that my Cyprian and Syrian merchandize may not add to the wealth of the insatiable sea. Then the gale and the twin Pollux will

carry me safe in the protection of a skiff with two oars, through the tumultuous Aegean Sea.”

ODE XXX.

ON HIS OWN WORKS.

I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish. I shall not wholly die; but a great part of me shall escape Libitina. I shall continualy be renewed in the praises of posterity, as long as the priest shall ascend the Capitol with the silent [vestal] virgin. Where the rapid Aufidus shall murmur, and where Daunus, poorly supplied with water, ruled over a rustic people, I, exalted from a low degree, shall be acknowledged as having originally adapted the Aeolic verse to Italian measures. Melpomene, assume that pride which your merits have acquired, and willingly crown my hair with the Delphic laurel.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

After a long cessation, O Venus, again are you stirring up tumults? Spare me, I beseech you, I beseech you. I am not the man I was under the dominion of good-natured Cynara. Forbear, O cruel mother of soft desires, to bend one bordering upon fifty, now too hardened for soft commands: go, whither the soothing prayers of youths, invoke you. More seasonably may you revel in the house of Paulus Maximus, flying thither with your splendid swans, if you seek to inflame a suitable breast. For he is both noble and comely, and by no means silent in the cause of distressed defendants, and a youth of a hundred accomplishments; he shall bear the ensigns of your warfare far and wide; and whenever, more prevailing than the ample presents of a rival, he shall laugh [at his expense], he shall erect thee in marble under a citron dome near the Alban lake. There you shall smell abundant frankincense, and shall be charmed with the mixed music of the lyre and Berecynthian pipe, not without the flageolet. There the youths, together with the tender maidens, twice a day celebrating your divinity, shall, Salian-like, with white foot thrice shake the ground. As for me, neither woman, nor youth, nor the fond hopes of

mutual inclination, nor to contend in wine, nor to bind my temples with fresh flowers, delight me [any longer]. But why; ah! why, Ligurinus, does the tear every now and then trickle down my cheeks? Why does my fluent tongue falter between my words with an unseemly silence? Thee in my dreams by night I clasp, caught [in my arms]; thee flying across the turf of the Campus Martius; thee I pursue, O cruel one, through the rolling waters.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

Whoever endeavors, O Iulus, to rival Pindar, makes an effort on wings fastened with wax by art Daedalean, about to communicate his name to the glassy sea. Like a river pouring down from a mountain, which sudden rains have increased beyond its accustomed banks, such the deep-mouthed Pindar rages and rushes on immeasurable, sure to merit Apollo's laurel, whether he rolls down new-formed phrases through the daring dithyrambic, and is borne on in numbers exempt from rule: whether he sings the gods, and kings, the offspring of the gods, by whom the Centaurs perished with a just destruction, [by whom] was quenched the flame of the dreadful Chimaera; or celebrates those whom the palm, [in the Olympic games] at Elis, brings home exalted to the skies, wrestler or steed, and presents them with a gift preferable to a hundred statues: or deplores some youth, snatched [by death] from his mournful bride — he elevates both his strength, and courage, and golden morals to the stars, and rescues him from the murky grave. A copious gale elevates the Dircean swan, O Antonius, as often as he soars into the lofty regions of the clouds: but I, after the custom and manner of the

Macinian bee, that laboriously gathers the grateful thyme, I, a diminutive creature, compose elaborate verses about the grove and the banks of the watery Tiber. You, a poet of sublimer style, shall sing of Caesar, whenever, graceful in his well-earned laurel, he shall drag the fierce Sygambri along the sacred hill; Caesar, than whom nothing greater or better the fates and indulgent gods ever bestowed on the earth, nor will bestow, though the times should return to their primitive gold. You shall sing both the festal days, and the public rejoicings on account of the prayed-for return of the brave Augustus, and the forum free from law-suits. Then (if I can offer any thing worth hearing) a considerable portion of my voice shall join [the general acclamation], and I will sing, happy at the reception of Caesar, "O glorious day, O worthy thou to be celebrated." And while [the procession] moves along, shouts of triumph we will repeat, shouts of triumph the whole city [will raise], and we will offer frankincense to the indulgent gods. Thee ten bulls and as many heifers shall absolve; me, a tender steerling, that, having left his dam, thrives in spacious pastures for the discharge of my vows, resembling [by the horns on] his forehead the curved light of the moon, when she appears of three days old, in which part he has a mark of a snowy aspect, being of a dun color over the rest of his body.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Him, O Melpomene, upon whom at his birth thou hast once looked with favoring eye, the Isthmian contest shall not render eminent as a wrestler; the swift horse shall not draw him triumphant in a Grecian car; nor shall warlike achievement show him in the Capitol, a general adorned with the Delian laurel, on account of his having quashed the proud threats of kings: but such waters as flow through the fertile Tiber, and the dense leaves of the groves, shall make him distinguished by the Aeolian verse. The sons of Rome, the queen of cities, deign to rank me among the amiable band of poets; and now I am less carped at by the tooth of envy. O muse, regulating the harmony of the gilded shell! O thou, who canst immediately bestow, if thou please, the notes of the swan upon the mute fish! It is entirely by thy gift that I am marked out, as the stringer of the Roman lyre, by the fingers of passengers; that I breathe, and give pleasure (if I give pleasure), is yours.

ODE IV

THE PRAISE OF DRUSUS.

Like as the winged minister of thunder (to whom Jupiter, the sovereign of the gods, has assigned the dominion over the fleeting birds, having experienced his fidelity in the affair of the beauteous Ganymede), early youth and hereditary vigor save impelled from his nest unknowing of toil; and the vernal winds, the showers being now dispelled, taught him, still timorous, unwonted enterprises: in a little while a violent impulse dispatched him, as an enemy against the sheepfolds, now an appetite for food and fight has impelled him upon the reluctant serpents; — or as a she-goat, intent on rich pastures, has beheld a young lion but just weaned from the udder of his tawny dam, ready to be devoured by his newly-grown tooth: such did the Rhaeti and the Vindelici behold Drusus carrying on the war under the Alps; whence this people derived the custom, which has always prevailed among them, of arming their right hands with the Amazonian ax, I have purposely omitted to inquire: (neither is it possible to discover everything.) But those troops, which had been for a long while and extensively victorious, being subdued by the conduct of a youth, perceived what a disposition, what a genius rightly educated under an

auspicious roof, what the fatherly affection of Augustus toward the young Neros, could effect. The brave are generated by the brave and good; there is in steers, there is in horses, the virtue of their sires; nor do the courageous eagles procreate the unwarlike dove. But learning improves the innate force, and good discipline confirms the mind: whenever morals are deficient, vices disgrace what is naturally good. What thou owest, O Rome, to the Neros, the river Metaurus is a witness, and the defeated Asdrubal, and that day illustrious by the dispelling of darkness from Italy, and which first smiled with benignant victory; when the terrible African rode through the Latian cities, like a fire through the pitchy pines, or the east wind through the Sicilian waves. After this the Roman youth increased continually in successful exploits, and temples, laid waste by the impious outrage of the Carthaginians, had the [statues of] their gods set up again. And at length the perfidious Hannibal said; "We, like stags, the prey of rapacious wolves, follow of our own accord those, whom to deceive and escape is a signal triumph. That nation, which, tossed in the Etrurian waves, bravely transported their gods, and sons, and aged fathers, from the burned Troy to the Italian cities, like an oak lopped by sturdy axes in Algidum abounding in dusky leaves, through losses and through wounds derives strength and spirit from the very steel. The Hydra

did not with more vigor grow upon Hercules grieving to be overcome, nor did the Colchians, or the Echionian Thebes, produce a greater prodigy. Should you sink it in the depth, it will come out more beautiful: should you contend with it, with great glory will it overthrow the conqueror unhurt before, and will fight battles to be the talk of wives. No longer can I send boasting messengers to Carthage: all the hope and success of my name is fallen, is fallen by the death of Asdrubal. There is nothing, but what the Claudian hands will perform; which both Jupiter defends with his propitious divinity, and sagacious precaution conducts through the sharp trials of war."

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

O best guardian of the Roman people, born under propitious gods, already art thou too long absent; after having promised a mature arrival to the sacred council of the senators, return. Restore, O excellent chieftain, the light to thy country; for, like the spring, wherever thy countenance has shone, the day passes more agreeably for the people, and the sun has a superior lustre. As a mother, with vows, omens, and prayers, calls for her son (whom the south wind with adverse gales detains from his sweet home, staying more than a year beyond the Carpathian Sea), nor turns aside her looks from the curved shore; in like manner, inspired with loyal wishes, his country seeks for Caesar. For, [under your auspices,] the ox in safety traverses the meadows: Ceres nourishes the ground; and abundant Prosperity: the sailors skim through the calm ocean: and Faith is in dread of being censured. The chaste family is polluted by no adulteries: morality and the law have got the better of that foul crime; the child-bearing women are commended for an offspring resembling [the father; and] punishment presses as a companion upon guilt. Who can fear the Parthian? Who, the frozen Scythian? Who, the progeny that

rough Germany produces, while Caesar is in safety? Who cares for the war of fierce Spain? Every man puts a period to the day amid his own hills, and weds the vine to the widowed elm-trees; hence he returns joyful to his wine, and invites you, as a deity, to his second course; thee, with many a prayer, thee he pursues with wine poured out [in libation] from the cups; and joins your divinity to that of his household gods, in the same manner as Greece was mindful of Castor and the great Hercules. May you, excellent chieftain, bestow a lasting festivity upon Italy! This is our language, when we are sober at the early day; this is our language, when we have well drunk, at the time the sun is beneath the ocean.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Thou god, whom the offspring of Niobe experienced as avenger of a presumptuous tongue, and the ravisher Tityus, and also the Thessalian Achilles, almost the conqueror of lofty Troy, a warrior superior to all others, but unequal to thee; though, son of the sea-goddess, Thetis, he shook the Dardanian towers, warring with his dreadful spear. He, as it were a pine smitten with the burning ax, or a cypress prostrated by the east wind, fell extended far, and reclined his neck in the Trojan dust. He would not, by being shut up in a [wooden] horse, that belied the sacred rights of Minerva, have surprised the Trojans reveling in an evil hour, and the court of Priam making merry in the dance; but openly inexorable to his captives, (oh impious! oh!) would have burned speechless babes with Grecian fires, even him concealed in his mother's womb: had not the father of the gods, prevailed upon by thy entreaties and those of the beauteous Venus, granted to the affairs of Aeneas walls founded under happier auspices. Thou lyrist Phoebus, tutor of the harmonious Thalia, who bathest thy locks in the river Xanthus, O delicate Agyieus, support the dignity of the Latian muse. Phoebus gave me genius,

Phoebus the art of composing verse, and the title of poet. Ye virgins of the first distinction, and ye youths born of illustrious parents, ye wards of the Delian goddess, who stops with her bow the flying lynxes, and the stags, observe the Lesbian measure, and the motion of my thumb; duly celebrating the son of Latona, duly [celebrating] the goddess that enlightens the night with her shining crescent, propitious to the fruits, and expeditious in rolling on the precipitate months. Shortly a bride you will say: "I, skilled in the measures of the poet Horace, recited an ode which was acceptable to the gods, when the secular period brought back the festal days."

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snows are fled, the herbage now returns to the fields, and the leaves to the trees. The earth changes its appearance, and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks: the elder Grace, together with the Nymphs, and her two sisters, ventures naked to lead off the dance. That you are not to expect things permanent, the year, and the hour that hurries away the agreeable day, admonish us. The colds are mitigated by the zephyrs: the summer follows close upon the spring, shortly to die itself, as soon as fruitful autumn shall have shed its fruits: and anon sluggish winter returns again. Nevertheless the quick-revolving moons repair their wanings in the skies; but when we descend [to those regions] where pious Aeneas, where Tullus and the wealthy Ancus [have gone before us], we become dust and a mere shade. Who knows whether the gods above will add to this day's reckoning the space of to-morrow? Every thing, which you shall indulge to your beloved soul, will escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once, Torquatus, you shall be dead, and Minos shall have made his awful decisions concerning you; not your family, not you eloquence, not your piety shall restore you. For neither can

Diana free the chaste Hippolytus from infernal darkness; nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethaean fetters from his dear Piri thous.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCIUS CENSORINUS.

O Censorinus, liberally would I present my acquaintance with goblets and beautiful vases of brass; I would present them with tripods, the rewards of the brave Grecians: nor would you bear off the meanest of my donations, if I were rich in those pieces of art, which either Parrhasius or Scopas produced; the latter in statuary, the former in liquid colors, eminent to portray at one time a man, at another a god. But I have no store of this sort, nor do your circumstances or inclination require any such curiosities as these. You delight in verses: verses I can give, and set a value on the donation. Not marbles engraved with public inscriptions, by means of which breath and life returns to illustrious generals after their decease; not the precipitate flight of Hannibal, and his menaces retorted upon his own head: not the flames of impious Carthage * * * * more eminently set forth his praises, who returned, having gained a name from conquered Africa, than the Calabrlan muses; neither, should writings be silent, would you have any reward for having done well. What would the son of Mars and Ilia be, if invidious silence had stifled the merits of Romulus? The force, and favor, and voice of powerful poets

consecrate Aecus, snatched from the Stygian floods, to the Fortunate Islands. The muse forbids a praiseworthy man to die: the muse, confers the happiness of heaven. Thus laborious Hercules has a place at the longed-for banquets of Jove: [thus] the sons of Tyndarus, that bright constellation, rescue shattered vessels from the bosom of the deep: [and thus] Bacchus, his temples adorned with the verdant vine-branch, brings the prayers of his votaries to successful issues.

ODE IX.

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.

Lest you for a moment imagine that those words will be lost, which I, born on the far-resounding Aufidus, utter to be accompanied with the lyre, by arts hitherto undivulged — If Maeonian Homer possesses the first rank, the Pindaric and Cean muses, and the menacing strains of Alcaeus, and the majestic ones of Stesichorus, are by no means obscure: neither, if Anacreon long ago sportfully sung any thing, has time destroyed it: even now breathes the love and live the ardors of the Aeolian maid, committed to her lyre. The Lacedaemonian Helen is not the only fair, who has been inflamed by admiring the delicate ringlets of a gallant, and garments embroidered with gold, and courtly accomplishments, and retinue: nor was Teucer the first that leveled arrows from the Cydonian bow: Troy was more than once harassed: the great Idomeneus and Sthenelus were not the only heroes that fought battles worthy to be recorded by the muses: the fierce Hector, or the strenuous Deiphobus were not the first that received heavy blows in defense of virtuous wives and children. Many brave men lived before Agamemnon: but all of them, unlamented and unknown, are overwhelmed with

endless obscurity, because they were destitute of a sacred bard. Valor, uncelebrated, differs but little from cowardice when in the grave. I will not [therefore], O Lollius, pass you over in silence, uncelebrated in my writings, or suffer envious forgetfulness with impunity to seize so many toils of thine. You have a mind ever prudent in the conduct of affairs, and steady alike amid success and trouble: you are an avenger of avaricious fraud, and proof against money, that attracts every thing; and a consul not of one year only, but as often as the good and upright magistrate has preferred the honorable to the profitable, and has rejected with a disdainful brow the bribes of wicked men, and triumphant through opposing bands has displayed his arms. You can not with propriety call him happy, that possesses much; he more justly claims the title of happy, who understands how to make a wise use of the gifts of the gods, and how to bear severe poverty; and dreads a reproachful deed worse than death; such a man as this is not afraid to perish in the defense of his dear friends, or of his country.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O cruel still, and potent in the endowments of beauty, when an unexpected plume shall come upon your vanity, and those locks, which now wanton on your shoulders, shall fall off, and that color, which is now preferable to the blossom of the damask rose, changed, O Ligurinus, shall turn into a wrinkled face; [then] will you say (as often as you see yourself, [quite] another person in the looking glass), Alas! why was not my present inclination the same, when I was young? Or why do not my cheeks return, unimpaired, to these my present sentiments?

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis, I have a cask full of Abanian wine, upward of nine years old; I have parsley in my garden, for the weaving of chaplets, I have a store of ivy, with which, when you have bound your hair, you look so gay: the house shines cheerfully With plate: the altar, bound with chaste vervain, longs to be sprinkled [with the blood] of a sacrificed lamb: all hands are busy: girls mingled with boys fly about from place to place: the flames quiver, rolling on their summit the sooty smoke. But yet, that you may know to what joys you are invited, the Ides are to be celebrated by you, the day which divides April, the month of sea-born Venus; [a day,] with reason to be solemnized by me, and almost more sacred to me than that of my own birth; since from this day my dear Maecenas reckons his flowing years. A rich and buxom girl hath possessed herself of Telephus, a youth above your rank; and she holds him fast by an agreeable fetter. Consumed Phaeton strikes terror into ambitious hopes, and the winged Pegasus, not stomaching the earth-born rider Bellerophon, affords a terrible example, that you ought always to pursue things that are suitable to you, and that you should avoid a disproportioned match, by thinking it a

crime to entertain a hope beyond what is allowable. Come then, thou last of my loves (for hereafter I shall burn for no other woman), learn with me such measures, as thou mayest recite with thy lovely voice: our gloomy cares shall be mitigated with an ode.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

The Thracian breezes, attendants on the spring, which moderate the deep, now fill the sails; now neither are the meadows stiff [with frost], nor roar the rivers swollen with winter's snow. The unhappy bird, that piteotisly bemoans Itys, and is the eternal disgrace of the house of Cecrops (because she wickedly revenged the brutal lusts of kings), now builds her nest. The keepers of the sheep play tunes upon the pipe amid the tendar herbage, and delight that god, whom flocks and the shady hills of Arcadia delight. The time of year, O Virgil, has brought on a drought: but if you desire to quaff wine from the Calenian press, you, that are a constant companion of young noblemen, must earn your liquor by [bringing some] spikenard: a small box of spikenard shall draw out a cask, which now lies in the Sulpician store-house, bounteous in the indulgence of fresh hopes and efficacious in washing away the bitterness of cares. To which joys if you hasten, come instantly with your merchandize: I do not intend to dip you in my cups scot-free, like a man of wealth, in a house abounding with plenty. But lay aside delay, and the desire of gain; and, mindful of the gloomy [funeral] flames, intermix, while you

may, your grave studies with a little light gayety: it is delightful to give a loose on a proper occasion.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

The gods have heard my prayers, O Lyce; Lyce, the gods have heard my prayers, you are become an old woman, and yet you would fain seem a beauty; and you wanton and drink in an audacious manner; and when drunk, solicit tardy Cupid, with a quivering voice. He basks in the charming cheeks of the blooming Chia, who is a proficient on the lyre. The teasing urchin flies over blasted oaks, and starts back at the sight of you, because foul teeth, because wrinkles and snowy hair render you odious. Now neither Coan purples nor sparkling jewels restore those years, which winged time has inserted in the public annals. Whither is your beauty gone? Alas! or whither your bloom? Whither your graceful deportment? What have you [remaining] of her, of her, who breathed loves, and ravished me from myself? Happy next to Cynara, and distinguished for an aspect of graceful ways: but the fates granted a few years only to Cynara, intending to preserve for a long time Lyce, to rival in years the aged raven: that the fervid young fellows might see, not without excessive laughter, that torch, [which once so brightly scorched,] reduced to ashes.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

What zeal of the senators, or what of the Roman people, by decreeing the most ample honors, can eternize your virtues, O Augustus, by monumental inscriptions and lasting records? O thou, wherever the sun illuminates the habitable regions, greatest of princes, whom the Vindelici, that never experienced the Roman sway, have lately learned how powerful thou art in war! For Drusus, by means of your soldiery, has more than once bravely overthrown the Genauni, an implacable race, and the rapid Brenci, and the citadels situated on the tremendous Alps. The elder of the Neros soon after fought a terrible battle, and, under your propitious auspices, smote the ferocious Rhoeti: how worthy of admiration in the field of battle, [to see] with what destruction he oppressed the brave, hearts devoted to voluntary death: just as the south wind harasses the untameable waves, when the dance of the Pleiades cleaves the clouds; [so is he] strenuous to annoy the troops of the enemy, and to drive his eager steed through the midst of flames. Thus the bull-formed Aufidus, who washes the dominions of the Apulian Daunus, rolls along, when he rages and meditates an horrible deluge to the cultivated lands; when

Claudius overthrew with impetuous might, the iron ranks of the barbarians, and by mowing down both front and rear strewed the ground, victorious without any loss; through you supplying them with troops, you with councils, and your own guardian powers. For on that day, when the suppliant Alexandria opened her ports, and deserted court, fortune, propitious to you in the third lustrum, has put a happy period to the war, and has ascribed praise and wished-for honor to the victories already obtained. O thou dread guardian of Italy and imperial Rome, thee the Spaniard, till now unconquered, and the Mede, and the Indian, thee the vagrant Scythian admires; thee both the Nile, who conceals his fountain heads, and the Danube; thee the rapid Tigris; thee the monster-bearing ocean, that roars against the remote Britons; thee the region of Gaul fearless of death, and that of hardy Iberia obeys; thee the Sicambrians, who delight in slaughter, laying aside their arms, revere.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS, ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

Phoebus chid me, when I was meditating to sing of battles And conquered cities on the lyre: that I might not set my little sails along the Tyrrhenian Sea. Your age, O Caesar, has both restored plenteous crops to the fields, and has brought back to our Jupiter the standards torn from the proud pillars of the Parthians; and has shut up [the temple] of Janus [founded by] Romulus, now free from war; and has imposed a due discipline upon headstrong licentiousness, and has extirpated crimes, and recalled the ancient arts; by which the Latin name and strength of Italy have increased, and the fame and majesty of the empire is extended from the sun's western bed to the east. While Caesar is guardian of affairs, neither civil rage nor violence shall disturb tranquillity; nor hatred which forges swords, and sets at variance unhappy states. Not those, who drink of the deep Danube, shall now break the Julian edicts: not the Getae, not the Seres, nor the perfidious Persians, nor those born upon the river Tanais. And let us, both on common and festal days, amid the gifts of joyous Bacchus, together with our wives and families, having first duly invoked the

gods, celebrate, after the manner of our ancestors, with songs accompanied with Lydian pipes, our late valiant commanders: and Troy, and Anchises, and the offspring of benign Venus.

ODES (VERSE)

Translated by John Conington

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Please note: Conington did not translate I.XXV, II.V, III.XX and IV.X. Please refer to the prose translations for these Odes.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

MAECENAS ATAVIS.

Maecenas, born of monarch ancestors,
  The shield at once and glory of my life!
  There are who joy them in the Olympic strife
And love the dust they gather in the course;
The goal by hot wheels shunn'd, the famous prize,
  Exalt them to the gods that rule mankind;
  This joys, if rabbles fickle as the wind
Through triple grade of honours bid him rise,
That, if his granary has stored away
  Of Libya's thousand floors the yield entire;
  The man who digs his field as did his sire,
With honest pride, no Attalus may sway
By proffer'd wealth to tempt Myrtoan seas,
  The timorous captain of a Cyprian bark.
  The winds that make Icarian billows dark
The merchant fears, and hugs the rural ease
Of his own village home; but soon, ashamed
  Of penury, he refits his batter'd craft.
  There is, who thinks no scorn of Massic draught,
Who robs the daylight of an hour unblamed,
Now stretch'd beneath the arbute on the sward,
  Now by some gentle river's sacred spring;
  Some love the camp, the clarion's joyous ring,
And battle, by the mother's soul abhorr'd.

See, patient waiting in the clear keen air,
  The hunter, thoughtless of his delicate bride,
  Whether the trusty hounds a stag have eyed,
Or the fierce Marsian boar has burst the snare.
To me the artist's meed, the ivy wreath
  Is very heaven: me the sweet cool of woods,
  Where Satyrs frolic with the Nymphs, secludes
From rabble rout, so but Euterpe's breath
Fail not the flute, nor Polyhymnia fly
  Averse from stringing new the Lesbian lyre.
  O, write my name among that minstrel choir,
And my proud head shall strike upon the sky!

ODE II.

JAM SATIS TERRIS.

Enough of snow and hail at last
The Sire has sent in vengeance down:
His bolts, at His own temple cast,
Appall'd the town,
Appall'd the lands, lest Pyrrha's time
Return, with all its monstrous sights,
When Proteus led his flocks to climb
The flatten'd heights,
When fish were in the elm-tops caught,
Where once the stock-dove wont to bide,
And does were floating, all distraught,
Adown the tide.
Old Tiber, hurl'd in tumult back
From mingling with the Etruscan main,
Has threaten'd Numa's court with wrack
And Vesta's fane.
Roused by his Ilia's plaintive woes,
He vows revenge for guiltless blood,
And, spite of Jove, his banks o'erflows,
Uxorious flood.
Yes, Fame shall tell of civic steel
That better Persian lives had spilt,
To youths, whose minish'd numbers feel
Their parents' guilt.

What god shall Rome invoke to stay
  Her fall? Can suppliance overbear
The ear of Vesta, turn'd away
        From chant and prayer?
Who comes, commission'd to atone
  For crime like ours? at length appear,
A cloud round thy bright shoulders thrown,
        Apollo seer!
Or Venus, laughter-loving dame,
  Round whom gay Loves and Pleasures fly;
Or thou, if slighted sons may claim
        A parent's eye,
O weary — with thy long, long game,
  Who lov'st fierce shouts and helmets bright,
And Moorish warrior's glance of flame
        Or e'er he smite!
Or Maia's son, if now awhile
  In youthful guise we see thee here,
Caesar's avenger — such the style
        Thou deign'st to bear;
Late be thy journey home, and long
  Thy sojourn with Rome's family;
Nor let thy wrath at our great wrong
        Lend wings to fly.
Here take our homage, Chief and Sire;
  Here wreathe with bay thy conquering brow,
And bid the prancing Mede retire,
        Our Caesar thou!

ODE III.

SIC TE DIVA.

Thus may Cyprus' heavenly queen,
Thus Helen's brethren, stars of brightest sheen,
Guide thee! May the Sire of wind
Each truant gale, save only Zephyr, bind!
So do thou, fair ship, that ow'st
Virgil, thy precious freight, to Attic coast,
Safe restore thy loan and whole,
And save from death the partner of my soul!
Oak and brass of triple fold
Encompass'd sure that heart, which first made bold
To the raging sea to trust
A fragile bark, nor fear'd the Afric gust
With its Northern mates at strife,
Nor Hyads' frown, nor South-wind fury-rife,
Mightiest power that Hadria knows,
Wills he the waves to madden or compose.
What had Death in store to awe
Those eyes, that huge sea-beasts unmelting saw,
Saw the swelling of the surge,
And high Ceraunian cliffs, the seaman's scourge?
Heaven's high providence in vain
Has sever'd countries with the estranging main,
If our vessels ne'ertheless
With reckless plunge that sacred bar transgress.

Daring all, their goal to win,
Men tread forbidden ground, and rush on sin:
Daring all, Prometheus play'd
His wily game, and fire to man convey'd;
Soon as fire was stolen away,
Pale Fever's stranger host and wan Decay
Swept o'er earth's polluted face,
And slow Fate quicken'd Death's once halting pace.
Daedalus the void air tried
On wings, to humankind by Heaven denied;
Acheron's bar gave way with ease
Before the arm of labouring Hercules.
Nought is there for man too high;
Our impious folly e'en would climb the sky,
Braves the dweller on the steep,
Nor lets the bolts of heavenly vengeance sleep.

ODE IV.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

The touch of Zephyr and of Spring has loosen'd
Winter's thrall;
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea:
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for
their stall,
And frost no more is whitening all the lea.
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon
overhead;
The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit,
With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan,
fiery red,
Heats the Cyclopian forge in Aetna's pit.
'Tis now the time to wreathe the brow with branch
of myrtle green,
Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze;
Now Faunus claims his sacrifice among the shady
treen,
Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please.
Pale Death, impartial, walks his round; he knocks at
cottage-gate
And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss!
How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short
his being's date?
Lo here! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,

The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e’er you go,
No more for you shall leap the auspicious die
To seat you on the throne of wine; no more your breast shall glow
For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

ODE V.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS.

What slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,
Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade?
Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom
Your yellow hair you braid,
So trim, so simple! Ah! how oft shall he
Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,
Viewing the rough black sea
With eyes to tempests strange,
Who now is basking in your golden smile,
And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,
Poor fool, nor knows the guile
Of the deceitful wind!
Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud
Untried! For me, they show in yonder fane
My dripping garments, vow'd
To Him who curbs the main.

ODE VI.

SCRIBERIS VARIO.

Not I, but Varius: — he, of Homer's brood
A tuneful swan, shall bear you on his wing,
Your tale of trophies, won by field or flood,
Mighty alike to sing.
Not mine such themes, Agrippa; no, nor mine
To chant the wrath that fill'd Pelides' breast,
Nor dark Ulysses' wanderings o'er the brine,
Nor Pelops' house unblest.
Vast were the task, I feeble; inborn shame,
And she, who makes the peaceful lyre submit,
Forbid me to impair great Caesar's fame
And yours by my weak wit.
But who may fitly sing of Mars array'd
In adamant mail, or Merion, black with dust
Of Troy, or Tydeus' son by Pallas' aid
Strong against gods to thrust?
Feasts are my theme, my warriors maidens fair,
Who with pared nails encounter youths in fight;
Be Fancy free or caught in Cupid's snare,
Her temper still is light.

ODE VII.

LAUDABUNT ALII.

Let others Rhodes or Mytilene sing,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth, set between
Two seas, or Thebes, or Delphi, for its king
Each famous, or Thessalian Tempe green;
There are who make chaste Pallas' virgin tower
The daily burden of unending song,
And search for wreaths the olive's rifled bower;
The praise of Juno sounds from many a tongue,
Telling of Argos' steeds, Mycenaes's gold.
For me stern Sparta forges no such spell,
No, nor Larissa's plain of richest mould,
As bright Albunea echoing from her cell.
O headlong Anio! O Tiburnian groves,
And orchards saturate with shifting streams!
Look how the clear fresh south from heaven removes
The tempest, nor with rain perpetual teems!
You too be wise, my Plancus: life's worst cloud
Will melt in air, by mellow wine allay'd,
Dwell you in camps, with glittering banners proud,
Or 'neath your Tibur's canopy of shade.
When Teucer fled before his father's frown
From Salamis, they say his temples deep
He dipp'd in wine, then wreath'd with poplar

crown,
And bade his comrades lay their grief to sleep:
“Where Fortune bears us, than my sire more kind,
There let us go, my own, my gallant crew.
’Tis Teucer leads, ’tis Teucer breathes the wind;
No more despair; Apollo’s word is true.
Another Salamis in kindlier air
Shall yet arise. Hearts, that have borne with me
Worse buffets! drown to-day in wine your care;
To-morrow we recross the wide, wide sea!”

ODE VIII.

LYDIA, DIC PER OMNES.

Lydia, by all above,
Why bear so hard on Sybaris, to ruin him with love?
What change has made him shun
The playing-ground, who once so well could bear the dust and sun?
Why does he never sit
On horseback in his company, nor with uneven bit
His Gallic courser tame?
Why dreads he yellow Tiber, as ’twould sully that fair frame?
Like poison loathes the oil,
His arms no longer black and blue with honourable toil,
He who erewhile was known
For quoit or javelin oft and oft beyond the limit thrown?
Why skulks he, as they say
Did Thetis’ son before the dawn of Ilion’s fatal day,
For fear the manly dress
Should fling him into danger’s arms, amid the Lycian press?

ODE IX.

VIDES UT ALTA.

See, how it stands, one pile of snow,
Soracte! ‘neath the pressure yield
Its groaning woods; the torrents’ flow
With clear sharp ice is all congeal’d.
Heap high the logs, and melt the cold,
Good Thaliarch; draw the wine we ask,
That mellower vintage, four-year-old,
From out the cellar’d Sabine cask.
The future trust with Jove; when He
Has still’d the warring tempests’ roar
On the vex’d deep, the cypress-tree
And aged ash are rock’d no more.
O, ask not what the morn will bring,
But count as gain each day that chance
May give you; sport in life’s young spring,
Nor scorn sweet love, nor merry dance,
While years are green, while sullen eld
Is distant. Now the walk, the game,
The whisper’d talk at sunset held,
Each in its hour, prefer their claim.
Sweet too the laugh, whose feign’d alarm
The hiding-place of beauty tells,
The token, ravish’d from the arm
Or finger, that but ill rebels.

ODE X.

MERCURI FACUNDE.

Grandson of Atlas, wise of tongue,
O Mercury, whose wit could tame
Man's savage youth by power of song
And plastic game!
Thee sing I, herald of the sky,
Who gav'st the lyre its music sweet,
Hiding whate'er might please thine eye
In frolic cheat.
See, threatening thee, poor guileless child,
Apollo claims, in angry tone,
His cattle; — all at once he smiled,
His quiver gone.
Strong in thy guidance, Hector's sire
Escaped the Atridae, pass'd between
Thessalian tents and warders' fire,
Of all unseen.
Thou lay'st unspotted souls to rest;
Thy golden rod pale spectres know;
Blest power! by all thy brethren blest,
Above, below!

ODE XI.

TU NE QUAESIERIS.

Ask not (’tis forbidden knowledge), what our destined term of years,
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Babylonish seers.
Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like the past,
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this our last;
THIS, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their strength against
the shore.
Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life is short; should hope
be more?
In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb’d away.
Seize the present; trust to-morrow e’en as little as you may.

ODE XII.

QUEMN VIRUM AUT HEROA.

What man, what hero, Clio sweet,
On harp or flute wilt thou proclaim?
What god shall echo's voice repeat
In mocking game
To Helicon's sequester'd shade,
Or Pindus, or on Haemus chill,
Where once the hurrying woods obey'd
The minstrel's will,
Who, by his mother's gift of song,
Held the fleet stream, the rapid breeze,
And led with blandishment along
The listening trees?
Whom praise we first? the Sire on high,
Who gods and men unerring guides,
Who rules the sea, the earth, the sky,
Their times and tides.
No mightier birth may He beget;
No like, no second has He known;
Yet nearest to her sire's is set
Minerva's throne.
Nor yet shall Bacchus pass unsaid,
Bold warrior, nor the virgin foe
Of savage beasts, nor Phoebus, dread
With deadly bow.

Alcides too shall be my theme,
And Leda's twins, for horses be,
He famed for boxing; soon as gleam
Their stars at sea,
The lash'd spray trickles from the steep,
The wind sinks down, the storm-cloud flies,
The threatening billow on the deep
Obedient lies.
Shall now Quirinus take his turn,
Or quiet Numa, or the state
Proud Tarquin held, or Cato stern,
By death made great?
Ay, Regulus and the Scaurian name,
And Paullus, who at Cannae gave
His glorious soul, fair record claim,
For all were brave.
Thee, Furius, and Fabricius, thee,
Rough Curius too, with untrimm'd beard,
Your sires' transmitted poverty
To conquest rear'd.
Marcellus' fame, its up-growth hid,
Springs like a tree; great Julius' light
Shines, like the radiant moon amid
The lamps of night.
Dread Sire and Guardian of man's race,
To Thee, O Jove, the Fates assign
Our Caesar's charge; his power and place
Be next to Thine.
Whether the Parthian, threatening Rome,

His eagles scatter to the wind,
Or follow to their eastern home
Cathay and Ind,
Thy second let him rule below:
Thy car shall shake the realms above;
Thy vengeful bolts shall overthrow
Each guilty grove.

ODE XIII.

CUM TU, LYDIA.

Telephus — you praise him still,
His waxen arms, his rosy-tinted neck;
Ah! and all the while I thrill
With jealous pangs I cannot, cannot check.
See, my colour comes and goes,
My poor heart flutters, Lydia, and the dew,
Down my cheek soft stealing, shows
What lingering torments rack me through and through.
Oh, ’tis agony to see
Those snowwhite shoulders scarr’d in drunken fray,
Or those ruby lips, where he
Has left strange marks, that show how rough his play!
Never, never look to find
A faithful heart in him whose rage can harm
Sweetest lips, which Venus kind
Has tinctured with her quintessential charm.
Happy, happy, happy they
Whose living love, untroubled by all strife,
Binds them till the last sad day,
Nor parts asunder but with parting life!

ODE XIV.

O NAVIS, REFERENT.

O LUCKLESS bark! new waves will force you back
To sea. O, haste to make the haven yours!
E'en now, a helpless wrack,
You drift, despoil'd of oars;
The Afric gale has dealt your mast a wound;
Your sailyards groan, nor can your keel sustain,
Till lash'd with cables round,
A more imperious main.
Your canvass hangs in ribbons, rent and torn;
No gods are left to pray to in fresh need.
A pine of Pontus born
Of noble forest breed,
You boast your name and lineage — madly blind!
Can painted timbers quell a seaman's fear?
Beware! or else the wind
Makes you its mock and jeer.
Your trouble late made sick this heart of mine,
And still I love you, still am ill at ease.
O, shun the sea, where shine
The thick-sown Cyclades!

ODE XV.

PASTOR CUM TRAHERET.

When the false swain was hurrying o’er the deep
His Spartan hostess in the Idaean bark,
Old Nereus laid the unwilling winds asleep,
That all to Fate might hark,
Speaking through him:— “Home in ill hour you take
A prize whom Greece shall claim with troops untold,
Leagued by an oath your marriage tie to break
And Priam’s kingdom old.
Alas! what deaths you launch on Dardan realm!
What toils are waiting, man and horse to tire!
See! Pallas trims her aegis and her helm,
Her chariot and her ire.
Vainly shall you, in Venus’ favour strong,
Your tresses comb, and for your dames divide
On peaceful lyre the several parts of song;
Vainly in chamber hide
From spears and Gnossian arrows, barb’d with fate,
And battle’s din, and Ajax in the chase
Unconquer’d; those adulterous locks, though late,
Shall gory dust deface.
Hark! ’tis the death-cry of your race! look back!
Ulysses comes, and Pylian Nestor grey;

See! Salaminian Teucer on your track,
And Sthenelus, in the fray
Versed, or with whip and rein, should need require,
No laggard. Merion too your eyes shall know
From far. Tydides, fiercer than his sire,
Pursues you, all aglow;
Him, as the stag forgets to graze for fright,
Seeing the wolf at distance in the glade,
And flies, high panting, you shall fly, despite
Boasts to your leman made.
What though Achilles' wrathful fleet postpone
The day of doom to Troy and Troy's proud dames,
Her towers shall fall, the number'd winters flown,
Wrapp'd in Achaean flames."

ODE XVI.

O MATRE PULCHRA.

O lovelier than the lovely dame
That bore you, sentence as you please
Those scurril verses, be it flame
Your vengeance craves, or Hadrian seas.
Not Cybele, nor he that haunts
Rich Pytho, worse the brain confounds,
Not Bacchus, nor the Corybants
Clash their loud gongs with fiercer sounds
Than savage wrath; nor sword nor spear
Appals it, no, nor ocean's frown,
Nor ravening fire, nor Jupiter
In hideous ruin crashing down.
Prometheus, forced, they say, to add
To his prime clay some favourite part
From every kind, took lion mad,
And lodged its gall in man's poor heart.
'Twas wrath that laid Thyestes low;
'Tis wrath that oft destruction calls
On cities, and invites the foe
To drive his plough o'er ruin'd walls.
Then calm your spirit; I can tell
How once, when youth in all my veins
Was glowing, blind with rage, I fell
On friend and foe in ribald strains.

Come, let me change my sour for sweet,
  And smile complacent as before:
Hear me my palinode repeat,
  And give me back your heart once more.

ODE XVII.

VELOX AMOENUM.

The pleasures of Lucretilis
  Tempt Faunus from his Grecian seat;
He keeps my little goats in bliss
  Apart from wind, and rain, and heat.
In safety rambling o'er the sward
  For arbutes and for thyme they peer,
The ladies of the unfragrant lord,
  Nor vipers, green with venom, fear,
Nor savage wolves, of Mars' own breed,
  My Tyndaris, while Ustica's dell
Is vocal with the silvan reed,
  And music thrills the limestone fell.
Heaven is my guardian; Heaven approves
  A blameless life, by song made sweet;
Come hither, and the fields and groves
  Their horn shall empty at your feet.
Here, shelter'd by a friendly tree,
  In Teian measures you shall sing
Bright Circe and Penelope,
  Love-smitten both by one sharp sting.
Here shall you quaff beneath the shade
  Sweet Lesbian draughts that injure none,
Nor fear lest Mars the realm invade
  Of Semele's Thyonian son,

Lest Cyrus on a foe too weak
  Lay the rude hand of wild excess,
His passion on your chaplet wreak,
  Or spoil your undeserving dress.

ODE XVIII.

NULLAM, VARE.

Varus, are your trees in planting? put in none before the vine,
In the rich domain of Tibur, by the walls of Catilus;
There's a power above that hampers all that sober brains design,
And the troubles man is heir to thus are quell'd, and only thus.
Who can talk of want or warfare when the wine is in his head,
Not of thee, good father Bacchus, and of Venus fair and bright?
But should any dream of licence, there's a lesson may be read,
How 'twas wine that drove the Centaurs with the Lapithae to fight.
And the Thracians too may warn us; truth and falsehood, good and ill,
How they mix them, when the wine-god's hand is heavy on them laid!
Never, never, gracious Bacchus, may I move thee 'gainst thy will,
Or uncover what is hidden in the verdure of thy shade!

Silence thou thy savage cymbals, and the
Berecyntine horn;
In their train Self-love still follows, dully,
desperately
blind,
And Vain-glory, towering upwards in its empty-
headed scorn,
And the Faith that keeps no secrets, with a window
in its mind.

ODE XIX.

MATER SAEVA CUPIDINUM

Cupid’s mother, cruel dame,
And Semele’s Theban boy, and Licence bold,
Bid me kindle into flame
This heart, by waning passion now left cold.
O, the charms of Glycera,
That hue, more dazzling than the Parian stone!
O, that sweet tormenting play,
That too fair face, that blinds when look’d upon!
Venus comes in all her might,
Quits Cyprus for my heart, nor lets me tell
Of the Parthian, hold in flight,
Nor Scythian hordes, nor aught that breaks her spell.
Heap the grassy altar up,
Bring vervain, boys, and sacred frankincense;
Fill the sacrificial cup;
A victim’s blood will soothe her vehemence.

ODE XX.

VILE POTABIS.

Not large my cups, nor rich my cheer,
This Sabine wine, which erst I seal'd,
That day the applauding theatre
Your welcome peal'd,
Dear knight Maecenas! as 'twere fain
That your paternal river's banks,
And Vatican, in sportive strain,
Should echo thanks.
For you Calenian grapes are press'd,
And Caecuban; these cups of mine
Falernum's bounty ne'er has bless'd,
Nor Formian vine.

ODE XXI.

DIANAM TENERAE.

Of Dian's praises, tender maidens, tell;
Of Cynthus' unshorn god, young striplings, sing;
And bright Latona, well
Beloved of Heaven's high King.
Sing her that streams and silvan foliage loves,
Whate'er on Algidus' chill brow is seen,
In Erymanthian groves
Dark-leaved, or Cragus green.
Sing Tempe too, glad youths, in strain as loud,
And Phoebus' birthplace, and that shoulder fair,
His golden quiver proud
And brother's lyre to bear.
His arm shall banish Hunger, Plague, and War
To Persia and to Britain's coast, away
From Rome and Caesar far,
If you have zeal to pray.

ODE XXII.

INTEGER VITAE.

No need of Moorish archer's craft
To guard the pure and stainless liver;
He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft
To store his quiver,
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls
His fabled torrent.
A wolf, while roaming trouble-free
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
Beheld, and fled me.
Dire monster! in her broad oak woods
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods
The thirsty mother.
Place me where on the ice-bound plain
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,
Where Jove descends in sleety rain
Or sullen freezes;
Place me where none can live for heat,
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
Shall still enchant me.

ODE XXIII.

VITAS HINNULEO.

You fly me, Chloe, as o’er trackless hills
A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find,
Whom empty terror thrills
Of woods and whispering wind.
Whether ’tis Spring’s first shiver, faintly heard
Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake
The rustling thorns have stirr’d,
Her heart, her knees, they quake.
Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,
No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe:
Come, learn to leave your dam,
For lover’s kisses ripe.

ODE XXIV.

QUIS DESIDERIO.

Why blush to let our tears unmeasured fall
For one so dear? Begin the mournful stave,
Melpomene, to whom the Sire of all
Sweet voice with music gave.
And sleeps he then the heavy sleep of death,
Quintilius? Piety, twin sister dear
Of Justice! naked Truth! unsullied Faith!
When will ye find his peer?
By many a good man wept. Quintilius dies;
By none than you, my Virgil, trulier wept:
Devout in vain, you chide the faithless skies,
Asking your loan ill-kept.
No, though more suasive than the bard of Thrace
You swept the lyre that trees were fain to hear,
Ne'er should the blood revisit his pale face
Whom once with wand severe
Mercury has folded with the sons of night,
Untaught to prayer Fate's prison to unseal.
Ah, heavy grief! but patience makes more light
What sorrow may not heal.

ODE XXVI.

MUSIS AMICUS.

The Muses love me: fear and grief,
  The winds may blow them to the sea;
Who quail before the wintry chief
  Of Scythia's realm, is nought to me.
What cloud o'er Tiridates lowers,
  I care not, I. O, nymph divine
Of virgin springs, with sunniest flowers
  A chaplet for my Lamia twine,
Pimplea sweet! my praise were vain
  Without thee. String this maiden lyre,
Attune for him the Lesbian strain,
  O goddess, with thy sister quire!

ODE XXVII.

NATIS IN USUM.

What, fight with cups that should give joy?
’Tis barbarous; leave such savage ways
To Thracians. Bacchus, shamefaced boy,
Is blushing at your bloody frays.
The Median sabre! lights and wine!
Was stranger contrast ever seen?
Cease, cease this brawling, comrades mine,
And still upon your elbows lean.
Well, shall I take a toper’s part
Of fierce Falernian? let our guest,
Megilla’s brother, say what dart
Gave the death-wound that makes him blest.
He hesitates? no other hire
Shall tempt my sober brains. Whate’er
The goddess tames you, no base fire
She kindles; ’tis some gentle fair
Allures you still. Come, tell me truth,
And trust my honour. — That the name?
That wild Charybdis yours? Poor youth!
O, you deserved a better flame!
What wizard, what Thessalian spell,
What god can save you, hamper’d thus?
To cope with this Chimaera fell
Would task another Pegasus.

ODE XXVIII.

TE MARIS ET TERRA.

The sea, the earth, the innumerable sand,
  Archytas, thou couldst measure; now, alas!
A little dust on Matine shore has spann'd
  That soaring spirit; vain it was to pass
The gates of heaven, and send thy soul in quest
  O'er air's wide realms; for thou hadst yet to die.
Ay, dead is Pelops' father, heaven's own guest,
  And old Tithonus, rapt from earth to sky,
And Minos, made the council-friend of Jove;
  And Panthus' son has yielded up his breath
Once more, though down he pluck'd the shield, to prove
  His prowess under Troy, and bade grim death
O'er skin and nerves alone exert its power,
  Not he, you grant, in nature meanly read.
Yes, all "await the inevitable hour;"
  The downward journey all one day must tread.
Some bleed, to glut the war-god's savage eyes;
  Fate meets the sailor from the hungry brine;
Youth jostles age in funeral obsequies;
  Each brow in turn is touch'd by Proserpine.
Me, too, Orion's mate, the Southern blast,
  Whelm'd in deep death beneath the Illyrian wave.
But grudge not, sailor, of driven sand to cast

A handful on my head, that owns no grave.
So, though the eastern tempests loudly threat
Hesperia's main, may green Venusia's crown
Be stripp'd, while you lie warm; may blessings yet
Stream from Tarentum's guard, great Neptune, down,
And gracious Jove, into your open lap!
What! shrink you not from crime whose punishment
Falls on your innocent children? it may hap
Imperious Fate will make yourself repent.
My prayers shall reach the avengers of all wrong;
No expiations shall the curse unbind.
Great though your haste, I would not task you long;
Thrice sprinkle dust, then scud before the wind.

ODE XXIX.

ICCI, BEATIS.

Your heart on Arab wealth is set,
  Good Iccius: you would try your steel
On Saba's kings, unconquer'd yet,
  And make the Mede your fetters feel.
Come, tell me what barbarian fair
  Will serve you now, her bridegroom slain?
What page from court with essenced hair
  Will tender you the bowl you drain,
Well skill'd to bend the Serian bow
  His father carried? Who shall say
That rivers may not uphill flow,
  And Tiber's self return one day,
If you would change Panaetius' works,
  That costly purchase, and the clan
Of Socrates, for shields and dirks,
  Whom once we thought a saner man?

ODE XXX.

O VENUS.

Come, Cnidian, Paphian Venus, come,
Thy well-beloved Cyprus spurn,
Haste, where for thee in Glycera's home
Sweet odours burn.
Bring too thy Cupid, glowing warm,
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned and free,
And Youth, that lacking thee lacks charm,
And Mercury.

ODE XXXI.

QUID DEDICATUM.

What blessing shall the bard entreat
  The god he hallows, as he pours
The winecup? Not the mounds of wheat
  That load Sardinian threshing floors;
Not Indian gold or ivory — no,
  Nor flocks that o'er Calabria stray,
Nor fields that Liris, still and slow,
  Is eating, unperceived, away.
Let those whose fate allows them train
  Calenum's vine; let trader bold
From golden cups rich liquor drain
  For wares of Syria bought and sold,
Heaven's favourite, sooth, for thrice a-year
  He comes and goes across the brine
Undamaged. I in plenty here
  On endives, mallows, succory dine.
O grant me, Phoebus, calm content,
  Strength unimpair'd, a mind entire,
Old age without dishonour spent,
  Nor unbefriended by the lyre!

ODE XXXII.

POSCIMUR.

They call; — if aught in shady dell
We twain have warbled, to remain
Long months or years, now breathe, my shell,
A Roman strain,
Thou, strung by Lesbos' minstrel hand,
The bard, who 'mid the clash of steel,
Or haply mooring to the strand
His batter'd keel,
Of Bacchus and the Muses sung,
And Cupid, still at Venus' side,
And Lycus, beautiful and young,
Dark-hair'd, dark-eyed.
O sweetest lyre, to Phoebus dear,
Delight of Jove's high festival,
Blest balm in trouble, hail and hear
Whene'er I call!

ODE XXXIII.

ALBI, NE DOLEAS.

What, Albius! why this passionate despair
For cruel Glycera? why melt your voice
In dolorous strains, because the perjured fair
Has made a younger choice?
See, narrow-brow'd Lycoris, how she glows
For Cyrus! Cyrus turns away his head
To Pholoe's frown; but sooner gentle roes
Apulian wolves shall wed,
Than Pholoe to so mean a conqueror strike:
So Venus wills it; 'neath her brazen yoke
She loves to couple forms and minds unlike,
All for a heartless joke.
For me sweet Love had forged a milder spell;
But Myrtale still kept me her fond slave,
More stormy she than the tempestuous swell
That crests Calabria's wave.

ODE XXXIV.

PARCUS DEORUM.

My prayers were scant, my offerings few,
While witless wisdom fool'd my mind;
But now I trim my sails anew,
And trace the course I left behind.
For lo! the Sire of heaven on high,
By whose fierce bolts the clouds are riven,
To-day through an unclouded sky
His thundering steeds and car has driven.
E'en now dull earth and wandering floods,
And Atlas' limitary range,
And Styx, and Taenarus' dark abodes
Are reeling. He can lowliest change
And loftiest; bring the mighty down
And lift the weak; with whirring flight
Comes Fortune, plucks the monarch's crown,
And decks therewith some meaner wight.

ODE XXXV.

O DIVA, GRATUM.

Lady of Antium, grave and stern!
O Goddess, who canst lift the low
To high estate, and sudden turn
A triumph to a funeral show!
Thee the poor hind that tills the soil
Implores; their queen they own in thee,
Who in Bithynian vessel toil
Amid the vex'd Carpathian sea.
Thee Dacians fierce, and Scythian hordes,
Peoples and towns, and Koine, their head,
And mothers of barbarian lords,
And tyrants in their purple dread,
Lest, spurn'd by thee in scorn, should fall
The state's tall prop, lest crowds on fire
To arms, to arms! the loiterers call,
And thrones be tumbled in the mire.
Necessity precedes thee still
With hard fierce eyes and heavy tramp:
Her hand the nails and wedges fill,
The molten lead and stubborn clamp.
Hope, precious Truth in garb of white,
Attend thee still, nor quit thy side
When with changed robes thou tak'st thy flight
In anger from the homes of pride.

Then the false herd, the faithless fair,
  Start backward; when the wine runs dry,
The jocund guests, too light to bear
  An equal yoke, asunder fly.
O shield our Caesar as he goes
  To furthest Britain, and his band,
Rome's harvest! Send on Eastern foes
  Their fear, and on the Red Sea strand!
O wounds that scarce have ceased to run!
  O brother's blood! O iron time!
What horror have we left undone?
  Has conscience shrunk from aught of crime?
What shrine has rapine held in awe?
  What altar spared? O haste and beat
The blunted steel we yet may draw
  On Arab and on Massagete!

ODE XXXVI.

ET THURE, ET FIDIBUS.

Bid the lyre and cittern play;
Enkindle incense, shed the victim's gore;
Heaven has watch'd o'er Numida,
And brings him safe from far Hispania's shore.
Now, returning, he bestows
On each, dear comrade all the love he can;
But to Lamia most he owes,
By whose sweet side he grew from boy to man.
Note we in our calendar
This festal day with whitest mark from Crete:
Let it flow, the old wine-jar,
And ply to Salian time your restless feet.
Damalis tosses off her wine,
But Bassus sure must prove her match to-night.
Give us roses all to twine,
And parsley green, and lilies deathly white.
Every melting eye will rest
On Damalis' lovely face; but none may part
Damalis from our new-found guest;
She clings, and clings, like ivy, round his heart.

ODE XXXVII.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

Now drink we deep, now featly tread
A measure; now before each shrine
With Salian feasts the table spread;
The time invites us, comrades mine.
'Twas shame to broach, before to-day,
The Caecuban, while Egypt's dame
Threaten'd our power in dust to lay
And wrap the Capitol in flame,
Girt with her foul emasculate throng,
By Fortune's sweet new wine befool'd,
In hope's ungovern'd weakness strong
To hope for all; but soon she cool'd,
To see one ship from burning 'scape;
Great Caesar taught her dizzy brain,
Made mad by Mareotic grape,
To feel the sobering truth of pain,
And gave her chase from Italy,
As after doves fierce falcons speed,
As hunters 'neath Haemonia's sky
Chase the tired hare, so might he lead
The fiend enchain'd; SHE sought to die
More nobly, nor with woman's dread
Quail'd at the steel, nor timorously
In her fleet ships to covert fled.

Amid her ruin'd halls she stood
  Unblench'd, and fearless to the end
Grasp'd the fell snakes, that all her blood
  Might with the cold black venom blend,
Death's purpose flushing in her face;
  Nor to our ships the glory gave,
That she, no vulgar dame, should grace
  A triumph, crownless, and a slave.

ODE XXXVIII.

PERSICOS ODI.

No Persian cumber, boy, for me;
I hate your garlands linden-plaited;
Leave winter's rose where on the tree
It hangs belated.
Wreath me plain myrtle; never think
Plain myrtle either's wear unfitting,
Yours as you wait, mine as I drink
In vine-bower sitting.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

MOTUM EX METELLO.

The broils that from Metellus date,
The secret springs, the dark intrigues,
The freaks of Fortune, and the great
Confederate in disastrous leagues,
And arms with uncleansed slaughter red,
A work of danger and distrust,
You treat, as one on fire should tread,
Scarce hid by treacherous ashen crust.
Let Tragedy's stern muse be mute
Awhile; and when your order'd page
Has told Rome's tale, that buskin'd foot
Again shall mount the Attic stage,
Pollio, the pale defendant's shield,
In deep debate the senate's stay,
The hero of Dalmatic field
By Triumph crown'd with deathless bay.
E'en now with trumpet's threatening blare
You thrill our ears; the clarion brays;
The lightnings of the armour scare
The steed, and daunt the rider's gaze.
Methinks I hear of leaders proud
With no uncomely dust distain'd,
And all the world by conquest bow'd,
And only Cato's soul unchain'd.

Yes, Juno and the powers on high
  That left their Afric to its doom,
Have led the victors' progeny
  As victims to Jugurtha's tomb.
What field, by Latian blood-drops fed,
  Proclaims not the unnatural deeds
It buries, and the earthquake dread
  Whose distant thunder shook the Medes?
What gulf, what river has not seen
  Those sights of sorrow? nay, what sea
Has Daunian carnage yet left green?
  What coast from Roman blood is free?
But pause, gay Muse, nor leave your play
  Another Cean dirge to sing;
With me to Venus' bower away,
  And there attune a lighter string.

ODE II.

NULLUS ARGENTO.

The silver, Sallust, shows not fair
  While buried in the greedy mine:
You love it not till moderate wear
    Have given it shine.
Honour to Proculeius! he
  To brethren play'd a father's part;
Fame shall embalm through years to be
    That noble heart.
Who curbs a greedy soul may boast
  More power than if his broad-based throne
Bridged Libya's sea, and either coast
    Were all his own.
Indulgence bids the dropsy grow;
  Who fain would quench the palate's flame
Must rescue from the watery foe
    The pale weak frame.
Phraates, throned where Cyrus sate,
  May count for blest with vulgar herds,
But not with Virtue; soon or late
    From lying words
She weans men's lips; for him she keeps
  The crown, the purple, and the bays,
Who dares to look on treasure-heaps
    With unblench'd gaze.

ODE III.

AEQUAM, MEMENTO.

An equal mind, when storms o'ercloud,
  Maintain, nor 'neath a brighter sky
Let pleasure make your heart too proud,
  O Dellius, Dellius! sure to die,
Whether in gloom you spend each year,
  Or through long holydays at ease
In grassy nook your spirit cheer
  With old Falernian vintages,
Where poplar pale, and pine-tree high
  Their hospitable shadows spread
Entwined, and panting waters try
  To hurry down their zigzag bed.
Bring wine and scents, and roses' bloom,
  Too brief, alas! to that sweet place,
While life, and fortune, and the loom
  Of the Three Sisters yield you grace.
Soon must you leave the woods you buy,
  Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's flow,
Leave, — and your treasures, heap'd so high,
  Your reckless heir will level low.
Whether from Argos' founder born
  In wealth you lived beneath the sun,
Or nursed in beggary and scorn,
  You fall to Death, who pities none.

One way all travel; the dark urn
  Shakes each man's lot, that soon or late
Will force him, hopeless of return,
  On board the exile-ship of Fate.

ODE IV.

NE SIT ANCILLAE

Why, Xanthias, blush to own you love
  Your slave? Briseis, long ago,
A captive, could Achilles move
    With breast of snow.
Tecmessa's charms enslaved her lord,
  Stout Ajax, heir of Telamon;
Atrides, in his pride, adored
    The maid he won,
When Troy to Thessaly gave way,
  And Hector's all too quick decease
Made Pergamus an easier prey
    To wearied Greece.
What if, as auburn Phyllis' mate,
  You graft yourself on regal stem?
Oh yes! be sure her sires were great;
    She weeps for THEM.
Believe me, from no rascal scum
  Your charmer sprang; so true a flame,
Such hate of greed, could never come
    From vulgar dame.
With honest fervour I commend
  Those lips, those eyes; you need not fear
A rival, hurrying on to end
    His fortieth year.

ODE VI.

SEPTIMI, GADES.

Septimius, who with me would brave
  Far Gades, and Cantabrian land
Untamed by Home, and Moorish wave
    That whirls the sand;
Fair Tibur, town of Argive kings,
  There would I end my days serene,
At rest from seas and travellings,
    And service seen.
Should angry Fate those wishes foil,
  Then let me seek Galesus, sweet
To skin-clad sheep, and that rich soil,
    The Spartan's seat.
O, what can match the green recess,
  Whose honey not to Hybla yields,
Whose olives vie with those that bless
    Venafrum's fields?
Long springs, mild winters glad that spot
  By Jove's good grace, and Aulon, dear
To fruitful Bacchus, envies not
    Falernian cheer.
That spot, those happy heights desire
  Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,
    Your bard and friend.

ODE VII.

O SAEPE MECUM.

O, Oft with me in troublous time
  Involved, when Brutus warr'd in Greece,
Who gives you back to your own clime
  And your own gods, a man of peace,
Pompey, the earliest friend I knew,
  With whom I oft cut short the hours
With wine, my hair bright bathed in dew
  Of Syrian oils, and wreathed with flowers?
With you I shared Philippi's rout,
  Unseemly parted from my shield,
When Valour fell, and warriors stout
  Were tumbled on the inglorious field:
But I was saved by Mercury,
  Wrapp'd in thick mist, yet trembling sore,
While you to that tempestuous sea
  Were swept by battle's tide once more.
Come, pay to Jove the feast you owe;
  Lay down those limbs, with warfare spent,
Beneath my laurel; nor be slow
  To drain my cask; for you 'twas meant.
Lethe's true draught is Massic wine;
  Fill high the goblet; pour out free
Rich streams of unguent. Who will twine
  The hasty wreath from myrtle-tree

Or parsley? Whom will Venus seat
  Chairman of cups? Are Bacchants sane?
Then I'll be sober. O, 'tis sweet
  To fool, when friends come home again!

ODE VIII.

ULLA SI JURIS.

Had chastisement for perjured truth,
  Barine, mark'd you with a curse —
Did one wry nail, or one black tooth,
    But make you worse —
I'd trust you; but, when plighted lies
  Have pledged you deepest, lovelier far
You sparkle forth, of all young eyes
    The ruling star.
'Tis gain to mock your mother's bones,
  And night's still signs, and all the sky,
And gods, that on their glorious thrones
    Chill Death defy.
Ay, Venus smiles; the pure nymphs smile,
  And Cupid, tyrant-lord of hearts,
Sharpening on bloody stone the while
    His fiery darts.
New captives fill the nets you weave;
  New slaves are bred; and those before,
Though oft they threaten, never leave
    Your godless door.
The mother dreads you for her son,
  The thrifty sire, the new-wed bride,
Lest, lured by you, her precious one
    Should leave her side.

ODE IX.

NON SEMPER IMBRES.

The rain, it rains not every day
  On the soak'd meads; the Caspian main
Not always feels the unequal sway
  Of storms, nor on Armenia's plain,
Dear Valgius, lies the cold dull snow
  Through all the year; nor northwinds keen
Upon Garganian oakwoods blow,
  And strip the ashes of their green.
You still with tearful tones pursue
  Your lost, lost Mystes; Hesper sees
Your passion when he brings the dew,
  And when before the sun he flees.
Yet not for loved Antilochus
  Grey Nestor wasted all his years
In grief; nor o'er young Troilus
  His parents' and his sisters' tears
For ever flow'd. At length have done
  With these soft sorrows; rather tell
Of Caesar's trophies newly won,
  And hoar Niphates' icy fell,
And Medus' flood, 'mid conquer'd tribes
  Rolling a less presumptuous tide,
And Scythians taught, as Rome prescribes,
  Henceforth o'er narrower steppes to ride.

ODE X.

RECTIUS VIVES.

Licinius, trust a seaman's lore:
Steer not too boldly to the deep,
Nor, fearing storms, by treacherous shore
Too closely creep.
Who makes the golden mean his guide,
Shuns miser's cabin, foul and dark,
Shuns gilded roofs, where pomp and pride
Are envy's mark.
With fiercer blasts the pine's dim height
Is rock'd; proud towers with heavier fall
Crash to the ground; and thunders smite
The mountains tall.
In sadness hope, in gladness fear
'Gainst coming change will fortify
Your breast. The storms that Jupiter
Sweeps o'er the sky
He chases. Why should rain to-day
Bring rain to-morrow? Python's foe
Is pleased sometimes his lyre to play,
Nor bends his bow.
Be brave in trouble; meet distress
With dauntless front; but when the gale
Too prosperous blows, be wise no less,
And shorten sail.

ODE XI.

QUID BELLICOSUS.

O, Ask not what those sons of war,
Cantabrian, Scythian, each intend,
Disjoin'd from us by Hadria's bar,
Nor puzzle, Quintius, how to spend
A life so simple. Youth removes,
And Beauty too; and hoar Decay
Drives out the wanton tribe of Loves
And Sleep, that came or night or day.
The sweet spring-flowers not always keep
Their bloom, nor moonlight shines the same
Each evening. Why with thoughts too deep
O'ertask a mind of mortal frame?
Why not, just thrown at careless ease
'Neath plane or pine, our locks of grey
Perfumed with Syrian essences
And wreathed with roses, while we may,
Lie drinking? Bacchus puts to shame
The cares that waste us. Where's the slave
To quench the fierce Falernian's flame
With water from the passing wave?
Who'll coax coy Lyde from her home?
Go, bid her take her ivory lyre,
The runaway, and haste to come,
Her wild hair bound with Spartan tire.

ODE XII.

NOLIS LONGA FERAE.

The weary war where fierce Numantia bled,
Fell Hannibal, the swoln Sicilian main
Purpled with Punic blood — not mine to wed
These to the lyre's soft strain,
Nor cruel Lapithae, nor, mad with wine,
Centaurs, nor, by Herculean arm o'ercome,
The earth-born youth, whose terrors dimm'd the shine
Of the resplendent dome
Of ancient Saturn. You, Maecenas, best
In pictured prose of Caesar's warrior feats
Will tell, and captive kings with haughty crest
Led through the Roman streets.
On me the Muse has laid her charge to tell
Of your Licymnia's voice, the lustrous hue
Of her bright eye, her heart that beats so well
To mutual passion true:
How nought she does but lends her added grace,
Whether she dance, or join in bantering play,
Or with soft arms the maiden choir embrace
On great Diana's day.
Say, would you change for all the wealth possest
By rich Achaemenes or Phrygia's heir,
Or the full stores of Araby the blest,

One lock of her dear hair,
While to your burning lips she bends her neck,
Or with kind cruelty denies the due
She means you not to beg for, but to take,
Or snatches it from you?

ODE XIII.

ILLE ET NEFASTO.

Black day he chose for planting thee,
Accurst he rear'd thee from the ground,
The bane of children yet to be,
The scandal of the village round.
His father's throat the monster press'd
Beside, and on his hearthstone spilt,
I ween, the blood of midnight guest;
Black Colchian drugs, whate'er of guilt
Is hatch'd on earth, he dealt in all —
Who planted in my rural stead
Thee, fatal wood, thee, sure to fall
Upon thy blameless master's head.
The dangers of the hour! no thought
We give them; Punic seaman's fear
Is all of Bosporus, nor aught
Recks he of pitfalls otherwhere;
The soldier fears the mask'd retreat
Of Parthia; Parthia dreads the thrall
Of Rome; but Death with noiseless feet
Has stolen and will steal on all.
How near dark Pluto's court I stood,
And AEacus' judicial throne,
The blest seclusion of the good,
And Sappho, with sweet lyric moan

Bewailing her ungentle sex,
  And thee, Alcaeus, louder far
Chanting thy tale of woful wrecks,
  Of woful exile, woful war!
In sacred awe the silent dead
  Attend on each: but when the song
Of combat tells and tyrants fled,
  Keen ears, press'd shoulders, closer throng.
What marvel, when at those sweet airs
  The hundred-headed beast spell-bound
Each black ear droops, and Furies' hairs
  Uncoil their serpents at the sound?
Prometheus too and Pelops' sire
  In listening lose the sense of woe;
Orion hearkens to the lyre,
  And lets the lynx and lion go.

ODE XIV.

EHEU, FUGACES.

Ah, Postumus! they fleet away,
  Our years, nor piety one hour
Can win from wrinkles and decay,
  And Death's indomitable power;
Not though three hundred bullocks flame
  Each year, to soothe the tearless king
Who holds huge Geryon's triple frame
  And Tityos in his watery ring,
That circling flood, which all must stem,
  Who eat the fruits that Nature yields,
Wearers of haughtiest diadem,
  Or humblest tillers of the fields.
In vain we shun war's contact red
  Or storm-tost spray of Hadrian main:
In vain, the season through, we dread
  For our frail lives Scirocco's bane.
Cocytus' black and stagnant ooze
  Must welcome you, and Danaus' seed
Ill-famed, and ancient Sisyphus
  To never-ending toil decreed.
Your land, your house, your lovely bride
  Must lose you; of your cherish'd trees
None to its fleeting master's side
  Will cleave, but those sad cypresses.

Your heir, a larger soul, will drain
  The hundred-padlock'd Caecuban,
And richer spilth the pavement stain
  Than e'er at pontiff's supper ran.

ODE XV.

JAM PAUCA ARATRO.

Few roods of ground the piles we raise
  Will leave to plough; ponds wider spread
Than Lucrine lake will meet the gaze
  On every side; the plane unwed
Will top the elm; the violet-bed,
  The myrtle, each delicious sweet,
On olive-grounds their scent will shed,
  Where once were fruit-trees yielding meat;
Thick bays will screen the midday range
  Of fiercest suns. Not such the rule
Of Romulus, and Cato sage,
  And all the bearded, good old school.
Each Roman's wealth was little worth,
  His country's much; no colonnade
For private pleasance wooed the North
  With cool "prolixity of shade."
None might the casual sod disdain
  To roof his home; a town alone,
At public charge, a sacred fane
  Were honour'd with the pomp of stone.

ODE XVI.

OTIUM DIVOS.

For ease, in wide Aegean caught,
The sailor prays, when clouds are hiding
The moon, nor shines of starlight aught
For seaman's guiding:
For ease the Mede, with quiver gay:
For ease rude Thrace, in battle cruel:
Can purple buy it, Grosphus? Nay,
Nor gold, nor jewel.
No pomp, no lictor clears the way
'Mid rabble-routs of troublous feelings,
Nor quells the cares that sport and play
Round gilded ceilings.
More happy he whose modest board
His father's well-worn silver brightens;
No fear, nor lust for sordid hoard,
His light sleep frightens.
Why bend our bows of little span?
Why change our homes for regions under
Another sun? What exiled man
From self can sunder?
Care climbs the bark, and trims the sail,
Curst fiend! nor troops of horse can 'scape her,
More swift than stag, more swift than gale
That drives the vapour.

Blest in the present, look not forth
  On ills beyond, but soothe each bitter
With slow, calm smile. No suns on earth
    Unclouded glitter.
Achilles' light was quench'd at noon;
  A long decay Tithonus minish'd;
My hours, it may be, yet will run
    When yours are finish'd.
For you Sicilian heifers low,
  Bleat countless flocks; for you are neighing
Proud coursers; Afric purples glow
    For your arraying
With double dyes; a small domain,
  The soul that breathed in Grecian harping,
My portion these; and high disdain
    Of ribald carping.

ODE XVII.

CUR ME QUERELIS.

Why rend my heart with that sad sigh?
It cannot please the gods or me
That you, Maecenas, first should die,
My pillar of prosperity.
Ah! should I lose one half my soul
Untimely, can the other stay
Behind it? Life that is not whole,
Is THAT as sweet? The self-same day
Shall crush us twain; no idle oath
Has Horace sworn; whene'er you go,
We both will travel, travel both
The last dark journey down below.
No, not Chimaera's fiery breath,
Nor Gyas, could he rise again,
Shall part us; Justice, strong as death,
So wills it; so the Fates ordain.
Whether 'twas Libra saw me born
Or angry Scorpio, lord malign
Of natal hour, or Capricorn,
The tyrant of the western brine,
Our planets sure with concord strange
Are blended. You by Jove's blest power
Were snatch'd from out the baleful range
Of Saturn, and the evil hour

Was stay'd, when rapturous benches full
  Three times the auspicious thunder peal'd;
Me the curst trunk, that smote my skull,
  Had slain; but Faunus, strong to shield
The friends of Mercury, check'd the blow
  In mid descent. Be sure to pay
The victims and the fane you owe;
  Your bard a humbler lamb will slay.

ODE XVIII.

NON EBUR.

Carven ivory have I none;
No golden cornice in my dwelling shines;
Pillars choice of Libyan stone
Upbear no architrave from Attic mines;
’Twas not mine to enter in
To Attalus’ broad realms, an unknown heir,
Nor for me fair clients spin
Laconian purples for their patron’s wear.
Truth is mine, and Genius mine;
The rich man comes, and knocks at my low door:
Favour’d thus, I ne’er repine,
Nor weary out indulgent Heaven for more:
In my Sabine homestead blest,
Why should I further tax a generous friend?
Suns are hurrying suns a-west,
And newborn moons make speed to meet their end.
You have hands to square and hew
Vast marble-blocks, hard on your day of doom,
Ever building mansions new,
Nor thinking of the mansion of the tomb.
Now you press on ocean’s bound,
Where waves on Baiae beat, as earth were scant;
Now absorb your neighbour’s ground,
And tear his landmarks up, your own to plant.

Hedges set round clients' farms
Your avarice tramples; see, the outcasts fly,
Wife and husband, in their arms
Their fathers' gods, their squalid family.
Yet no hall that wealth e'er plann'd
Waits you more surely than the wider room
Traced by Death's yet greedier hand.
Why strain so far? you cannot leap the tomb.
Earth removes the impartial sod
Alike for beggar and for monarch's child:
Nor the slave of Hell's dark god
Convey'd Prometheus back, with bribe beguiled.
Pelops he and Pelops' sire
Holds, spite of pride, in close captivity;
Beggars, who of labour tire,
Call'd or uncall'd, he hears and sets them free.

ODE XIX.

BACCHUM IN REMOTIS.

Bacchus I saw in mountain glades
  Retired (believe it, after years!)
Teaching his strains to Dryad maids,
  While goat-hoof'd satyrs prick'd their ears.
Evoe! my eyes with terror glare;
  My heart is revelling with the god;
'Tis madness! Evoe! spare, O spare,
  Dread wielder of the ivied rod!
Yes, I may sing the Thyiad crew,
  The stream of wine, the sparkling rills
That run with milk, and honey-dew
  That from the hollow trunk distils;
And I may sing thy consort's crown,
  New set in heaven, and Pentheus' hall
With ruthless ruin thundering down,
  And proud Lycurgus' funeral.
Thou turn'st the rivers, thou the sea;
  Thou, on far summits, moist with wine,
Thy Bacchants' tresses harmlessly
  Dost knot with living serpent-twine.
Thou, when the giants, threatening wrack,
  Were clambering up Jove's citadel,
Didst hurl o'erweening Rhoetus back,
  In tooth and claw a lion fell.

Who knew thy feats in dance and play
  Deem’d thee belike for war’s rough game
Unmeet: but peace and battle-fray
  Found thee, their centre, still the same.
Grim Cerberus wagg’d his tail to see
  Thy golden horn, nor dream’d of wrong,
But gently fawning, follow’d thee,
  And lick’d thy feet with triple tongue.

ODE XX.

NON USITATA.

No vulgar wing, nor weakly plied,
  Shall bear me through the liquid sky;
A two-form'd bard, no more to bide
  Within the range of envy's eye
'Mid haunts of men. I, all ungraced
  By gentle blood, I, whom you call
Your friend, Maecenas, shall not taste
  Of death, nor chafe in Lethe's thrall.
E'en now a rougher skin expands
  Along my legs: above I change
To a white bird; and o'er my hands
  And shoulders grows a plumage strange:
Fleeter than Icarus, see me float
  O'er Bosporus, singing as I go,
And o'er Gastulian sands remote,
  And Hyperborean fields of snow;
By Dacian horde, that masks its fear
  Of Marsic steel, shall I be known,
And furthest Scythian: Spain shall hear
  My warbling, and the banks of Rhone.
No dirges for my fancied death;
  No weak lament, no mournful stave;
All clamorous grief were waste of breath,
  And vain the tribute of o grave.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

ODI PROFANUM.

I bid the unhallow'd crowd avaunt!
  Keep holy silence; strains unknown
Till now, the Muses' hierophant,
  I sing to youths and maids alone.
Kings o'er their flocks the sceptre wield;
  E'en kings beneath Jove's sceptre bow:
Victor in giant battle-field,
  He moves all nature with his brow.
This man his planted walks extends
  Beyond his peers; an older name
One to the people's choice commends;
  One boasts a more unsullied fame;
One plumes him on a larger crowd
  Of clients. What are great or small?
Death takes the mean man with the proud;
  The fatal urn has room for all.
When guilty Pomp the drawn sword sees
  Hung o'er her, richest feasts in vain
Strain their sweet juice her taste to please;
  No lutes, no singing birds again
Will bring her sleep. Sleep knows no pride;
  It scorns not cots of village hinds,
Nor shadow-trembling river-side,
  Nor Tempe, stirr'd by western winds.

Who, having competence, has all,
  The tumult of the sea defies,
Nor fears Arcturus' angry fall,
  Nor fears the Kid-star's sullen rise,
Though hail-storms on the vineyard beat,
  Though crops deceive, though trees complain.
One while of showers, one while of heat,
  One while of winter's barbarous reign.
Fish feel the narrowing of the main
  From sunken piles, while on the strand
Contractors with their busy train
  Let down huge stones, and lords of land
Affect the sea: but fierce Alarm
  Can clamber to the master's side:
Black Cares can up the galley swarm,
  And close behind the horseman ride.
If Phrygian marbles soothe not pain,
  Nor star-bright purple's costliest wear,
Nor vines of true Falernian strain,
  Nor Achaemenian spices rare,
Why with rich gate and pillar'd range
  Upbuild new mansions, twice as high,
Or why my Sabine vale exchange
  For more laborious luxury?

ODE II.

ANGUSTAM AMICE.

To suffer hardness with good cheer,
  In sternest school of warfare bred,
Our youth should learn; let steed and spear
  Make him one day the Parthian's dread;
Cold skies, keen perils, brace his life.
  Methinks I see from rampined town
Some battling tyrant's matron wife,
  Some maiden, look in terror down, —
"Ah, my dear lord, untrain'd in war!
  O tempt not the infuriate mood
Of that fell lion! see! from far
  He plunges through a tide of blood!"
What joy, for fatherland to die!
  Death's darts e'en flying feet o'ertake,
Nor spare a recreant chivalry,
  A back that cowers, or loins that quake.
True Virtue never knows defeat:
  HER robes she keeps unsullied still,
Nor takes, nor quits, HER curule seat
  To please a people's veering will.
True Virtue opens heaven to worth:
  She makes the way she does not find:
The vulgar crowd, the humid earth,
  Her soaring pinion leaves behind.

Seal’d lips have blessings sure to come:
  Who drags Eleusis’ rite to day,
That man shall never share my home,
  Or join my voyage: roofs give way
And boats are wreck’d: true men and thieves
  Neglected Justice oft confounds:
Though Vengeance halt, she seldom leaves
  The wretch whose flying steps she hounds.

ODE III.

JUSTUM ET TENACEM.

The man of firm and righteous will,
No rabble, clamorous for the wrong,
No tyrant's brow, whose frown may kill,
Can shake the strength that makes him strong:
Not winds, that chafe the sea they sway,
Nor Jove's right hand, with lightning red:
Should Nature's pillar'd frame give way,
That wreck would strike one fearless head.
Pollux and roving Hercules
Thus won their way to Heaven's proud steep,
'Mid whom Augustus, couch'd at ease,
Dyes his red lips with nectar deep.
For this, great Bacchus, tigers drew
Thy glorious car, untaught to slave
In harness: thus Quirinus flew
On Mars' wing'd steeds from Acheron's wave,
When Juno spoke with Heaven's assent:
"O Ilium, Ilium, wretched town!
The judge accurst, incontinent,
And stranger dame have dragg'd thee down.
Pallas and I, since Priam's sire
Denied the gods his pledged reward,
Had doom'd them all to sword and fire,
The people and their perjured lord.

No more the adulterous guest can charm
  The Spartan queen: the house forsworn
No more repels by Hector's arm
  My warriors, baffled and outworn:
Hush'd is the war our strife made long:
  I welcome now, my hatred o'er,
A grandson in the child of wrong,
  Him whom the Trojan priestess bore.
Receive him, Mars! the gates of flame
  May open: let him taste forgiven
The nectar, and enrol his name
  Among the peaceful ranks of Heaven.
Let the wide waters sever still
  Ilium and Rome, the exiled race
May reign and prosper where they will:
  So but in Paris' burial-place
The cattle sport, the wild beasts hide
  Their cubs, the Capitol may stand
All bright, and Rome in warlike pride
  O'er Media stretch a conqueror's hand.
Aye, let her scatter far and wide
  Her terror, where the land-lock'd waves
Europe from Afric's shore divide,
  Where swelling Nile the corn-field laves —
Of strength more potent to disdain
  Hid gold, best buried in the mine,
Than gather it with hand profane,
  That for man's greed would rob a shrine.
Whate'er the bound to earth ordain'd,

There let her reach the arm of power,
Travelling, where raves the fire unrein'd,
And where the storm-cloud and the shower.
Yet, warlike Roman, know thy doom,
Nor, drunken with a conqueror's joy,
Or blind with duteous zeal, presume
To build again ancestral Troy.
Should Troy revive to hateful life,
Her star again should set in gore,
While I, Jove's sister and his wife,
To victory led my host once more.
Though Phoebus thrice in brazen mail
Should case her towers, they thrice should fall,
Storm'd by my Greeks: thrice wives should wail
Husband and son, themselves in thrall."
— Such thunders from the lyre of love!
Back, wayward Muse! refrain, refrain
To tell the talk of gods above,
And dwarf high themes in puny strain.

ODE IV.

DESCENDE CAELO.

Come down, Calliope, from above:
  Breathe on the pipe a strain of fire;
Or if a graver note thou love,
  With Phoebus' cittern and his lyre.
You hear her? or is this the play
  Of fond illusion? Hark! meseems
Through gardens of the good I stray,
  'Mid murmuring gales and purling streams.
Me, as I lay on Vultur's steep,
  A truant past Apulia's bound,
O'ertired, poor child, with play and sleep,
  With living green the stock-doves crown'd —
A legend, nay, a miracle,
  By Acherontia's nestlings told,
By all in Bantine glade that dwell,
  Or till the rich Forentan mould.
"Bears, vipers, spared him as he lay,
  The sacred garland deck'd his hair,
The myrtle blended with the bay:
  The child's inspired: the gods were there."
Your grace, sweet Muses, shields me still
  On Sabine heights, or lets me range
Where cool Praeneste, Tibur's hill,
  Or liquid Baiae proffers change.

Me to your springs, your dances true,
  Philippi bore not to the ground,
Nor the doom'd tree in falling slew,
  Nor billowy Palinurus drown'd.
Grant me your presence, blithe and fain
  Mad Bosporus shall my bark explore;
My foot shall tread the sandy plain
  That glows beside Assyria's shore;
'Mid Briton tribes, the stranger's foe,
  And Spaniards, drunk with horses' blood,
And quiver'd Scythians, will I go
  Unharm'd, and look on Tanais' flood.
When Caesar's self in peaceful town
  The weary veteran's home has made,
You bid him lay his helmet down
  And rest in your Pierian shade.
Mild thoughts you plant, and joy to see
  Mild thoughts take root. The nations know
How with descending thunder He
  The impious Titans hurl'd below,
Who rules dull earth and stormy seas,
  And towns of men, and realms of pain,
And gods, and mortal companies,
  Alone, impartial in his reign.
Yet Jove had fear'd the giant rush,
  Their upraised arms, their port of pride,
And the twin brethren bent to push
  Huge Pelion up Olympus' side.
But Typhon, Mimas, what could these,

Or what Porphyrion's stalwart scorn,
Rhoetus, or he whose spears were trees,
Enceladus, from earth uptorn,
As on they rush'd in mad career
'Gainst Pallas' shield? Here met the foe
Fierce Vulcan, queenly Juno here,
And he who ne'er shall quit his bow,
Who laves in clear Castalian flood
His locks, and loves the leafy growth
Of Lycia next his native wood,
The Delian and the Pataran both.
Strength, mindless, falls by its own weight;
Strength, mix'd with mind, is made more strong
By the just gods, who surely hate
The strength whose thoughts are set on wrong.
Let hundred-handed Gyas bear
His witness, and Orion known
Tempter of Dian, chaste and fair,
By Dian's maiden dart o'erthrown.
Hurl'd on the monstrous shapes she bred,
Earth groans, and mourns her children thrust
To Orcus; Aetna's weight of lead
Keeps down the fire that breaks its crust;
Still sits the bird on Tityos' breast,
The warder of unlawful love;
Still suffers lewd Pirithous, prest
By massive chains no hand may move.

ODE V.

CAELO TONANTEM.

Jove rules in heaven, his thunder shows;
  Henceforth Augustus earth shall own
Her present god, now Briton foes
  And Persians bow before his throne.
Has Crassus' soldier ta'en to wife
  A base barbarian, and grown grey
(Woe, for a nation's tainted life!)
  Earning his foemen-kinsmen's pay,
His king, forsooth, a Mede, his sire
  A Marsian? can he name forget,
Gown, sacred shield, undying fire,
  And Jove and Rome are standing yet?
'Twas this that Regulus foresaw,
  What time he spurn'd the foul disgrace
Of peace, whose precedent would draw
  Destruction on an unborn race,
Should aught but death the prisoner's chain
  Unrivet. "I have seen," he said,
"Rome's eagle in a Punic fane,
  And armour, ne'er a blood-drop shed,
Stripp'd from the soldier; I have seen
  Free sons of Rome with arms fast tied;
The fields we spoil'd with corn are green,
  And Carthage opes her portals wide.

The warrior, sure, redeem'd by gold,
  Will fight the bolder! Aye, you heap
On baseness loss. The hues of old
  Revisit not the wool we steep;
And genuine worth, expell'd by fear,
  Returns not to the worthless slave.
Break but her meshes, will the deer
  Assail you? then will he be brave
Who once to faithless foes has knelt;
  Yes, Carthage yet his spear will fly,
Who with bound arms the cord has felt,
  The coward, and has fear'd to die.
He knows not, he, how life is won;
  Thinks war, like peace, a thing of trade!
Great art thou, Carthage! mate the sun,
  While Italy in dust is laid!"
His wife's pure kiss he waved aside,
  And prattling boys, as one disgraced,
They tell us, and with manly pride
  Stern on the ground his visage placed.
With counsel thus ne'er else aread
  He nerved the fathers' weak intent,
And, girt by friends that mourn'd him, sped
  Into illustrious banishment.
Well witting what the torturer's art
  Design'd him, with like unconcern
The press of kin he push'd apart
  And crowds encumbering his return,
As though, some tedious business o'er

Of clients' court, his journey lay
Towards Venafrum's grassy floor,
Or Sparta-built Tarentum's bay.

ODE VI.

DELICTA MAJORUM.

Your fathers' guilt you still must pay,
  Till, Roman, you restore each shrine,
Each temple, mouldering in decay,
  And smoke-grimed statue, scarce divine.
Revering Heaven, you rule below;
  Be that your base, your coping still;
'Tis Heaven neglected bids o'erflow
  The measure of Italian ill.
Now Pacorus and Montaeses twice
  Have given our unblest arms the foil;
Their necklaces, of mean device,
  Smiling they deck with Roman spoil.
Our city, torn by faction's throes,
  Dacian and Ethiop well-nigh razed,
These with their dreadful navy, those
  For archer-prowess rather praised.
An evil age erewhile debased
  The marriage-bed, the race, the home;
Thence rose the flood whose waters waste
  The nation and the name of Rome.
Not such their birth, who stain'd for us
  The sea with Punic carnage red,
Smote Pyrrhus, smote Antiochus,
  And Hannibal, the Roman's dread.

Theirs was a hardy soldier-brood,
  Inured all day the land to till
With Sabine spade, then shoulder wood
  Hewn at a stern old mother's will,
When sunset lengthen'd from each height
  The shadows, and unyoked the steer,
Restoring in its westward flight
  The hour to toilworn travail dear.
What has not cankering Time made worse?
  Viler than grandsires, sires beget
Ourselves, yet baser, soon to curse
  The world with offspring baser yet.

ODE VII.

QUID FLES, ASTERIE.

Why weep for him whom sweet Favonian airs
Will waft next spring, Asteria, back to you,
Rich with Bithynia's wares,
A lover fond and true,
Your Gyges? He, detain'd by stormy stress
At Oricum, about the Goat-star's rise,
Cold, wakeful, comfortless,
The long night weeping lies.
Meantime his lovesick hostess' messenger
Talks of the flames that waste poor Chloe's heart
(Flames lit for you, not her!)
With a besieger's art;
Shows how a treacherous woman's lying breath
Once on a time on trustful Proetus won
To doom to early death
Too chaste Bellerophon;
Warns him of Peleus' peril, all but slain
For virtuous scorn of fair Hippolyta,
And tells again each tale
That e'er led heart astray.
In vain; for deafer than Icarian seas
He hears, untainted yet. But, lady fair,
What if Enipeus please
Your listless eye? beware!

Though true it be that none with surer seat
O’er Mars’s grassy turf is seen to ride,
Nor any swims so fleet
Adown the Tuscan tide,
Yet keep each evening door and window barr’d;
Look not abroad when music strikes up shrill,
And though he call you hard,
Remain obdurate still.

ODE VIII.

MARTIIS COELEBS.

The first of March! a man unwed!
What can these flowers, this censer
Or what these embers, glowing red
On sods of green?
You ask, in either language skill'd!
A feast I vow'd to Bacchus free,
A white he-goat, when all but kill'd
By falling tree.
So, when that holyday comes round,
It sees me still the rosin clear
From this my wine-jar, first embrown'd
In Tullus' year.
Come, crush one hundred cups for life
Preserved, Maecenas; keep till day
The candles lit; let noise and strife
Be far away.
Lay down that load of state-concern;
The Dacian hosts are all o'erthrown;
The Mede, that sought our overturn,
Now seeks his own;
A servant now, our ancient foe,
The Spaniard, wears at last our chain;
The Scythian half unbends his bow
And quits the plain.

Then fret not lest the state should ail;
A private man such thoughts may spare;
Enjoy the present hour's regale,
And banish care.

ODE IX.

DONEC GRATUS ERAM.

HORACE.
While I had power to bless you,
Nor any round that neck his arms did fling
More privileged to caress you,
Happier was Horace than the Persian king.

LYDIA. While you for none were pining
Sorer, nor Lydia after Chloe came,
Lydia, her peers outshining,
Might match her own with Ilia's Roman fame.

H. Now Chloe is my treasure,
Whose voice, whose touch, can make sweet music flow:
For her I'd die with pleasure,
Would Fate but spare the dear survivor so.

L. I love my own fond lover,
Young Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus:
For him I'd die twice over,
Would Fate but spare the sweet survivor thus.

H. What now, if Love returning
Should pair us 'neath his brazen yoke once more,

And, bright-hair'd Chloe spurning,
Horace to off-cast Lydia ope his door?

L. Though he is fairer, milder,
Than starlight, you lighter than bark of tree,
Than stormy Hadria wilder,
With you to live, to die, were bliss for me.

ODE X.

EXTREMUM TANAIN.

Ah Lyce! though your drink were Tanais,
  Your husband some rude savage, you would weep
To leave me shivering, on a night like this,
  Where storms their watches keep.
Hark! how your door is creaking! how the grove
  In your fair court-yard, while the wild winds blow,
Wails in accord! with what transparence Jove
    Is glazing the driven snow!
Cease that proud temper: Venus loves it not:
  The rope may break, the wheel may backward turn:
Begetting you, no Tuscan sire begot
    Penelope the stern.
O, though no gift, no “prevalence of prayer,”
  Nor lovers’ paleness deep as violet,
Nor husband, smit with a Pierian fair,
    Move you, have pity yet!
O harder e’en than toughest heart of oak,
  Deafer than uncharm’d snake to suppliant moans!
This side, I warn you, will not always brook
    Rain-water and cold stones.

ODE XI.

MERCURI, NAM TE.

Come, Mercury, by whose minstrel spell
Amphion raised the Theban stones,
Come, with thy seven sweet strings, my shell,
Thy “diverse tones,”
Nor vocal once nor pleasant, now
To rich man’s board and temple dear:
Put forth thy power, till Lyde bow
Her stubborn ear.
She, like a three year colt unbroke,
Is frisking o’er the spacious plain,
Too shy to bear a lover’s yoke,
A husband’s rein.
The wood, the tiger, at thy call
Have follow’d: thou canst rivers stay:
The monstrous guard of Pluto’s hall
To thee gave way,
Grim Cerberus, round whose Gorgon head
A hundred snakes are hissing death,
Whose triple jaws black venom shed,
And sickening breath.
Ixion too and Tityos smooth’d
Their rugged brows: the urn stood dry
One hour, while Danaus’ maids were sooth’d
With minstrelsy.

Let Lyde hear those maidens' guilt,
  Their famous doom, the ceaseless drain
Of outpour'd water, ever spilt,
    And all the pain
Reserved for sinners, e'en when dead:
  Those impious hands, (could crime do more?)
Those impious hands had hearts to shed
    Their bridegrooms' gore!
One only, true to Hymen's flame,
  Was traitress to her sire forsworn:
That splendid falsehood lights her name
    Through times unborn.
"Wake!" to her youthful spouse she cried,
  "Wake! or you yet may sleep too well:
Fly — from the father of your bride,
    Her sisters fell:
They, as she-lions bullocks rend,
  Tear each her victim: I, less hard
Than these, will slay you not, poor friend,
    Nor hold in ward:
Me let my sire in fetters lay
  For mercy to my husband shown:
Me let him ship far hence away,
    To climes unknown.
Go; speed your flight o'er land and wave,
  While Night and Venus shield you; go
Be blest: and on my tomb engrave
    This tale of woe."

ODE XII.

MISERARUM EST.

How unhappy are the maidens who with Cupid may not play,
Who may never touch the wine-cup, but must tremble all the day
At an uncle, and the scourging of his tongue!
Neobule, there's a robber takes your needle and your thread,
Lets the lessons of Minerva run no longer in your head;
It is Hebrus, the athletic and the young!
O, to see him when anointed he is plunging in the flood!
What a seat he has on horseback! was Bellerophon's as good?
As a boxer, as a runner, past compare!
When the deer are flying blindly all the open country o'er,
He can aim and he can hit them; he can steal upon the boar,
As it couches in the thicket unaware.

ODE XIII.

O FONS BANDUSIAE.

Bandusia’s fount, in clearness crystalline,
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow
Is sprouting all for love and victory.
In vain: his warm red blood, so early stirr’d,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.
Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch: sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
And lazy sheep afield.
Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
‘Mid honour’d founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling wavelets spring.

ODE XIV.

HERCULIS RITU.

Our Hercules, they told us, Rome,
  Had sought the laurel Death bestows:
Now Glory brings him conqueror home
    From Spaniard foes.
Proud of her spouse, the imperial fair
  Must thank the gods that shield from death;
His sister too: — let matrons wear
    The suppliant wreath
For daughters and for sons restored:
  Ye youths and damsels newly wed,
Let decent awe restrain each word
    Best left unsaid.
This day, true holyday to me,
  Shall banish care: I will not fear
Rude broils or bloody death to see,
    While Caesar's here.
Quick, boy, the chaplets and the nard,
  And wine, that knew the Marsian war,
If roving Spartacus have spared
    A single jar.
And bid Nesera come and trill,
  Her bright locks bound with careless art:
If her rough porter cross your will,
    Why then depart.

Soon palls the taste for noise and fray,
When hair is white and leaves are sere:
How had I fired in life's warm May,
In Plancus' year!

ODE XV.

UXOR PAUPERIS IBYCI.

Wife of Ibycus the poor,
Let aged scandals have at length their bound:
Give your graceless doings o'er,
Ripe as you are for going underground.
YOU the maidens' dance to lead,
And cast your gloom upon those beaming stars!
Daughter Pholoe may succeed,
But mother Chloris what she touches mars.
Young men's homes your daughter storms,
Like Thyiad, madden'd by the cymbals' beat:
Nothus' love her bosom warms:
She gambols like a fawn with silver feet.
Yours should be the wool that grows
By fair Luceria, not the merry lute:
Flowers beseem not wither'd brows,
Nor wither'd lips with emptied wine-jars suit.

ODE XVI.

INCLUSAM DANAEN.

Full well had Danae been secured, in truth,
By oaken portals, and a brazen tower,
And savage watch-dogs, from the roving youth
That prowl at midnight's hour:
But Jove and Venus mock'd with gay disdain
The jealous warder of that close stronghold:
The way, they knew, must soon be smooth and plain
When gods could change to gold.
Gold, gold can pass the tyrant's sentinel,
Can shiver rocks with more resistless blow
Than is the thunder's. Argos' prophet fell,
He and his house laid low,
And all for gain. The man of Macedon
Cleft gates of cities, rival kings o'erthrew
By force of gifts: their cunning snares have won
Rude captains and their crew.
As riches grow, care follows: men repine
And thirst for more. No lofty crest I raise:
Wisdom that thought forbids, Maecenas mine,
The knightly order's praise.
He that denies himself shall gain the more
From bounteous Heaven. I strip me of my pride,
Desert the rich man's standard, and pass o'er
To bare Contentment's side,

More proud as lord of what the great despise
Than if the wheat thresh'd on Apulia's floor
I hoarded all in my huge granaries,
'Mid vast possessions poor.
A clear fresh stream, a little field o'ergrown
With shady trees, a crop that ne'er deceives,
Pass, though men know it not, their wealth, that own
All Afric's golden sheaves.
Though no Calabrian bees their honey yield
For me, nor mellowing sleeps the god of wine
In Formian jar, nor in Gaul's pasture-field
The wool grows long and fine,
Yet Poverty ne'er comes to break my peace;
If more I craved, you would not more refuse.
Desiring less, I better shall increase
My tiny revenues,
Than if to Alyattes' wide domains
I join'd the realms of Mygdon. Great desires
Sort with great wants. 'Tis best, when prayer obtains
No more than life requires.

ODE XVII.

AELI VETUSTO.

Aelius, of Lamus' ancient name
(For since from that high parentage
The prehistoric Lamias came
And all who fill the storied page,
No doubt you trace your line from him,
Who stretch'd his sway o'er Formiae,
And Liris, whose still waters swim
Where green Marica skirts the sea,
Lord of broad realms), an eastern gale
Will blow to-morrow, and bestrew
The shore with weeds, with leaves the vale,
If rain's old prophet tell me true,
The raven. Gather, while 'tis fine,
Your wood; to-morrow shall be gay
With smoking pig and streaming wine,
And lord and slave keep holyday.

ODE XVIII.

FAUNE, NYMPHARUM.

O wont the flying Nymphs to woo,
Good Faunus, through my sunny farm
Pass gently, gently pass, nor do
My younglings harm.
Each year, thou know'st, a kid must die
For thee; nor lacks the wine's full stream
To Venus' mate, the bowl; and high
The altars steam.
Sure as December's nones appear,
All o'er the grass the cattle play;
The village, with the lazy steer,
Keeps holyday.
Wolves rove among the fearless sheep;
The woods for thee their foliage strow;
The delver loves on earth to leap,
His ancient foe.

ODE XIX.

QUANTUM DISTAT.

What the time from Inachus
To Codrus, who in patriot battle fell,
Who were sprung from Aeacus,
And how men fought at Ilion, — this you tell.
What the wines of Chios cost,
Who with due heat our water can allay,
What the hour, and who the host
To give us house-room, — this you will not say.
Ho, there! wine to moonrise, wine
To midnight, wine to our new augur too!
Nine to three or three to nine,
As each man pleases, makes proportion true.
Who the uneven Muses loves,
Will fire his dizzy brain with three times three;
Three once told the Grace approves;
She with her two bright sisters, gay and free,
Shrinks, as maiden should, from strife:
But I'm for madness. What has dull'd the fire
Of the Berecyntian fife?
Why hangs the flute in silence with the lyre?
Out on niggard-handed boys!
Rain showers of roses; let old Lycus hear,
Envious churl, our senseless noise,
And she, our neighbour, his ill-sorted fere.

You with your bright clustering hair,
Your beauty, Telephus, like evening's sky,
Rhoda loves, as young, as fair;
I for my Glycera slowly, slowly die.

ODE XXI.

O NATE MECUM.

O born in Manlius' year with me,
Whate'er you bring us, plaint or jest,
Or passion and wild revelry,
Or, like a gentle wine-jar, rest;
Howe'er men call your Massic juice,
Its broaching claims a festal day;
Come then; Corvinus bids produce
A mellower wine, and I obey.
Though steep'd in all Socratic lore
He will not slight you; do not fear.
They say old Cato o'er and o'er
With wine his honest heart would cheer.
Tough wits to your mild torture yield
Their treasures; you unlock the soul
Of wisdom and its stores conceal'd,
Arm'd with Lyaeus' kind control.
'Tis yours the drooping heart to heal;
Your strength uplifts the poor man's horn;
Inspired by you, the soldier's steel,
The monarch's crown, he laughs to scorn.
Liber and Venus, wills she so,
And sister Graces, ne'er unknit,
And living lamps shall see you flow
Till stars before the sunrise flit.

ODE XXII.

MONTIUM CUSTOS.

Guardian of hill and woodland, Maid,
Who to young wives in childbirth's hour
Thrice call'd, vouchsafest sovereign aid,
O three-form'd power!
This pine that shades my cot be thine;
Here will I slay, as years come round,
A youngling boar, whose tusks design
The side-long wound.

ODE XXIII.

COELO SUPINAS.

If, Phidyle, your hands you lift
To heaven, as each new moon is born,
Soothing your Lares with the gift
Of slaughter'd swine, and spice, and corn,
Ne'er shall Scirocco's bane assail
Your vines, nor mildew blast your wheat,
Ne'er shall your tender younglings fail
In autumn, when the fruits are sweet.
The destined victim 'mid the snows
Of Algidus in oakwoods fed,
Or where the Alban herbage grows,
Shall dye the pontiff's axes red;
No need of butcher'd sheep for you
To make your homely prayers prevail;
Give but your little gods their due,
The rosemary twined with myrtle frail.
The sprinkled salt, the votive meal,
As soon their favour will regain,
Let but the hand be pure and leal,
As all the pomp of heifers slain.

ODE XXIV.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

Though your buried wealth surpass
The unsunn'd gold of Ind or Araby,
Though with many a ponderous mass
You crowd the Tuscan and Apulian sea,
Let Necessity but drive
Her wedge of adamant into that proud head,
Vainly battling will you strive
To 'scape Death's noose, or rid your soul of dread.
Better life the Scythians lead,
Trailing on waggon wheels their wandering home,
Or the hardy Getan breed,
As o'er their vast unmeasured steppes they roam;
Free the crops that bless their soil;
Their tillage wearies after one year's space;
Each in turn fulfils his toil;
His period o'er, another takes his place.
There the step-dame keeps her hand
From guilty plots, from blood of orphans clean;
There no dowried wives command
Their feeble lords, or on adulterers lean.
Theirs are dowries not of gold,
Their parents' worth, their own pure chastity,
True to one, to others cold;
They dare not sin, or, if they dare, they die.

O, whoe'er has heart and head
To stay our plague of blood, our civic brawls,
Would he that his name be read
"Father of Rome" on lofty pedestals,
Let him chain this lawless will,
And be our children's hero! cursed spite!
Living worth we envy still,
Then seek it with strain'd eyes, when snatch'd from sight.
What can sad laments avail
Unless sharp justice kill the taint of sin?
What can laws, that needs must fail
Shorn of the aid of manners form'd within,
If the merchant turns not back
From the fierce heats that round the tropic glow,
Turns not from the regions black
With northern winds, and hard with frozen snow;
Sailors override the wave,
While guilty poverty, more fear'd than vice,
Bids us crime and suffering brave,
And shuns the ascent of virtue's precipice?
Let the Capitolian fane,
The favour'd goal of yon vociferous crowd,
Aye, or let the nearest main
Receive our gold, our jewels rich and proud:
Slay we thus the cause of crime,
If yet we would repent and choose the good:
Ours the task to take in time
This baleful lust, and crush it in the bud.

Ours to mould our weakling sons
To nobler sentiment and manlier deed:
Now the noble's first-born shuns
The perilous chase, nor learns to sit his steed:
Set him to the unlawful dice,
Or Grecian hoop, how skilfully he plays!
While his sire, mature in vice,
A friend, a partner, or a guest betrays,
Hurrying, for an heir so base,
To gather riches. Money, root of ill,
Doubt it not, still grows apace:
Yet the scant heap has somewhat lacking still.

ODE XXV.

QUO ME, BACCHE.

Whither, Bacchus, tear'st thou me,
Fill'd with thy strength? What dens, what forests these,
Thus in wildering race I see?
What cave shall hearken to my melodies,
Tuned to tell of Caesar's praise
And throne him high the heavenly ranks among?
Sweet and strange shall be my lays,
A tale till now by poet voice unsung.
As the Evian on the height,
Housed from her sleep, looks wonderingly abroad,
Looks on Thrace with snow-drifts white,
And Rhodope by barbarous footstep trod,
So my truant eyes admire
The banks, the desolate forests. O great King
Who the Naiads dost inspire,
And Bacchants, strong from earth huge trees to wring!
Not a lowly strain is mine,
No mere man's utterance. O, 'tis venture sweet
Thee to follow, God of wine,
Making the vine-branch round thy temples meet!

ODE XXVI.

VIRI PUELLIS.

For ladies's love I late was fit,
And good success my warfare blest,
But now my arms, my lyre I quit,
And hang them up to rust or rest.
Here, where arising from the sea
Stands Venus, lay the load at last,
Links, crowbars, and artillery,
Threatening all doors that dared be fast.
O Goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway,
And Memphis, far from Thracian snow:
Raise high thy lash, and deal me, pray,
That haughty Chloe just one blow!

ODE XXVII.

IMPIOS PARRAE.

When guilt goes forth, let lapwings shrill,
And dogs and foxes great with young,
And wolves from far Lanuvian hill,
Give clamorous tongue:
Across the roadway dart the snake,
Frightening, like arrow loosed from string,
The horses. I, for friendship's sake,
Watching each wing,
Ere to his haunt, the stagnant marsh,
The harbinger of tempest flies,
Will call the raven, croaking harsh,
From eastern skies.
Farewell! — and wheresoe'er you go,
My Galatea, think of me:
Let lefthand pie and roving crow
Still leave you free.
But mark with what a front of fear
Orion lowers. Ah! well I know
How Hadria glooms, how falsely clear
The west-winds blow.
Let foemen's wives and children feel
The gathering south-wind's angry roar,
The black wave's crash, the thunder-peal,
The quivering shore.

So to the bull Europa gave
  Her beauteous form, and when she saw
The monstrous deep, the yawning grave,
      Grew pale with awe.
That morn of meadow-flowers she thought,
  Weaving a crown the nymphs to please:
That gloomy night she look'd on nought
      But stars and seas.
Then, as in hundred-citied Crete
  She landed,— "O my sire!" she said,
"O childly duty! passion's heat
      Has struck thee dead.
Whence came I? death, for maiden's shame,
  Were little. Do I wake to weep
My sin? or am I pure of blame,
      And is it sleep
From dreamland brings a form to trick
  My senses? Which was best? to go
Over the long, long waves, or pick
      The flowers in blow?
O, were that monster made my prize,
  How would I strive to wound that brow,
How tear those horns, my frantic eyes
      Adored but now!
Shameless I left my father's home;
  Shameless I cheat the expectant grave;
O heaven, that naked I might roam
      In lions' cave!
Now, ere decay my bloom devour

Or thin the richness of my blood,
Fain would I fall in youth's first flower,
The tigers' food.
Hark! 'tis my father — Worthless one!
What, yet alive? the oak is nigh.
'Twas well you kept your maiden zone,
The noose to tie.
Or if your choice be that rude pike,
New barb'd with death, leap down and ask
The wind to bear you. Would you like
The bondmaid's task,
You, child of kings, a master's toy,
A mistress' slave?'" Beside her, lo!
Stood Venus smiling, and her boy
With unstrung bow.
Then, when her laughter ceased, "Have done
With fume and fret," she cried, "my fair;
That odious bull will give you soon
His horns to tear.
You know not you are Jove's own dame:
Away with sobbing; be resign'd
To greatness: you shall give your name
To half mankind."

ODE XXVIII.

FESTO QUID POTIUS.

Neptune’s feast-day! what should man
  Think first of doing? Lyde mine, be bold,
  Broach the treasured Caecuban,
And batter Wisdom in her own stronghold.
  Now the noon has pass’d the full,
Yet sure you deem swift Time has made a halt,
  Tardy as you are to pull
Old Bibulus’ wine-jar from its sleepy vault.
  I will take my turn and sing
Neptune and Nereus’ train with locks of green;
  You shall warble to the string
Latona and her Cynthia’s arrowy sheen.
  Hers our latest song, who sways
Cnidos and Cyclads, and to Paphos goes
  With her swans, on holydays;
Night too shall claim the homage music owes.

ODE XXIX.

TYRRHENA REGUM.

Heir of Tyrrhenian kings, for you
A mellow cask, unbroach'd as yet,
Maecenas mine, and roses new,
And fresh-drawn oil your locks to wet,
Are waiting here. Delay not still,
Nor gaze on Tibur, never dried,
And sloping AEsule, and the hill
Of Telegon the parricide.
O leave that pomp that can but tire,
Those piles, among the clouds at home;
Cease for a moment to admire
The smoke, the wealth, the noise of Rome!
In change e'en luxury finds a zest:
The poor man's supper, neat, but spare,
With no gay couch to seat the guest,
Has smooth'd the rugged brow of care.
Now glows the Ethiop maiden's sire;
Now Procyon rages all ablaze;
The Lion maddens in his ire,
As suns bring back the sultry days:
The shepherd with his weary sheep
Seeks out the streamlet and the trees,
Silvanus' lair: the still banks sleep
Untroubled by the wandering breeze.

You ponder on imperial schemes,
  And o'er the city's danger brood:
Bactrian and Serian haunt your dreams,
  And Tanais, toss'd by inward feud.
The issue of the time to be
  Heaven wisely hides in blackest night,
And laughs, should man's anxiety
  Transgress the bounds of man's short sight.
Control the present: all beside
  Flows like a river seaward borne,
Now rolling on its placid tide,
  Now whirling massy trunks uptorn,
And waveworn crags, and farms, and stock,
  In chaos blent, while hill and wood
Reverberate to the enormous shock,
  When savage rains the tranquil flood
Have stirr'd to madness. Happy he,
  Self-centred, who each night can say,
"My life is lived: the morn may see
  A clouded or a sunny day:
That rests with Jove: but what is gone,
  He will not, cannot turn to nought;
Nor cancel, as a thing undone,
  What once the flying hour has brought."
Fortune, who loves her cruel game,
  Still bent upon some heartless whim,
Shifts her caresses, fickle dame,
  Now kind to me, and now to him:
She stays; 'tis well: but let her shake

Those wings, her presents I resign,
Cloak me in native worth, and take
Chaste Poverty undower'd for mine.
Though storms around my vessel rave,
I will not fall to craven prayers,
Nor bargain by my vows to save
My Cyprian and Sidonian wares,
Else added to the insatiate main.
Then through the wild Aegean roar
The breezes and the Brethren Twain
Shall waft my little boat ashore.

ODE XXX.

EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

And now ’tis done: more durable than brass
My monument shall be, and raise its head
O’er royal pyramids: it shall not dread
Corroding rain or angry Boreas,
Nor the long lapse of immemorial time.
I shall not wholly die: large residue
Shall ‘scape the queen of funerals. Ever new
My after fame shall grow, while pontiffs climb
With silent maids the Capitolian height.
“Born,” men will say, “where Aufidus is loud,
Where Daunus, scant of streams, beneath him bow’d
The rustic tribes, from dimness he wax’d bright,
First of his race to wed the Aeolian lay
To notes of Italy.” Put glory on,
My own Melpomene, by genius won,
And crown me of thy grace with Delphic bay.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

INTERMISSA, VENUS.

Yet again thou wak'st the flame
That long had slumber'd! Spare me, Venus, spare!
Trust me, I am not the same
As in the reign of Cinara, kind and fair.
Cease thy softening spells to prove
On this old heart, by fifty years made hard,
Cruel Mother of sweet Love!
Haste, where gay youth solicits thy regard.
With thy purple cygnets fly
To Paullus' door, a seasonable guest;
There within hold revelry,
There light thy flame in that congenial breast.
He, with birth and beauty graced,
The trembling client's champion, ne'er tongue-tied,
Master of each manly taste,
Shall bear thy conquering banners far and wide.
Let him smile in triumph gay,
True heart, victorious over lavish hand,
By the Alban lake that day
'Neath citron roof all marble shalt thou stand:
Incense there and fragrant spice
With odorous fumes thy nostrils shall salute;
Blended notes thine ear entice,
The lyre, the pipe, the Berecyntine flute:

Graceful youths and maidens bright
Shall twice a day thy tuneful praise resound,
While their feet, so fair and white,
In Salian measure three times beat the ground.
I can relish love no more,
Nor flattering hopes that tell me hearts are true,
Nor the revel's loud uproar,
Nor fresh-wreathed flowerets, bathed in vernal dew.
Ah! but why, my Ligurine,
Steal trickling tear-drops down my wasted cheek?
Wherefore halts this tongue of mine,
So eloquent once, so faltering now and weak?
Now I hold you in my chain,
And clasp you close, all in a nightly dream;
Now, still dreaming, o'er the plain
I chase you; now, ah cruel! down the stream.

ODE II.

PINDARUM QUISQUIS.

Who fain at Pindar's flight would aim,
  On waxen wings, Iulus, he
Soars heavenward, doom'd to give his name
      To some new sea.
Pindar, like torrent from the steep
  Which, swollen with rain, its banks o'erflows,
With mouth unfathomably deep,
      Foams, thunders, glows,
All worthy of Apollo's bay,
  Whether in dithyrambic roll
Pouring new words he burst away
      Beyond control,
Or gods and god-born heroes tell,
  Whose arm with righteous death could tame
Grim Centaurs, tame Chimaeras fell,
      Out-breathing flame,
Or bid the boxer or the steed
  In deathless pride of victory live,
And dower them with a nobler meed
      Than sculptors give,
Or mourn the bridegroom early torn
  From his young bride, and set on high
Strength, courage, virtue's golden morn,
      Too good to die.

Antonius! yes, the winds blow free,
When Dirce's swan ascends the skies,
To waft him. I, like Matine bee,
In act and guise,
That culls its sweets through toilsome hours,
Am roaming Tibur's banks along,
And fashioning with puny powers
A laboured song.
Your Muse shall sing in loftier strain
How Caesar climbs the sacred height,
The fierce Sygambrians in his train,
With laurel dight,
Than whom the Fates ne'er gave mankind
A richer treasure or more dear,
Nor shall, though earth again should find
The golden year.
Your Muse shall tell of public sports,
And holyday, and votive feast,
For Caesar's sake, and brawling courts
Where strife has ceased.
Then, if my voice can aught avail,
Grateful for him our prayers have won,
My song shall echo, "Hail, all hail,
Auspicious Sun!"
There as you move, "Ho! Triumph, ho!
Great Triumph!" once and yet again
All Rome shall cry, and spices strow
Before your train.
Ten bulls, ten kine, your debt discharge:

A calf new-wean’d from parent cow,
Battening on pastures rich and large,
Shall quit my vow.
Like moon just dawning on the night
The crescent honours of his head;
One dapple spot of snowy white,
The rest all red.

ODE III.

QUEM TU, MELPOMENE.

He whom thou, Melpomene,
Hast welcomed with thy smile, in life arriving,
Ne'er by boxer's skill shall be
Renown'd abroad, for Isthmian mastery striving;
Him shall never fiery steed
Draw in Achaean car a conqueror seated;
Him shall never martial deed
Show, crown'd with bay, after proud kings defeated,
Climbing Capitolian steep:
But the cool streams that make green Tibur flourish,
And the tangled forest deep,
On soft Aeolian airs his fame shall nourish.
Rome, of cities first and best,
Deigns by her sons' according voice to hail me
Fellow-bard of poets blest,
And faint and fainter envy's growls assail me.
Goddess, whose Pierian art
The lyre's sweet sounds can modulate and measure,
Who to dumb fish canst impart
The music of the swan, if such thy pleasure:
O, 'tis all of thy dear grace
That every finger points me out in going
Lyrist of the Roman race;
Breath, power to charm, if mine, are thy bestowing!

ODE IV.

QUALEM MINISTRUM.

E’en as the lightning’s minister,
Whom Jove o’er all the feather’d breed
Made sovereign, having proved him sure
Erewhile on auburn Ganymede;
Stirr’d by warm youth and inborn power,
He quits the nest with timorous wing,
For winter’s storms have ceased to lower,
And zephyrs of returning spring
Tempt him to launch on unknown skies;
Next on the fold he stoops downright;
Last on resisting serpents flies,
Athirst for foray and for flight:
As tender kidling on the grass
Espies, uplooking from her food,
A lion’s whelp, and knows, alas!
Those new-set teeth shall drink her blood:
So look’d the Raetian mountaineers
On Drusus: — whence in every field
They learn’d through immemorial years
The Amazonian axe to wield,
I ask not now: not all of truth
We seekers find: enough to know
The wisdom of the princely youth
Has taught our erst victorious foe

What prowess dwells in boyish hearts
  Rear'd in the shrine of a pure home,
What strength Augustus' love imparts
  To Nero's seed, the hope of Rome.
Good sons and brave good sires approve:
  Strong bullocks, fiery colts, attest
Their fathers' worth, nor weakling dove
  Is hatch'd in savage eagle's nest.
But care draws forth the power within,
  And cultured minds are strong for good:
Let manners fail, the plague of sin
  Taints e'en the course of gentle blood.
How great thy debt to Nero's race,
  O Rome, let red Metaurus say,
Slain Hasdrubal, and victory's grace
  First granted on that glorious day
Which chased the clouds, and show'd the sun,
  When Hannibal o'er Italy
Ran, as swift flames o'er pine-woods run,
  Or Eurus o'er Sicilia's sea.
Henceforth, by fortune aiding toil,
  Rome's prowess grew: her fanes, laid waste
By Punic sacrilege and spoil,
  Beheld at length their gods replaced.
Then the false Libyan own'd his doom: —
  "Weak deer, the wolves' predestined prey,
Blindly we rush on foes, from whom
  'Twere triumph won to steal away.
That race which, strong from Ilion's fires,

Its gods, on Tuscan waters tost,
Its sons, its venerable sires,
Bore to Ausonia's citied coast;
That race, like oak by axes shorn
On Algidus with dark leaves rife,
Laughs carnage, havoc, all to scorn,
And draws new spirit from the knife.
Not the lopp'd Hydra task'd so sore
Alcides, chafing at the foil:
No pest so fell was born of yore
From Colchian or from Theban soil.
Plunged in the deep, it mounts to sight
More splendid: grappled, it will quell
Unbroken powers, and fight a fight
Whose story widow'd wives shall tell.
No heralds shall my deeds proclaim
To Carthage now: lost, lost is all:
A nation's hope, a nation's name,
They died with dying Hasdrubal."
What will not Claudian hands achieve?
Jove's favour is their guiding star,
And watchful potencies unweave
For them the tangled paths of war.

ODE V.

DIVIS ORTE BONIS.

Best guardian of Rome's people, dearest boon
  Of a kind Heaven, thou lingerest all too long:
Thou bad'st thy senate look to meet thee soon:
    Do not thy promise wrong.
Restore, dear chief, the light thou tak'st away:
  Ah! when, like spring, that gracious mien of thine
Dawns on thy Rome, more gently glides the day,
    And suns serener shine.
See her whose darling child a long year past
  Has dwelt beyond the wild Carpathian foam;
That long year o'er, the envious southern blast
    Still bars him from his home:
Weeping and praying to the shore she clings,
  Nor ever thence her straining eyesight turns:
So, smit by loyal passion's restless stings,
    Rome for her Caesar yearns.
In safety range the cattle o'er the mead:
  Sweet Peace, soft Plenty, swell the golden grain:
O'er unvex'd seas the sailors blithely speed:
    Fair Honour shrinks from stain:
No guilty lusts the shrine of home defile:
  Cleansed is the hand without, the heart within:
The father's features in his children smile:
    Swift vengeance follows sin.

Who fears the Parthian or the Scythian horde,
  Or the rank growth that German forests yield,
While Caesar lives? who trembles at the sword
      The fierce Iberians wield?
In his own hills each labours down the day,
  Teaching the vine to clasp the widow'd tree:
Then to his cups again, where, feasting gay,
      He hails his god in thee.
A household power, adored with prayers and wine,
  Thou reign'st auspicious o'er his hour of ease:
Thus grateful Greece her Castor made divine,
      And her great Hercules.
Ah! be it thine long holydays to give
  To thy Hesperia! thus, dear chief, we pray
At sober sunrise; thus at mellow eve,
      When ocean hides the day.

ODE VI.

DIVE, QUEM PROLES.

Thou who didst make thy vengeful might
To Niobe and Tityos known,
And Peleus' son, when Troy's tall height
Was nigh his own,
Victorious else, for thee no peer,
Though, strong in his sea-parent's power,
He shook with that tremendous spear
The Dardan tower.
He, like a pine by axes sped,
Or cypress sway'd by angry gust,
Fell ruining, and laid his head
In Trojan dust.
Not his to lie in covert pent
Of the false steed, and sudden fall
On Priam's ill-starr'd merriment
In bower and hall:
His ruthless arm in broad bare day
The infant from the breast had torn,
Nay, given to flame, ah, well a way!
The babe unborn:
But, won by Venus' voice and thine,
Relenting Jove Aeneas will'd
With other omens more benign
New walls to build.

Sweet tuner of the Grecian lyre,
  Whose locks are laved in Xanthus' dews,
Blooming Agyieus! help, inspire
      My Daunian Muse!
'Tis Phoebus, Phoebus gifts my tongue
  With minstrel art and minstrel fires:
Come, noble youths and maidens sprung
      From noble sires,
Blest in your Dian's guardian smile,
  Whose shafts the flying silvans stay,
Come, foot the Lesbian measure, while
      The lyre I play:
Sing of Latona's glorious boy,
  Sing of night's queen with crescent horn,
Who wings the fleeting months with joy,
      And swells the corn.
And happy brides shall say, "'Twas mine,
  When years the cyclic season brought,
To chant the festal hymn divine
      By HORACE taught."

ODE VII.

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

The snow is fled: the trees their leaves put on,
The fields their green:
Earth owns the change, and rivers lessening run.
Their banks between.
Naked the Nymphs and Graces in the meads
The dance essay:
"No 'scaping death" proclaims the year, that speeds
This sweet spring day.
Frosts yield to zephyrs; Summer drives out Spring,
To vanish, when
Rich Autumn sheds his fruits; round wheels the ring, —
Winter again!
Yet the swift moons repair Heaven's detriment:
We, soon as thrust
Where good Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went,
What are we? dust.
Can Hope assure you one more day to live
From powers above?
You rescue from your heir whate'er you give
The self you love.
When life is o'er, and Minos has rehearsed
The grand last doom,
Not birth, nor eloquence, nor worth, shall burst

Torquatus' tomb.
Not Dian's self can chaste Hippolytus
To life recall,
Nor Theseus free his loved Pirithous
From Lethe's thrall.

ODE VIII.

DONAREM PATERAS.

Ah Censorinus! to my comrades true
Rich cups, rare bronzes, gladly would I send:
Choice tripods from Olympia on each friend
Would I confer, choicer on none than you,
Had but my fate such gems of art bestow'd
As cunning Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
This with the brush, that with the chisel taught
To image now a mortal, now a god.
But these are not my riches: your desire
Such luxury craves not, and your means disdain:
A poet's strain you love; a poet's strain
Accept, and learn the value of the lyre.
Not public gravings on a marble base,
Whence comes a second life to men of might
E'en in the tomb: not Hannibal's swift flight,
Nor those fierce threats flung back into his face,
Not impious Carthage in its last red blaze,
In clearer light sets forth his spotless fame,
Who from crush'd Afric took away — a name,
Than rude Calabria's tributary lays.
Let silence hide the good your hand has wrought.
Farewell, reward! Had blank oblivion's power
Dimm'd the bright deeds of Romulus, at this hour,
Despite his sire and mother, he were nought.

Thus Aeacus has ‘scaped the Stygian wave,
  By grace of poets and their silver tongue,
  Henceforth to live the happy isles among.
No, trust the Muse: she opes the good man’s grave,
And lifts him to the gods. So Hercules,
  His labours o’er, sits at the board of Jove:
  So Tyndareus’ offspring shine as stars above,
Saving lorn vessels from the yawning seas:
So Bacchus, with the vine-wreath round his hair,
  Gives prosperous issue to his votary’s prayer.

ODE IX.

NE FORTE CREDAS.

Think not those strains can e'er expire,
  Which, cradled 'mid the echoing roar
Of Aufidus, to Latium's lyre
  I sing with arts unknown before.
Though Homer fill the foremost throne,
  Yet grave Stesichorus still can please,
And fierce Alcaeus holds his own,
  With Pindar and Simonides.
The songs of Teos are not mute,
  And Sappho's love is breathing still:
She told her secret to the lute,
  And yet its chords with passion thrill.
Not Sparta's queen alone was fired
  By broider'd robe and braided tress,
And all the splendours that attired
  Her lover's guilty loveliness:
Not only Teucer to the field
  His arrows brought, nor Ilion
Beneath a single conqueror reel'd:
  Not Crete's majestic lord alone,
Or Sthenelus, earn'd the Muses' crown:
  Not Hector first for child and wife,
Or brave Deiphobus, laid down
  The burden of a manly life.

Before Atrides men were brave:
  But ah! oblivion, dark and long,
Has lock'd them in a tearless grave,
  For lack of consecrating song.
'Twixt worth and baseness, lapp'd in death,
  What difference? YOU shall ne'er be dumb,
While strains of mine have voice and breath:
  The dull neglect of days to come
Those hard-won honours shall not blight:
  No, Lollius, no: a soul is yours,
Clear-sighted, keen, alike upright
  When fortune smiles, and when she lowers:
To greed and rapine still severe,
  Spurning the gain men find so sweet:
A consul, not of one brief year,
  But oft as on the judgment-seat
You bend the expedient to the right,
  Turn haughty eyes from bribes away,
Or bear your banners through the fight,
  Scattering the foeman's firm array.
The lord of boundless revenues,
  Salute not him as happy: no,
Call him the happy, who can use
  The bounty that the gods bestow,
Can bear the load of poverty,
  And tremble not at death, but sin:
No recreant he when called to die
  In cause of country or of kin.

ODE XI.

EST MIHI NONUM.

Here is a cask of Alban, more
Than nine years old: here grows
Green parsley, Phyllis, and good store
Of ivy too
(Wreathed ivy suits your hair, you know)
The plate shines bright: the altar, strewn
With vervain, hungers for the flow
Of lambkin's blood.
There's stir among the serving folk;
They bustle, bustle, boy and girl;
The flickering flames send up the smoke
In many a curl.
But why, you ask, this special cheer?
We celebrate the feast of Ides,
Which April's month, to Venus dear,
In twain divides.
O, 'tis a day for reverence,
E'en my own birthday scarce so dear,
For my Maecenas counts from thence
Each added year.
'Tis Telephus that you'd bewitch:
But he is of a high degree;
Bound to a lady fair and rich,
He is not free.

O think of Phaethon half burn’d,
  And moderate your passion’s greed:
Think how Bellerophon was spurn’d
      By his wing’d steed.
So learn to look for partners meet,
  Shun lofty things, nor raise your aims
Above your fortune. Come then, sweet,
      My last of flames
 (For never shall another fair
  Enslave me), learn a tune, to sing
With that dear voice: to music care
      Shall yield its sting.

ODE XII.

JAM VERIS COMITES.

The gales of Thrace, that hush the unquiet sea,
Spring's comrades, on the bellying canvas blow:
Clogg'd earth and brawling streams alike are free
From winter's weight of snow.
Wailing her Itys in that sad, sad strain,
Builds the poor bird, reproach to after time
Of Cecrops' house, for bloody vengeance ta'en
On foul barbaric crime.
The keepers of fat lambkins chant their loves
To silvan reeds, all in the grassy lea,
And pleasure Him who tends the flocks and groves
Of dark-leaved Arcady.
It is a thirsty season, Virgil mine:
But would you taste the grape's Calenian juice,
Client of noble youths, to earn your wine
Some nard you must produce.
A tiny box of nard shall bring to light
The cask that in Sulpician cellar lies:
O, it can give new hopes, so fresh and bright,
And gladden gloomy eyes.
You take the bait? then come without delay
And bring your ware: be sure, 'tis not my plan
To let you drain my liquor and not pay,
As might some wealthy man.

Come, quit those covetous thoughts, those knitted brows,
Think on the last black embers, while you may,
And be for once unwise. When time allows,
'Tis sweet the fool to play.

ODE XIII.

AUDIVERE, LYCE.

The gods have heard, the gods have heard my prayer;
Yes, Lyce! you are growing old, and still
You struggle to look fair;
You drink, and dance, and trill
Your songs to youthful Love, in accents weak
With wine, and age, and passion. Youthful Love!
He dwells in Chia's cheek,
And hears her harp-strings move.
Rude boy, he flies like lightning o'er the heath
Past wither'd trees like you; you're wrinkled now;
The white has left your teeth
And settled on your brow.
Your Coan silks, your jewels bright as stars,
Ah no! they bring not back the days of old,
In public calendars
By flying Time enroll'd.
Where now that beauty? where those movements? where
That colour? what of her, of her is left,
Who, breathing Love's own air,
Me of myself bereft,
Who reign'd in Cinara's stead, a fair, fair face,
Queen of sweet arts? but Fate to Cinara gave

A life of little space;
And now she cheats the grave
Of Lyce, spared to raven's length of days,
That youth may see, with laughter and disgust,
A fire-brand, once ablaze,
Now smouldering in grey dust.

ODE XIV.

QUAE CURA PATRUM.

What honours can a grateful Rome,
A grateful senate, Caesar, give
To make thy worth through days to come
Emblazon'd on our records live,
Mightiest of chieftains whomsoe'er
The sun beholds from heaven on high?
They know thee now, thy strength in war,
Those unsubdued Vindelici.
Thine was the sword that Drusus drew,
When on the Breunian hordes he fell,
And storm'd the fierce Genaunian crew
E'en in their Alpine citadel,
And paid them back their debt twice told;
'Twas then the elder Nero came
To conflict, and in ruin roll'd
Stout Raetian kernes of giant frame.
O, 'twas a gallant sight to see
The shocks that beat upon the brave
Who chose to perish and be free!
As south winds scourge the rebel wave
When through rent clouds the Pleiads weep,
So keen his force to smite, and smite
The foe, or make his charger leap
Through the red furnace of the fight.

Thus Daunia's ancient river fares,
  Proud Aufidus, with bull-like horn,
When swoln with choler he prepares
  A deluge for the fields of corn.
So Claudius charged and overthrew
  The grim barbarian's mail-clad host,
The foremost and the hindmost slew,
  And conquer'd all, and nothing lost.
The force, the forethought, were thine own,
  Thine own the gods. The selfsame day
When, port and palace open thrown,
  Low at thy footstool Egypt lay,
That selfsame day, three lustres gone,
  Another victory to thine hand
Was given; another field was won
  By grace of Caesar's high command.
Thee Spanish tribes, unused to yield,
  Mede, Indian, Scyth that knows no home,
Acknowledge, sword at once and shield
  Of Italy and queenly Rome.
Ister to thee, and Tanais fleet,
  And Nile that will not tell his birth,
To thee the monstrous seas that beat
  On Britain's coast, the end of earth,
To thee the proud Iberians bow,
  And Gauls, that scorn from death to flee;
The fierce Sygambrian bends his brow,
  And drops his arms to worship thee

ODE XV.

PHOEBUS VOLENTEM.

Of battles fought I fain had told,
And conquer'd towns, when Phoebus smote
His harp-string: "Sooth, 'twere over-bold
To tempt wide seas in that frail boat."
Thy age, great Caesar, has restored
To squalid fields the plenteous grain,
Given back to Rome's almighty Lord
Our standards, torn from Parthian fane,
Has closed Quirinian Janus' gate,
Wild passion's erring walk controll'd,
Heal'd the foul plague-spot of the state,
And brought again the life of old,
Life, by whose healthful power increased
The glorious name of Latium spread
To where the sun illumes the east
From where he seeks his western bed.
While Caesar rules, no civil strife
Shall break our rest, nor violence rude,
Nor rage, that whets the slaughtering knife
And plunges wretched towns in feud.
The sons of Danube shall not scorn
The Julian edicts; no, nor they
By Tanais' distant river born,
Nor Persia, Scythia, or Cathay.

And we on feast and working-tide,
  While Bacchus' bounties freely flow,
Our wives and children at our side,
  First paying Heaven the prayers we owe,
Shall sing of chiefs whose deeds are done,
  As wont our sires, to flute or shell,
And Troy, Anchises, and the son
  Of Venus on our tongues shall dwell.

EPISTLES (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

Horace first published a book of *Epistles* in 20 BC, which he followed in 14 BC with a second book. The First Epistle, which serves as an introduction to the new form chosen by the poet, is addressed to the poet's patron, Maecenas, and professes to explain why Horace has given up the writing of lyric poetry. Horace argues that he is now too old for such folly and his mind has turned to another field. "Why," he asks, "should you wish the gladiator, who has earned his discharge, to return to his former training-school? A warning voice within bids me loose the old steed before he stumble at the end of his course. And so I give up my verses with other toys, and turn all my thoughts to philosophy, following no special school but letting myself be borne along as the breeze may set, now behaving as a true Stoic, being all for action, and now relapsing into the passiveness of a Cyrenaic". Therefore, the *Epistles* can be said to mark the advent of a more mature and learned Horace, without the brash and aggressive tone found in some of the poet's earlier works.

The public reception of *Odes* (books 1-3) had disappointed Horace and he attributed the lack of success to jealousy among imperial courtiers and to his isolation from literary cliques, partly leading him to put aside the lyric genre in favour of verse letters. He addressed his first book of Epistles to a variety of friends and acquaintances in an urbane style reflecting his new social status as a knight. In the opening poem, he professed a deeper interest in moral philosophy than poetry but, though the collection demonstrates a leaning towards stoic theory, it reveals no sustained thinking about ethics. In the final poem of the first book of *Epistles*, Horace reveals himself to be forty-four years old in 21 BC, and "of small stature, fond of the sun, prematurely grey, quick-tempered but easily placated".

According to Suetonius, the second book of *Epistles* was prompted by Augustus, who desired a verse epistle to be addressed to himself. Augustus was himself a prolific letter-writer and had once asked Horace to be his personal secretary. The poet had refused the secretarial role, but complied with the Emperor's request for a verse letter.

Roman bust of Maecenas, (70 BC–8 BC) the ally, friend and political advisor to Augustus, as well as an important patron for the new generation of Augustan poets.

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BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

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BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MAECENAS.

The poet renounces all verses of a ludicrous turn, and resolves to apply himself wholly to the study of philosophy, which teaches to bridle the desires, and to postpone every thing to virtue.

Maecenas, the subject of my earliest song, justly entitled to my latest, dost thou seek to engage me again in the old lists, having been tried sufficiently, and now presented with the foils? My age is not the same, nor is my genius. Veianius, his arms consecrated on a pillar of Hercules' temple, lives snugly retired in the country, that he may not from the extremity of the sandy amphitheater so often supplicate the people's favor. Some one seems frequently to ring in my purified ear: "Wisely in time dismiss the aged courser, lest, an object of derision, he miscarry at last, and break his wind." Now therefore I lay aside both verses, and all other sportive matters; my study and inquiry is after what is true and fitting, and I am wholly engaged in this: I lay up, and collect rules which I may be able hereafter to bring into use. And lest you should perchance ask under what leader, in what house *[of philosophy]*, I enter myself a pupil: addicted to

swear implicitly to the ipse-dixits of no particular master, wherever the weather drives me, I am carried a guest. One while I become active, and am plunged in the waves of state affairs, a maintainer and a rigid partisan of strict virtue; then again I relapse insensibly into Aristippus' maxims, and endeavor to adapt circumstances to myself, not myself to circumstances. As the night seems long to those with whom a mistress has broken her appointment, and the day slow to those who owe their labor; as the year moves lazy with minors, whom the harsh guardianship of their mothers confines; so all that time to me flows tedious and distasteful, which delays my hope and design of strenuously executing that which is of equal benefit to the poor and to the rich, which neglected will be of equal detriment to young and to old. It remains, that I conduct and comfort myself by these principles; your sight is not so piercing as that of Lynceus; you will not however therefore despise being anointed, if you are sore-eyed: nor because you despair of the muscles of the invincible Glycon, will you be careless of preserving your body from the knotty gout. There is some point to which we may reach, if we can go no further. Does your heart burn with avarice, and a wretched desire of more? Spells there are, and incantations, with which you may mitigate this pain, and rid yourself of a great part of the distemper. Do you swell with the love of praise? There are certain

purgations which can restore you, a certain treatise, being perused thrice with purity of mind. The envious, the choleric, the indolent, the slave to wine, to women — none is so savage that he can not be tamed, if he will only lend a patient ear to discipline.

It is virtue, to fly vice; and the highest wisdom, to have lived free from folly. You see with what toil of mind and body you avoid those things which you believe to be the greatest evils, a small fortune and a shameful repulse. An active merchant, you run to the remotest Indies, fleeing poverty through sea, through rocks, through flames. And will you not learn, and hear, and be advised by one who is wiser, that you may no longer regard those things which you foolishly admire and wish for? What little champion of the villages and of the streets would scorn being crowned at the great Olympic games, who had the hopes and happy opportunity of victory without toil? Silver is less valuable than gold, gold than virtue. “O citizens, citizens, money is to be sought first; virtue after riches:” this the highest Janus from the lowest inculcates; young men and old repeat these maxims, having their bags and account-books hung on the left arm. You have soul, have breeding, have eloquence and honor: yet if six or seven thousand sesterces be wanting to complete your four hundred thousand, you shall be a plebeian. But boys at play cry, “You shall be king, if you will do right.” Let this be a *[man’s]* brazen wall, to be conscious of no ill, to turn

pale with no guilt. Tell me, pray is the Roscian law best, or the boy's song which offers the kingdom to them that do right, sung by the manly Curii and Camilli? Does he advise you best, who says, "Make a fortune; a fortune, if you can, honestly; if not, a fortune by any means" — that you may view from a nearer bench the tear-moving poems of Puppius; or he, who still animates and enables you to stand free and upright, a match for haughty fortune?

If now perchance the Roman people should ask me, why I do not enjoy the same sentiments with them, as *[I do the same]* porticoes, nor pursue or fly from whatever they admire or dislike; I will reply, as the cautious fox once answered the sick lion: "Because the foot-marks all looking toward you, and none from you, affright me." Thou art a monster with many heads. For what shall I follow, or whom? One set of men delight to farm the public revenues: there are some, who would inveigle covetous widows with sweet-meats and fruits, and insnare old men, whom they would send *[like fish]* into their ponds: the fortunes of many grow by concealed usury. But be it, that different men are engaged in different employments and pursuits: can the same persons continue an hour together approving the same things? If the man of wealth has said, "No bay in the world outshines delightful Baiae," the lake and the sea presently feel the eagerness of their impetuous master: to whom, if a vicious humor

gives the omen, *[he will cry,]*— "to-morrow, workmen, ye shall convey hence your tools to Teanum." Has he in his hall the genial bed? He says nothing is preferable to, nothing better than a single life. If he has not, he swears the married only are happy. With what noose can I hold this Proteus, varying thus his forms? What does the poor man? Laugh *[at him too]*: is he not forever changing his garrets, beds, baths, barbers? He is as much surfeited in a hired boat, as the rich man is, whom his own galley conveys.

If I meet you with my hair cut by an uneven barber, you laugh *[at me]*: if I chance to have a ragged shirt under a handsome coat, or if my disproportioned gown fits me ill, you laugh. What *[do you do]*, when my judgment contradicts itself? it despises what it before desired; seeks for that which lately it neglected; is all in a ferment, and is inconsistent in the whole tenor of life; pulls down, builds up, changes square to round. In this case, you think I am mad in the common way, and you do not laugh, nor believe that I stand in need of a physician, or of a guardian assigned by the praetor; though you are the patron of my affairs, and are disgusted at the ill-pared nail of a friend that depends upon you, that reveres you.

In a word, the wise man is inferior to Jupiter alone, is rich, free, honorable, handsome, lastly, king

of kings; above all, he is sound, unless when phlegm is troublesome.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

He prefers Homer to all the philosophers, as a moral writer, and advises an early cultivation of virtue.

While you, great Lollius, declaim at Rome, I at Praeneste have perused over again the writer of the Trojan war; who teaches more clearly, and better than Chrysippus and Crantor, what is honorable, what shameful, what profitable, what not so. If nothing hinders you, hear why I have thus concluded. The story is which, on account of Paris's intrigue, Greece is stated to be wasted in a tedious war with the barbarians, contains the tumults of foolish princes and people. Antenor gives his opinion for cutting off the cause of the war. What does Paris? He can not be brought to comply, *[though it be in order]* that he may reign safe, and live happy. Nestor labors to compose the differences between Achilles and Agamemnon: love inflames one; rage both in common. The Greeks suffer for what their princes act foolishly. Within the walls of Ilium, and without, enormities are committed by sedition, treachery, injustice, and lust, and rage.

Again, to show what virtue and what wisdom can do, he has propounded Ulysses an instructive pattern: who, having subdued Troy, wisely got an insight into the constitutions and customs of many nations; and, while for himself and his associates he is contriving a return, endured many hardships on the spacious sea, not to be sunk by all the waves of adversity. You are well acquainted with the songs of the Sirens, and Circe's cups: of which, if he had foolishly and greedily drunk along with his attendants, he had been an ignominious and senseless slave under the command of a prostitute: he had lived a filthy dog, or a hog delighting in mire.

We are a mere number and born to consume the fruits of the earth; like Penelope's suitors, useless drones; like Alcinous' youth, employed above measure in pampering their bodies; whose glory was to sleep till mid-day, and to lull their cares to rest by the sound of the harp. Robbers rise by night, that they may cut men's throats; and will not you awake to save yourself? But, if you will not when you are in health, you will be forced to take exercise when you are in a dropsy; and unless before day you call for a book with a light, unless you brace your mind with study and honest employments, you will be kept awake and tormented with envy or with love. For why do you hasten to remove things that hurt your eyes, but if any thing gnaws your mind, defer the time of curing it from year to year? He has half

the deed done, who has made a beginning. Boldly undertake the study of true wisdom: begin it forthwith. He who postpones the hour of living well, like the hind *[in the fable]*, waits till *[all the water in]* the river be run off: whereas it flows, and will flow, ever rolling on.

Money is sought, and a wife fruitful in bearing children, and wild woodlands are reclaimed by the plow. *[To what end all this?]* He, that has got a competency, let him wish for no more. Not a house and farm, nor a heap of brass and gold, can remove fevers from the body of their sick master, or cares from his mind. The possessor must be well, if he thinks of enjoying the things which he has accumulated. To him that is a slave to desire or to fear, house and estate do just as much good as paintings to a sore-eyed person, fomentations to the gout, music to ears afflicted with collected matter. Unless the vessel be sweet, whatever you pour into it turns sour. Despise pleasures, pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. The covetous man is ever in want; set a certain limit to your wishes. The envious person wastes at the thriving condition of another: Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than envy. He who will not curb his passion, will wish that undone which his grief and resentment suggested, while he violently plies his revenge with unsated rancor. Rage is a short madness. Rule your passion, which commands, if it do not obey; do you restrain it

with a bridle, and with fetters. The groom forms the docile horse, while his neck is yet tender, to go the way which his rider directs him: the young hound, from the time that he barked at the deer's skin in the hall, campaigns it in the woods. Now, while you are young, with an untainted mind Imbibe instruction: now apply yourself to the best *[masters of morality]*. A cask will long preserve the flavor, with which when new it was once impregnated. But if you lag behind, or vigorously push on before, I neither wait for the loiterer, nor strive to overtake those that precede me.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

After inquiring about Claudius Tiberius Nero, and some of his friends, he exhorts Florus to the study of philosophy.

I long to know, Julius Florus, in what regions of the earth Claudius, the step-son of Augustus, is waging war. Do Thrace and Hebrus, bound with icy chains, or the narrow sea running between the neighboring towers, or Asia's fertile plains and hills detain you? What works is the studious train planning? In this too I am anxious — who takes upon himself to write the military achievements of Augustus? Who diffuses into distant ages his deeds in war and peace? What is Titius about, who shortly will be celebrated by every Roman tongue; who dreaded not to drink of the Pindaric spring, daring to disdain common waters and open streams: how does he do? How mindful is he of me? Does he employ himself to adapt Theban measures to the Latin lyre, under the direction of his muse? Or does he storm and swell in the pompous style of traffic art? What is my Celsus doing? He has been advised, and the advice is still often to be repeated, to acquire stock of his own, and forbear to touch whatever writings the

Palatine Apollo has received: lest, if it chance that the flock of birds should some time or other come to demand their feathers, he, like the daw stripped of his stolen colors, be exposed to ridicule. What do you yourself undertake? What thyme are you busy hovering about? Your genius is not small, is not uncultivated nor inelegantly rough. Whether you edge your tongue for *[pleading]* causes, or whether you prepare to give counsel in the civil law, or whether you compose some lovely poem; you will bear off the first prize of the victorious ivy. If now you could quit the cold fomentations of care; whithersoever heavenly wisdom would lead you, you would go. Let us, both small and great, push forward in this work, in this pursuit: if to our country, if to ourselves we would live dear.

You must also write me word of this, whether Munatiua is of as much concern to you as he ought to be? Or whether the ill-patched reconciliation in vain closes, and is rent asunder again? But, whether hot blood, or inexperience in things, exasperates you, wild as coursers with unsubdued neck, in whatever place you live, too worthy to break the fraternal bond, a devoted heifer is feeding against your return.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He declares his accomplishments; and, after proposing the thought of death, converts it into an occasion of pleasantry.

Albius, thou candid critic of my discourses, what shall I say you are now doing in the country about Pedum? Writing what may excel the works of Cassius Parmensis; or sauntering silently among the healthful groves, concerning yourself about every thing worthy a wise and good man? You were not a body without a mind. The gods have given you a beautiful form, the gods *[have given]* you wealth, and the faculty of enjoying it.

What greater blessing could a nurse solicit for her beloved child, than that he might be wise, and able to express his sentiments; and that respect, reputation, health might happen to him in abundance, and decent living, with a never-failing purse?

In the midst of hope and care, in the midst of fears and disquietudes, think every day that shines upon you is the last. *[Thus]* the hour, which shall not be expected, will come upon you an agreeable addition.

When you have a mind to laugh, you shall see me fat and sleek with good keeping, a hog of Epicurus' herd.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

He invites him to a frugal entertainment, but a cleanly and cheerful one.

If you can repose yourself as my guest upon Archias' couches, and are not afraid to make a whole meal on all sorts of herbs from a moderate dish; I will expect you, Torquatus, at my house about sun set. You shall drink wine poured into the vessel in the second consulship of Taurus, produced between the fenny Minturnae and Petrinum of Sinuessa. If you have any thing better, send for it; or bring your commands. Bright shines my hearth, and my furniture is clean for you already. Dismiss airy hopes, and contests about riches, and Moschus' cause. To-morrow, a festal day on account of Caesar's birth, admits of indulgence and repose. We shall have free liberty to prolong the summer evening with friendly conversation. To what purpose have I fortune, if I may not use it? He that is sparing out of regard to his heir, and too niggardly, is next neighbor to a madman. I will begin to drink and scatter flowers, and I will endure even to be accounted foolish. What does not wine freely drunken enterprise? It discloses secrets; commands

our hopes to be ratified; pushes the dastard on to the fight; removes the pressure from troubled minds; teaches the arts. Whom have not plentiful cups made eloquent? Whom have they not *[made]* free and easy under pinching poverty?

I, who am both the proper person and not unwilling, am charged to take care of these matters; that no dirty covering on the couch, no foul napkin contract your nose into wrinkles; and that the cup and the dish may show you to yourself; that there be no one to carry abroad what is said among faithful friends; that equals may meet and be joined with equals I will add to you Butra, and Septicius, and Sabinus, unless a better entertainment and a mistress more agreeable detain him. There is room also for many introductions: but goaty ramminess is offensive in over-crowded companies.

Do you write word, what number you would be; and setting aside business, through the back-door give the slip to your client who keeps guard in your court.

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

That a wise man is in love with nothing but virtue.

To admire nothing is almost the one and only thing, Numicius, which can make and keep a man happy. There are who view this sun, and the stars, and the seasons retiring at certain periods, untainted with any fear. What do you think of the gifts of the earth? What of the sea, that enriches the remote Arabians and Indians? What of scenical shows, the applause and favors of the kind Roman? In what manner do you think they are to be looked upon, with what apprehensions and countenance? He that dreads the reverse of these, admires them almost in the same way as he that desires them; fear alike disturbs both ways: an unforeseen turn of things equally terrifies each of them: let a man rejoice or grieve, desire or fear; what matters it — if, whatever he perceives better or worse than his expectations, with downcast look he be stupefied in mind and body? Let the wise man bear the name of fool, the just of unjust; if he pursue virtue itself beyond proper bounds.

Go now, look with transport upon silver, and antique marble, and brazen statues, and the arts: admire gems, and Tyrian dyes: rejoice, that a

thousand eyes are fixed upon you while you speak: industrious repair early to the forum, late to your house, that Mutus may not reap more grain *[than you]* from his lands gained in dowry, and (unbecoming, since he sprung from meaner parents) that he may not be an object of admiration to you rather than you to him. Whatever is in the earth, time will bring forth into open day light; will bury and hide things, that now shine brightest. When Agrippa's portico, and the Appian way, shall have beheld you well known; still it remains for you to go where Numa and Ancus are arrived. If your side or your reins are afflicted with an acute disease, seek a remedy from the disease. Would you live happily? Who would not? If virtue alone can confer this, discarding pleasures, strenuously pursue it. Do you think virtue mere words, as a grove is trees? Be it your care that no other enter the port before you; that you lose not your traffic with Cibyra, with Bithynia. Let the round sum of a thousand talents be completed; as many more; further, let a third thousand succeed, and the part which may square the heap. For why, sovereign money gives a wife with a *[large]* portion, and credit, and friends, and family, and beauty; and *[the goddesses]*, Persuasion and Venus, graced the well-moneyed man. The king of the Cappadocians, rich in slaves, is in want of coin; be not you like him. Lucullus, as they say, being asked if he could lend a hundred cloaks for the stage,

“How can I so many?” said he: “yet I will see, and send as many as I have;” a little after he writes that he had five thousand cloaks in his house; they might take part of them, or all. It is a scanty house, where there are not many things superfluous, and which escape the owner’s notice, and are the gain of pilfering slaves. If then wealth alone can make and keep a man happy, be first in beginning this work, be last in leaving it off. If appearances and popularity make a man fortunate, let as purchase a slave to dictate *[to us]* the names *[of the citizens]*, to jog us on the left-side, and to make us stretch our hand over obstacles: “This man has much interest in the Fabian, that in the Veline tribe; this will give the fasces to any one, and, indefatigably active, snatch the curule ivory from whom he pleases; add *[the names of]* father, brother: according as the age of each is, so courteously adopt him. If he who feasts well, lives well; it is day, let us go whither our appetite leads us: let us fish, let us hunt, as did some time Gargilius: who ordered his toils, hunting-spears, slaves, early in the morning to pass through the crowded forum and the people: that one mule among many, in the sight of the people, might return loaded with a boar purchased with money. Let us bathe with an indigested and full-swollen stomach, forgetting what is becoming, what not; deserving to be enrolled among the citizens of Caere; like the depraved crew of Ulysses of Ithaca, to whom

forbidden pleasure was dearer than their country. If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing is pleasant without love and mirth, live in love and mirth.

Live: be happy. If you know of any thing preferable to these maxims, candidly communicate it: if not, with me make use of these.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MAECENAS.

He apologizes to Maecenas for his long absence from Rome; and acknowledges his favors to him in such a manner as to declare liberty preferable to all other blessings.

Having promised you that I would be in the country but five days, false to my word, I am absent the whole of August. But, if you would have me live sound and in perfect health, the indulgence which you grant me, Maecenas, when I am ill, you will grant me *[also]* when I am afraid of being ill: while *[the time of]* the first figs, and the *[autumnal]* heat graces the undertaker with his black attendants; while every father and mother turn pale with fear for their children; and while over-acted diligence, and attendance at the forum, bring on fevers and unseal wills. But, if the winter shall scatter snow upon the Alban fields, your poet will go down to the seaside, and be careful of himself, and read bundled up; you, dear friend, he will revisit with the zephyrs, if you will give him leave, and with the first swallow.

You have made me rich, not in the manner in which the Calabrian host bids *[his guest]* eat of his pears. “Eat, pray, sir.” “I have had enough.” “But

take away with you what quantity you will." "You are very kind." "You will carry them no disagreeable presents to your little children." "I am as much obliged by your offer, as if I were sent away loaded." "As you please: you leave them to be devoured to-day by the hogs." The prodigal and fool gives away what he despises and hates; the reaping of favors like these has produced, and ever will produce, ungrateful men. A good and wise man professes himself ready to do kindness to the deserving; and yet is not ignorant, how true coins differ from lupines. I will also show myself deserving of the honor of being grateful. But if you would not have me depart any whither, you must restore my vigorous constitution, the black locks *[that grew]* on my narrow forehead: you must restore to me the power of talking pleasantly: you must restore to me the art of laughing with becoming ease, and whining over my liquor at the jilting of the wanton Cynara.

A thin field-mouse had by chance crept through a narrow cranny into a chest of grain; and, having feasted itself, in vain attempted to come out again, with its body now stuffed full. To which a weasel at a distance cries, "If you would escape thence, repair lean to the narrow hole which you entered lean." If I be addressed with this similitude, I resign all; neither do I, sated with delicacies, cry up the calm repose of the vulgar, nor would I change my liberty and ease

for the riches of the Arabians. You have often commended me for being modest; when present you heard *[from me the appellations of]* king and father, nor am I a word more sparing in your absence. Try whether I can cheerfully restore what you have given me. Not amiss *[answered]* Telemachus, son of the patient Ulysses: “The country of Ithaca is not proper for horses, as being neither extended into champaign fields, nor abounding with much grass: Atrides, I will leave behind me your gifts, *[which are]* more proper for yourself.” Small things best suit the small. No longer does imperial Rome please me, but unfrequented Tibur, and unwarlike Tarentum.

Philip, active and strong, and famed for pleading causes, while returning from his employment about the eighth hour, and now of a great age, complaining that the Carinae were too far distant from the forum; spied, as they say, a person clean shaven in a barber’s empty shed, composedly paring his own nails with a knife. “Demetrius,” *[says he,]* (this slave dexterously received his master’s orders,) “go inquire, and bring me word from what house, who he is, of what fortune, who is his father, or who is his patron.” He goes, returns, and relates, that “he is by name, Vulteius Maena, an auctioneer, of small fortune, of a character perfectly unexceptionable, that he could upon occasion ply busily, and take his ease, and get, and spend; delighting in humble

companions and a settled dwelling, and (after business ended) in the shows, and the Campus Martius."

"I would inquire of him himself all this, which you report; bid him come to sup with me." Maena can not believe it; he wonders silently within himself. Why many words? He answers, "It is kind." "Can he deny me?" "The rascal denies, and disregards or dreads you." In the morning Philip comes unawares upon Vulteius, as he is selling brokery-goods to the tunic'd populace, and salutes him first. He pleads to Philip his employment, and the confinement of his business, in excuse for not having waited upon him in the morning; and afterward, for not seeing him first. "Expect that I will excuse you on this condition, that you sup with me to-day." "As you please." "Then you will come after the ninth hour: now go: strenuously increase your stock." When they were come to supper, having discoursed of things of a public and private nature, at length he is dismissed to go to sleep. When he had often been seen, to repair like a fish to the concealed hook, in the morning a client, and now as a constant guest; he is desired to accompany *[Philip]* to his country-seat near the city, at the proclaiming of the Latin festivals. Mounted on horseback, he ceases not to cry up the Sabine fields and air. Philip sees it, and smiles: and, while he is seeking amusement and diversion for himself out of every thing, while he

makes him a present of seven thousand sesterces, and promises to lend him seven thousand more: he persuades him to purchase a farm: he purchases one. That I may not detain you with a long story beyond what is necessary, from a smart cit he becomes a downright rustic, and prates of nothing but furrows and vineyards; prepares his elms; is ready to die with eager diligence, and grows old through a passionate desire of possessing. But when his sheep were lost by theft, his goats by distemper, his harvest deceived his hopes, his ox was killed with plowing; fretted with these losses, at midnight he snatches his nag, and in a passion makes his way to Philip's house. Whom as soon as Philip beheld, rough and unshaven, "Vulteius," said he, "you seem to me to be too laborious and earnest." "In truth, patron," replied he, "you would call me a wretch, if you would apply to me my true name. I beseech and conjure you then, by your genius and your right hand and your household gods, restore me to my former life." As soon as a man perceives, how much the things he has discarded excel those which he pursues, let him return in time, and resume those which he relinquished.

It is a truth, that every one ought to measure himself by his own proper foot and standard.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

That he was neither well in body, nor in mind; that Celtics should bear his prosperity with moderation.

My muse at my request, give joy and wish success to Celsus Albinovanus, the attendant and the secretary of Nero. If he shall inquire, what I am doing, say that I, though promising many and fine things, yet live neither well *[according to the rules of strict philosophy]*, nor agreeably; not because the hail has crushed my vines, and the heat has nipped my olives; nor because my herds are distempered in distant pastures; but because, less sound in my mind than in my whole body, I will hear nothing, learn nothing which may relieve me, diseased as I am; that I am displeased with my faithful physicians, am angry with my friends for being industrious to rouse me from a fatal lethargy; that I pursue things which have done me hurt, avoid things which I am persuaded would be of service, inconstant as the wind, at Rome am in love with Tibur, at Tibur with Rome. After this, inquire how he does; how he manages his business and himself; how he pleases the young prince and his attendants. If he shall say, well; first congratulate him, then remember to

whisper this admonition in his ears: As you, Celsus, bear your fortunes, so will we bear you.

EPISTLE IX.

TO CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS NERO.

He recommends Septimius to him.

Of all the men in the world Septimius surely, O Claudius, knows how much regard you have for me. For when he requests, and by his entreaties in a manner compels me, to undertake to recommend and introduce him to you, as one worthy of the confidence and the household of Nero, who is wont to choose deserving objects, thinking I discharge the office of an intimate friend; he sees and knows better than myself what I can do. I said a great deal, indeed, in order that I might come off excused: but I was afraid, lest I should be suspected to pretend my interest was less than it is, to be a dissembler of my own power, and ready to serve myself alone. So, avoiding the reproach of a greater fault, I have put in for the prize of town-bred confidence. If then you approve of modesty being superseded at the pressing entreaties of a friend, enrol this person among your retinue, and believe him to be brave and good.

EPISTLE X.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

He praises a country before a city life, as more agreeable to nature, and more friendly to liberty.

We, who love the country, salute Fuscus that loves the town; in this point alone *[being]* much unlike, but in other things almost twins, of brotherly sentiments: whatever one denies the other too *[denies]*; we assent together: like old and constant doves, you keep the nest; I praise the rivulets, the rocks overgrown with moss, and the groves of the delightful country. Do you ask why? I live and reign, as soon as I have quitted those things which you extol to the skies with joyful applause. And, like a priest's, fugitive slave I reject luscious wafers, I desire plain bread, which is more agreeable now than honied cakes.

If we must live suitably to nature, and a plot of ground is to be first sought to raise a house upon, do you know any place preferable to the blissful country? Is there any spot where the winters are more temperate? where a more agreeable breeze moderates the rage of the Dog-star, and the season of the Lion, when once that furious sign has received the scorching sun? Is there a place where envious

care less disturbs our slumbers? Is the grass inferior in smell or beauty to the Libyan pebbles? Is the water, which strives to burst the lead in the streets, purer than that which trembles in murmurs down its sloping channel? Why, trees are nursed along the variegated columns *[of the city]*; and that house is commended, which has a prospect of distant fields. You may drive out nature with a fork, yet still she will return, and, insensibly victorious, will break through *[men's]* improper disgusts.

Not he who is unable to compare the fleeces that drink up the dye of Aquinum with the Sidonian purple, will receive a more certain damage and nearer to his marrow, than he who shall not be able to distinguish false from true. He who has been overjoyed by prosperity, will be shocked by a change of circumstances. If you admire any thing *[greatly]*, you will be unwilling to resign it. Avoid great things; under a mean roof one may outstrip kings, and the favorites of kings, in one's life.

The stag, superior in fight, drove the horse from the common pasture, till the latter, worsted in the long contest, implored the aid of man and received the bridle; but after he had parted an exulting conqueror from his enemy, he could not shake the rider from his back, nor the bit from his mouth. So he who, afraid of poverty, forfeits his liberty, more valuable than mines, avaricious wretch, shall carry a master, and shall eternally be a slave, for not

knowing how to use a little. When a man's condition does not suit him, it will be as a shoe at any time; which, if too big for his foot, will throw him down; if too little, will pinch him. *[If you are]* cheerful under your lot, Aristius, you will live wisely; nor shall you let me go uncorrected, if I appear to scrape together more than enough and not have done. Accumulated money is the master or slave of each owner, and ought rather to follow than to lead the twisted rope.

These I dictated to thee behind the moldering temple of Vacuna; in all other things happy, except that thou wast not with me.

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Endeavoring to recall him back to Rome from Asia, whither he had retreated through his weariness of the civil wars, he advises him to ease the disquietude of his mind not by the length of his journey, but by forming his mind into a right disposition.

What, Bullatius, do you think of Chios, and of celebrated Lesbos? What of neat Samos? What of Sardis, the royal residence of Croesus? What of Smyrna, and Colophon? Are they greater or less than their fame? Are they all contemptible in comparison of the Campus Martius and the river Tiber? Does one of Attalus' cities enter into your wish? Or do you admire Lebedus, through a surfeit of the sea and of traveling? You know what Lebedus is; it is a more unfrequented town than Gabii and Fidenae; yet there would I be willing to live; and, forgetful of my friends and forgotten by them, view from land Neptune raging at a distance. But neither he who comes to Rome from Capua, bespattered with rain and mire, would wish to live in an inn; nor does he, who has contracted a cold, cry up stoves and bagnios as completely furnishing a happy life: nor, if the violent south wind has tossed you in the deep, will

you therefore sell your ship on the other side of the Aegean Sea. On a man sound in mind Rhodes and beautiful Mitylene have such an effect, as a thick cloak at the summer solstice, thin drawers in snowy weather, *[bathing in]* the Tiber in winter, a fire in the month of August. While it is permitted, and fortune preserves a benign aspect, let absent Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes, be commended by you here at Rome. Whatever prosperous; hour Providence bestows upon you, receive it with a thankful hand: and defer not *[the enjoyment of]* the comforts of life, till a year be at an end; that in whatever place you are, you may say you have lived with satisfaction. For if reason and discretion, not a place that commands a prospect of the wide-extended sea, remove our cares; they change their climate, not their disposition, who run beyond the sea: a busy idleness harrasses us: by ships and by chariots we seek to live happily. What you seek is here *[at home]*, is at Ulubrae, if a just temper of mind is not wanting to you.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

Leader the appearance of praising the man's parsimony, he archly ridicules it; introduces Grosphus to him, and concludes with a few articles of news concerning the Roman affairs.

O Iccius, if you rightly enjoy the Sicilian products, which you collect for Agrippa, it is not possible that greater affluence can be given you by Jove. Away with complaints! for that man is by no means poor, who has the use or everything, he wants. If it is well with your belly, your back, and your feet, regal wealth can add nothing greater. If perchance abstemious amid profusion you live upon salad and shell-fish, you will continue to live in such a manner, even if presently fortune shall flow upon you in a river of gold; either because money can not change the natural disposition, or because it is your opinion that all things are inferior to virtue alone. Can we wonder that cattle feed upon the meadows and corn-fields of Democritus, while his active soul is abroad *[traveling]* without his body? When you, amid such great impurity and infection of profit, have no taste for any thing trivial, but still mind *[only]* sublime things: what causes restrain the sea,

what rules the year, whether the stars spontaneously or by direction wander about and are erratic, what throws obscurity on the moon, and what brings out her orb, what is the intention and power of the jarring harmony of things, whether Empedocles or the clever Stertinius be in the wrong.

However, whether you murder fishes, or onions and garlic, receive Pompeius Grosphus; and, if he asks any favor, grant it him frankly: Grosphus will desire nothing but what is right and just. The proceeds of friendship are cheap, when good men want any thing.

But that you may not be ignorant in what situation the Roman affairs are; the Cantabrians have fallen by the valor of Agrippa, the Armenians by that of Claudius Nero: Phraates has, suppliant on his knees, admitted the laws and power of Caesar. Golden plenty has poured out the fruits of Italy from a full horn.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINNIUS ASINA.

Horace cautions him to present his poems to Augustus at a proper opportunity, and with due decorum.

As on your setting out I frequently and fully gave you instructions, Vinnius, that you would present these volumes to Augustus sealed up if he shall be in health, if in spirits, finally, if he shall ask for them: do not offend out of zeal to me, and industriously bring an odium upon my books *[by being]* an agent of violent officiousness. If haply the heavy load of my paper should gall you, cast it from you, rather than throw down your pack in a rough manner where you are directed to carry it, and turn your paternal name of Asina into a jest, and make yourself a common story. Make use of your vigor over the hills, the rivers, and the fens. As soon as you have achieved your enterprise, and arrived there, you must keep your burden in this position; lest you happen to carry my bundle of books under your arm, as a clown does a lamb, or as drunken Pyrrhia *[in the play does]* the balls of pilfered wool, or as a tribe-guest his slippers with his fuddling-cap. You must not tell publicly, how you sweated with

carrying those verses, which may detain the eyes and ears of Caesar. Solicited with much entreaty, do your best. Finally, get you gone, farewell: take care you do not stumble, and break my orders.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD.

He upbraids his levity for contemning a country life, which had been his choice, and being eager to return to Rome.

Steward of my woodlands and little farm that restores me to myself, which you despise, *[though formerly]* inhabited by five families, and wont to send five good senators to Varia: let us try, whether I with more fortitude pluck the thorns out of my mind, or you out of my ground: and whether Horace or his estate be in a better condition.

Though my affection and solicitude for Lamia, mourning for his brother, lamenting inconsolably for his brother's loss, detain me; nevertheless my heart and soul carry me thither and long to break through those barriers that obstruct my way. I pronounce him the happy man who dwells in the country, you him *[who lives]* in the city. He to whom his neighbor's lot is agreeable, must of consequence dislike his own. Each of us is a fool for unjustly blaming the innocent place. The mind is in fault, which never escapes from itself. When you were a drudge at every one's beck, you tacitly prayed for the country: and now, *[being appointed]* my steward, you wish

for the city, the shows, and the baths. You know I am consistent with myself, and loth to go, whenever disagreeable business drags me to Rome. We are not admirers of the same things: henoe you and I disagree. For what you reckon desert and inhospitable wilds, he who is of my way of thinking calls delightful places; and dislikes what you esteem pleasant. The bagnio, I perceive, and the greasy tavern raise your inclination for the city: and this, because my little spot will sooner yield frankincense and pepper than grapes; nor is there a tavern near, which can supply you with wine; nor a minstrel harlot, to whose thrumming you may dance, cumbersome to the ground: and yet you exercise with plowshares the fallows that have been a long while untouched, you take due care of the ox when unyoked, and give him his fill with leaves stripped *[from the boughs]*. The sluice gives an additional trouble to an idle fellow, which, if a shower fall, must be taught by many a mound to spare the sunny meadow.

Come now, attend to what hinders our agreeing. *[Me,]* whom fine garments and dressed locks adorned, whom you know to have pleased venal Cynara without a present, whom *[you have seen]* quaff flowing Falernian from noon — a short supper *[now]* delights, and a nap upon the green turf by the stream side; nor is it a shame to have been gay, but not to break off that gayety. There there is no one

who reduces my possessions with envious eye, nor poisons them with obscure malice and biting slander; the neighbors smile at me removing clods and stones. You had rather be munching your daily allowance with the slaves in town; you earnestly pray to be of the number of these: *[while my]* cunning foot-boy envies you the use of the firing, the flocks and the garden. The lazy ox wishes for the horse's trappings: the horse wishes to go to plow. But I shall be of opinion, that each of them ought contentedly to exercise that art which he understands.

EPISTLE XV.

TO C. NEUMONIUS VALA.

Preparing to go to the baths either at Velia or Salernum, he inquires after the healthfulness and agreeableness of the places.

It is your part, Vala, to write to me (and mine to give credit to your information) what sort of a winter is it at Velia, what the air at Salernum, what kind of inhabitants the country consists of, and how the road is (for Antonius Musa *[pronounces]* Baiae to be of no service to me; yet makes me obnoxious to the place, when I am bathed in cold water even in the midst of the frost *[by his prescription]*. In truth the village murmers at their myrtle-groves being deserted and the sulphurous waters, said to expel lingering disorders from the nerves, despised; envying those invalids, who have the courage to expose their head and breast to the Clusian springs, and retire to Gabii and *[such]* cold countries. My course must be altered, and my horse driven beyond his accustomed stages. Whither are you going? will the angry rider say, pulling in the left-hand rein, I am not bound for Cumae or Baiae: — but the horse's ear is in the bit.) *[You must inform me likewise]* which of the two people is supported by the greatest

abundance of corn; whether they drink rainwater collected *[in reservoirs]*, or from perennial wells of never-failing water (for as to the wine of that part I give myself no trouble; at my country-seat I can dispense and bear with any thing: but when I have arrived at a sea-port, I insist upon that which is generous and mellow, such as may drive away my cares, such as may flow into my veins and animal spirits with a rich supply of hope, such as may supply me with words, such as may make me appear young to my Lucanian mistress). Which tract of land produces most hares, which boars: which seas harbor the most fishes and sea-urchins, that I may be able to return home thence in good case, and like a Phaeacian.

When Maenius, having bravely made away with his paternal and maternal estates, began to be accounted a merry fellow — a vagabond droll, who had no certain place of living; who, when dinnerless, could not distinguish a fellow-citizen from an enemy; unmerciful in forging any scandal against any person; the pest, and hurricane, and gulf of the market; whatever he could get, he gave to his greedy gut. This fellow, when he had extorted little or nothing from the favorers of his iniquity, or those that dreaded it, would eat up whole dishes of coarse tripe and lamb's entrails; as much as would have sufficed three bears; then truly, *[like]* reformer Bestius, would he say, that the bellies of extravagant

fellows ought to be branded with a red-hot iron. The same man *[however]*, when he had reduced to smoke and ashes whatever more considerable booty he had gotten; ‘Faith, said he, I do not wonder if some persons eat up their estates; since nothing is better than a fat thrush, nothing finer than a lage sow’s paunch. In fact, I am just such another myself; for, when matters are a little deficient, I commend, the snug and homely fare, of sufficient resolution amid mean provisions; but, if any thing be offered better and more delicate, I, the same individual, cry out, that ye are wise and alone live well, whose wealth and estate are conspicuous from the elegance of your villas.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINCTIUS.

He describes to Quinctius the form, situation, and advantages of his country house: then declares that probity consists in the consciousness of good works; liberty, in probity.

Ask me not, my best Quinctius, whether my farm maintains its master with corn-fields, or enriches him with olives, or with fruits, or meadow land, or the elm tree clothed with vines: the shape and situation of my ground shall be described to you at large.

There is a continued range of mountains, except where they are separated by a shadowy vale; but in such a manner, that the approaching sun views it on the right side, and departing in his flying car warms the left. You would commend its temperature. What? If my *[very]* briers produce in abundance the ruddy cornels and damsens? If my oak and holm tree accommodate my cattle with plenty of acorns, and their master with a copious shade? You would say that Tarentum, brought nearer *[to Rome]*, shone in its verdant beauty. A fountain too, deserving to give name to a river, insomuch that Hebrus does not surround Thrace more cool or more limpid, flows

salubrious to the infirm head, salubrious to the bowels. These sweet, yea now (if you will credit me) these delightful retreats preserve me to you in a state of health *[even]* in the September season.

You live well, if you take care to support the character which you bear. Long ago, all Rome has proclaimed you happy: but I am apprehensive, lest you should give more credit concerning yourself to any one than yourself; and lest you should imagine a man happy, who differs from the wise and good; or, because the people pronounce you sound and perfectly well, lest you dissemble the lurking fever at meal-times, until a trembling seize your greased hands. The false modesty of fools conceals ulcers *[rather than have them cured]*. If any one should mention battles which you had fought by land and sea, and in such expressions as these should soothe your listening ears: "May Jupiter, who consults the safety both of you and of the city, keep it in doubt, whether the people be more solicitous for your welfare, or you for the people's;" you might perceive these encomiums to belong *[only]* to Augustus when you suffer yourself to be termed a philosopher, and one of a refined life; say, pr'ythee, would you answer *[to these appellations]* in your own name? To be sure — I like to be called a wise and good man, as well as you. He who gave this character to-day, if he will, can take it away to-morrow: as the same people, if they have conferred the consulship

on an unworthy person, may take it away from him: "Resign; it is ours," they cry: I do resign it accordingly, and chagrined withdraw. Thus if they should call me rogue, deny me to be temperate, assert that I had strangled my own father with a halter; shall I be stung, and change color at these false reproaches? Whom does false honor delight, or lying calumny terrify, except the vicious and sickly-minded? Who then is a good man? He who observes the decrees of the senate, the laws and rules of justice; by whose arbitration many and important disputes are decided; by whose surety private property, and by whose testimony causes are safe. Yet *[perhaps]* his own family and all the neighborhood observe this man, specious in a fair outside, *[to be]* polluted within. If a slave should say to me, "I have not committed a robbery, nor run away:" "You have your reward; you are not galled with the lash," I reply. "I have not killed any man:" "You shall not *[therefore]* feed the carrion crows on the cross." I am a good man, and thrifty: your Sabine friend denies, and contradicts the fact. For the wary wolf dreads the pitfall, and the hawk the suspected snares, and the kite the concealed hook. The good, *[on the contrary,]* hate to sin from the love of virtue; you will commit no crime merely for the fear of punishment. Let there be a prospect of escaping, you will confound sacred and profane things together. For, when from a thousand bushels of beans you

filch one, the loss in that case to me is less, but not your villainy. The honest man, whom every forum and every court of justice looks upon with reverence, whenever he makes an atonement to the gods with a wine or an ox; after he has pronounced in a clear distinguishable voice, “O father Janus, O Apollo;” moves his lips as one afraid of being heard; “O fair Laverna put it in my power to deceive; grant me the appearance of a just and upright man: throw a cloud of night over my frauds.” I do not see how a covetous man can be better, how more free than a slave, when he stoops down for the sake of a penny, stuck in the road *[for sport]*. For he who will be covetous, will also be anxious: but he that lives in a state of anxiety, will never in my estimation be free. He who is always in a hurry, and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms, and deserted the post of virtue. Do not kill your captive, if you can sell him: he will serve you advantageously: let him, being inured to drudgery, feed *[your cattle]*, and plow; let him go to sea, and winter in the midst of the waves; let him be of use to the market, and import corn and provisions. A good and wise man will have courage to say, “Pentheus, king of Thebes, what indignities will you compel me to suffer and endure. ‘I will take away your goods:’ my cattle, I suppose, my land, my movables and money: you may take them. ‘I will confine you with handcuffs and fetters under a merciless jailer.’ The

deity himself will discharge me, whenever I please." In my opinion, this is his meaning; I will die. Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCAEVA.

That a life of business is preferable to a private and inactive one; the friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favors are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

Though, Scaeva, you have sufficient prudence of your own, and well know how to demean yourself toward your superiors; *[yet]* hear what are the sentiments of your old crony, who himself still requires teaching, just as if a blind man should undertake to show the way: however see, if even I can advance any thing, which you may think worth your while to adopt as your own.

If pleasant rest, and sleep till seven o'clock, delight you; if dust and the rumbling of wheels, if the tavern offend you, I shall order you off for Ferentinum. For joys are not the property of the rich alone: nor has he lived ill, who at his birth and at his death has passed unnoticed. If you are disposed to be of service to your friends, and to treat yourself with somewhat more indulgence, you, being poor, must pay your respects to the great. Aristippus, if he could dine to his satisfaction on herbs, would never frequent *[the tables]* of the great. If he who blames

me, *[replies Aristippus,]* knew how to live with the great, he would scorn his vegetables. Tell me, which maxim and conduct of the two you approve; or, since you are my junior, hear the reason why Aristippus' opinion is preferable; for thus, as they report, he baffled the snarling cynic: "I play the buffoon for my own advantage, you *[to please]* the populace. This *[conduct of mine]* is better and far more honorable; that a horse may carry and a great man feed me, pay court to the great: you beg for refuse, an inferior to the *[poor]* giver; though you pretend you are in want of nothing." As for Aristippus, every complexion of life, every station and circumstance sat gracefully upon him, aspiring in general to greater things, yet equal to the present: on the other hand, I shall be much surprised, if a contrary way of life should become *[this cynic]*, whom obstinacy clothes with a double rag. The one will not wait for his purple robe; but dressed in any thing, will go through the most frequented places, and without awkwardness support either character: the other will shun the cloak wrought at Miletus with greater aversion than *[the bite of]* dog or viper; he will die with cold, unless you restore him his ragged garment; restore it, and let him live like a fool as he is. To perform exploits, and show the citizens their foes in chains, reaches the throne of Jupiter, and aims at celestial honors. To have been acceptable to the great, is not the last of praises. It is not every

man's lot to gain Corinth. He *[prudently]* sat still who was afraid lest he should not succeed: be it so; what then? Was it not bravely done by him, who carried his point? Either here therefore, or nowhere, is what we are investigating. The one dreads the burden, as too much for a pusillanimous soul and a weak constitution; the other under takes, and carries it through. Either virtue is an empty name, or the man who makes the experiment deservedly claims the honor and the reward.

Those who mention nothing of their poverty before their lord, will gain more than the importunate. There is a great difference between modestly accepting, or seizing by violence But this was the principle and source of every thing *[which I alleged]*. He who says, "My sister is without a portion, my mother poor, and my estate neither salable nor sufficient for my support," cries out *[in effect]*, "Give me a morsel of bread:" another whines, "And let the platter be carved out for me with half a share of the bounty." But if the crow could have fed in silence, he would have had better fare, and much less of quarreling and of envy.

A companion taken *[by his lord]* to Brundusium, or the pleasant Surrentum, who complains of the ruggedness of the roads and the bitter cold and rains, or laments that his chest is broken open and his provisions stolen; resembles the well-known tricks of a harlot, weeping frequently for her necklace,

frequently for a garter forcibly taken from her; so that at length no credit is given to her real griefs and losses. Nor does he, who has been once ridiculed in the streets, care to lift up a vagrant with a *[pretended]* broken leg; though abundant tears should flow from him; though, swearing by holy Osiris, he says, “Believe me, I do not impose upon you; O cruel, take up the lame.” “Seek out for a stranger,” cries the hoarse neighborhood.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

He treats at large upon the cultivation of the favor of great men; and concludes with a few words concerning the acquirement of peace of mind.

If I rightly know your temper, most ingenuous Lollius, you will beware of imitating a flatterer, while you profess yourself a friend. As a matron is unlike and of a different aspect from a strumpet, so will a true friend differ from the toad-eater. There is an opposite vice to this, rather the greater *[of the two]*; a clownish, inelegant, and disagreeable bluntness, which would recommend itself by an unshaven face and black teeth; while it desires to be termed pure freedom and true sincerity. Virtue is the medium of the two vices; and equally remote from either. The one is over-prone to complaisance, and a jester of the lowest, couch, he so reverences the rich man's nod, so repeats his speeches, and catches up his falling words; that you would take him for a school-boy saying his lesson to a rigid master, or a player acting an underpart; another often wrangles about a goat's hair, and armed engages for any trifle: "That I, truly, should not have the first credit; and that I should not boldly speak aloud, what is my real

sentiment — *[upon such terms]*, another life would be of no value." But what is the subject of this controversy? Why, whether *[the gladiator]* Castor or Dolichos be the cleverer fellow; whether the Minucian, or the Appian, be the better road to Brundusium.

Him whom pernicious lust, whom quick-dispatching dice strips, whom vanity dresses out and perfumes beyond his abilities, whom insatiable hunger and thirst after money, Whom a shame and aversion to poverty possess, his rich friend (though furnished with a half-score more vices) hates and abhors; or if he does not hate, governs him; and, like a pious mother, would have him more wise and virtuous than himself; and says what is nearly true: "My riches (think not to emulate me) admit of extravagance; your income is but small: a scanty gown becomes a prudent dependant: cease to vie with me." Whomsoever Eutrapelus had a mind to punish, he presented with costly garments. For now *[said he]* happy in his fine clothes, he will assume new schemes and hopes; he will sleep till daylight; prefer a harlot to his honest-calling; run into debt; and at last become a gladiator, or drive a gardener's hack for hire.

Do not you at any time pry into his secrets; and keep close what is intrusted to you, though put to the torture, by wine or passion. Neither commend your own inclinations, nor find fault with those of others;

nor, when he is disposed to hunt, do you make verses. For by such means the amity of the twins Zethus and Amphion, broke off; till the lyre, disliked by the austere brother, was silent. Amphion is thought to have given way to his brother's humors; so do you yield to the gentle dictates of your friend in power: as often as he leads forth his dogs into the fields and his cattle laden with Aetolian nets, arise and lay aside the peevishness of your unmannerly muse, that you may sup together on the delicious fare purchased by your labor; an exercise habitual to the manly Romans, of service to their fame and life and limbs: especially when you are in health, and are able either to excel the dog in swiftness, or the boar in strength. Add *[to this]*, that there is no one who handles martial weapons more gracefully. You well know, with what acclamations of the spectators you sustain the combats in the Campus Marcius: in fine, as yet a boy, you endured a bloody campaign and the Cantabrian wars, beneath a commander, who is now replacing the standards *[recovered]* from the Parthian temples: and, if any thing is wanting, assigns it to the Roman arms. And that you may not withdraw yourself, and inexcusably be absent; though you are careful to do nothing out of measure, and moderation, yet you sometimes amuse yourself at your country-seat. The *[mock]* fleet divides the little boats *[into two squadrons]*: the Actian sea-fight is represented by boys under your direction in a

hostile form: your brother is the foe, your lake the Adriatic; till rapid victory crowns the one or the other with her bays. Your patron, who will perceive that you come into his taste, will applaud your sports with both his hands.

Moreover, that I may advise you (if in aught you stand in need of an adviser), take great circumspection what you say to any man, and to whom. Avoid an inquisitive impertinent, for such a one is also a tattler, nor do open ears faithfully retain what is intrusted to them; and a word, once sent abroad, flies irrevocably.

Let no slave within the marble threshold of your honored friend inflame your heart; lest the owner of the beloved damsel gratify you with so trifling a present, or, mortifying *[to your wishes]*, torment you *[with a refusal]*.

Look over and over again *[into the merits of]* such a one, as you recommend; lest afterward the faults of others strike you with shame. We are sometimes imposed upon, and now and then introduce an unworthy person. Wherefore, once deceived, forbear to defend one who suffers by his own bad conduct; but protect one whom you entirely know, and with confidence guard him with your patronage, if false accusations attack him: who being bitten with the tooth of calumny, do you not perceive that the same danger is threatening you? For it is

your own concern, when the adjoining wall is on fire: and flames neglected are wont to gain strength.

The attending of the levee of a friend in power seems delightful to the unexperienced; the experienced dreads it. Do you, while your vessel is in the main, ply your business, lest a changing gale bear you back again.

The melancholy hate the merry, and the jocose the melancholy; the volatile *[dislike]* the sedate, the indolent the stirring and vivacious: the quaffers of pure Falernian from midnight hate one who shirks his turn; notwithstanding you swear you are afraid of the fumes of wine by night. Dispel gloominess from your forehead: the modest man generally carries the look of a sullen one; the reserved, of a churl.

In every thing you must read and consult the learned, by what means you may be enabled to pass your life in an agreeable manner: that insatiable desire may not agitate and torment you, nor the fear and hope of things that are but of little account: whether learning acquires virtue, or nature bestows it? What lessens cares, what may endear you to yourself? What perfectly renders the temper calm; honor or enticing lucre, or a secret passage and the path of an unnoticed life?

For my part, as often as the cooling rivulet Digentia refreshes me (Digentia, of which Mandela drinks, a village wrinkled with cold); what, my friend, do you think are my sentiments, what do you

imagine I pray for? Why, that my fortune may remain as it is now; or even *[if it be something]* less: and that I may live to myself, what remains of my time, if the gods will that aught do remain: that I may have a good store of books, and corn provided for the year; lest I fluctuate in suspense of each uncertain hour. But it is sufficient to sue Jove *[for these externals]*, which he gives and takes away *[at pleasure]*; let him grant life, let him grant wealth: I myself will provide equanimity of temper.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MAECENAS.

He shows the folly of some persons who would imitate; and the envy of others who would censure him.

O learned Maecenas, if you believe old Gratinus, no verses which are written by water-drinkers can please, or be long-lived. Ever since Bacchus enlisted the brain-sick poets among the Satyrs and the Fauns, the sweet muses have usually smelt of wine in the morning. Homer, by his excessive praises of wine, is convicted as a booser: father Ennius himself never sallied forth to sing of arms, unless in drink. "I will condemn the sober to the bar and the prater's bench, and deprive the abstemious of the power of singing."

As soon as he gave out this edict, the poets did not cease to contend in midnight cups, and to smell of them by day. What! if any savage, by a stern countenance and bare feet, and the texture of a scanty gown, should imitate Cato; will he represent the virtue and morals of Cato? The tongue that imitated Timagenes was the destruction of the Moor, while he affected to be humorous, and attempted to seem eloquent. The example that is imitable in its faults, deceives *[the ignorant]*. Soh! if I was to grow

up pale by accident, *[these poetasters]* would drink the blood-thinning cumin. O ye imitators, ye servile herd, how often your bustlings have stirred my bile, how often my mirth!

I was the original, who set my free footsteps upon the vacant sod; I trod not in the steps of others. He who depends upon himself, as leader, commands the swarm. I first showed to Italy the Parian iambics: following the numbers and spirit of Archilochus, but not his subject and style, which afflicted Lycambes. You must not, however, crown me with a more sparing wreath, because I was afraid to alter the measure and structure of his verse: for the manly Sappho governs her muse by the measures of Archilochus, so does Alcaeus; but differing from him in the materials and disposition *[of his lines]*, neither does he seek for a father-in-law whom he may defame with his fatal lampoons, nor does he tie a rope for his betrothed spouse in scandalous verse. Him too, never celebrated by any other tongue, I the Roman lyrist first made known. It delights me, as I bring out new productions, to be perused by the eyes, and held in the hands of the ingenuous.

Would you know why the ungrateful reader extols and is fond of many works at home, unjustly decries them without doors? I hunt not after the applause of the inconstant vulgar, at the expense of entertainments, and for the bribe of a worn-out colt: I am not an auditor of noble writers, nor a vindictive

reciter, nor condescend to court the tribes and desks of the grammarians. Hence are these tears. If I say that “I am ashamed to repeat my worthless writings to crowded theatres, and give an air of consequence to trifles:” “You ridicule us,” says *[one of them]*, “and you reserve those pieces for the ears of Jove: you are confident that it is you alone that can distill the poetic honey, beautiful in your own eyes.” At these words I am afraid to turn up my nose; and lest I should be torn by the acute nails of my adversary, “This place is disagreeable,” I cry out, “and I demand a prorogation of the contest.” For contest is wont to beget trembling emulation and strife, and strife cruel enmities and funereal war.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

In vain he endeavors to retain his book, desirous of getting abroad; tells it what trouble it is to undergo, and imparts some things to be said of him to posterity.

You seem, my book, to look wistfully at Janus and Vertumnus; to the end that you may be set out for sale, neatly polished by the pumice-stone of the Sosii. You hate keys and seals, which are agreeable to a modest *[volume]*; you grieve that you are shown but to a few, and extol public places; though educated in another manner. Away with you, whither you are so solicitous of going down: there will be no returning for you, when you are once sent out. "Wretch that I am, what have I done? What did I want?" — you will say: when any one gives you ill treatment, and you know that you will be squeezed into small compass, as soon as the eager reader is satiated. But, if the augur be not prejudiced by resentment of your error, you shall be caressed at Rome *[only]* till your youth be passed. When, thumbed by the hands of the vulgar, you begin to grow dirty; either you shall in silence feed the grovelling book-worms, or you shall make your

escape to Utica, or shall be sent bound to Ilerda. Your disregarded adviser shall then laugh *[at you]*: as he, who in a passion pushed his refractory ass over the precipice. For who would save *[an ass]* against his will? This too awaits you, that faltering dotage shall seize on you, to teach boys their rudiments in the skirts of the city. But when the abating warmth of the sun shall attract more ears, you shall tell them, that I was the son of a freedman, and extended my wings beyond my nest; so that, as much as you take away from my family, you may add to my merit: that I was in favor with the first men in the state, both in war and peace; of a short stature, gray before my time, calculated for sustaining heat, prone to passion, yet so as to be soon appeased. If any one should chance to inquire my age; let him know that I had completed four times eleven Decembers, in the year in which Lollius admitted Lepidus as his colleague.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

He honors him with the highest compliments; then treats copiously of poetry, its origin, character, and excellence.

Since you alone support so many and such weighty concerns, defend Italy with your arms, adorn it by your virtue, reform it by your laws; I should offend, O Caesar, against the public interests, if I were to trespass upon your time with a long discourse.

Romulus, and father Bacchus, and Castor and Pollux, after great achievements, received into the temples of the gods, while they were improving the world and human nature, composing fierce dissensions, settling property, building cities, lamented that the esteem which they expected was not paid in proportion to their merits. He who crushed the dire Hydra, and subdued the renowned monsters by his forefated labor, found envy was to be tamed by death *[alone]*. For he burns by his very splendor, whose superiority is oppressive to the arts beneath him: after his decease, he shall be had in honor. On you, while present among us, we confer mature honors, and rear altars where your name is to be sworn by; confessing that nothing equal to you

has hitherto risen, or will hereafter rise. But this your people, wise and just in one point (for preferring you to our own, you to the Grecian heroes), by no means estimate other things with like proportion and measure: and disdain and detest every thing, but what they see removed from earth and already gone by; such favorers are they of antiquity, as to assert that the Muses *[themselves]* upon Mount Alba, dictated the twelve tables, forbidding to trangress, which the decemviri ratified; the leagues of our kings concluded with the Gabii, or the rigid Sabines; the records of the pontifices, and the ancient volumes of the augurs.

If, because the most ancient writings of the Greeks are also the best, Roman authors are to be weighed in the same scale, there is no need we should say much: there is nothing hard in the inside of an olive, nothing *[hard]* in the outside of a nut. We are arrived at the highest pitch of success *[in arts]*: we paint, and sing, and wrestle more skillfully than the annointed Greeks. If length of time makes poems better, as it does wine, I would fain know how many years will stamp a value upon writings. A writer who died a hundred years ago, is he to be reckoned among the perfect and ancient, or among the mean and modern authors? Let some fixed period exclude all dispute. He is an old and good writer who completes a hundred years. What! one that died a month or a year later, among whom is he

to be ranked? Among the old poets, or among those whom both the present age and posterity will disdainfully reject? He may fairly be placed among the ancients, who is younger either by a short month only, or even by a whole year. I take the advantage of this concession, and pull away by little and little, as *[if they were]* the hairs of a horse's tail: and I take away a single one and then again another single one; till, like a tumbling heap, *[my adversary]*, who has recourse to annals and estimates excellence by the year, and admires nothing but what Libitina has made sacred, falls to the ground.

Ennius the wise, the nervous, and (as our critics say) a second Homer, seems lightly to regard what becomes of his promises and Pythagorean dreams. Is not Naevius in people's hands, and sticking almost fresh in their memory? So sacred is every ancient poem. As often as a debate arises, whether this poet or the other be preferable; Pacuvius bears away the character of a learned, Accius, of a lofty writer; Afranius' gown is said to have fitted Menander; Plautus, to hurry after the pattern of the Sicilian Epicharmus; Caecilius, to excel in gravity, Terence in contrivance. These mighty Rome learns by heart, and these she views crowded in her narrow theater; these she esteems and accounts her poets from Livy the writer's age down to our time. Sometimes the populace see right; sometimes they are wrong. If they admire and extol the ancient poets so as to

prefer nothing before, to compare nothing with them, they err; if they think and allow that they express some things in an obsolete, most in a stiff, many in a careless manner; they both think sensibly, and agree with me, and determine with the assent of Jove himself. Not that I bear an ill-will against Livy's epics, and would doom them to destruction, which I remember the severe Orbilius taught me when a boy; but they should seem correct, beautiful, and very little short of perfect, this I wonder at: among which if by chance a bright expression shines forth, and if one line or two *[happen to be]* somewhat terse and musical, this unreasonably carries off and sells the whole poem. I am disgusted that any thing should be found fault with, not because it is a lumpish composition or inelegant, but because it is modern; and that not a favorable allowance, but honor and rewards are demanded for the old writers. Should I scruple, whether or not Atta's drama trod the saffron and flowers in a proper manner, almost all the fathers would cry out that modesty was lost; since I attempted to find fault with those pieces which the pathetic Aesopus, which the skillful Roscius acted: either because they esteem nothing right, but what has pleased themselves; or because they think it disgraceful to submit to their juniors, and to confess, now they are old, that what they learned when young is deserving only to be destroyed. Now he who extols Numa's Salian hymn,

and would alone seem to understand that which, as well as me, he is ignorant of, does not favor and applaud the buried geniuses, but attacks ours, enviously hating us moderns and every thing of ours. Whereas if novelty had been detested by the Greeks as much as by us, what at this time would there have been ancient? Or what what would there have been for common use to read and thumb, common to every body.

When first Greece, her wars being over, began to trifle, and through prosperity to glide into folly; she glowed with the love, one while of wrestlers, another while of horses; was fond of artificers in marble, or in ivory, or in brass; hung her looks and attention upon a picture; was delighted now with musicians, now with tragedians; as if an infant girl she sported under the nurse; soon cloyed, she abandoned what *[before]* she earnestly desired. What is there that pleases or is odious, which you may not think mutable? This effect had happy times of peace, and favorable gales *[of fortune]*.

At Rome it was long pleasing and customary to be up early with open doors, to expound the laws to clients; to lay out money cautiously upon good securities: to hear the elder, and to tell the younger by what means their fortunes might increase and pernicious luxury be diminished. The inconstant people have changed their mind, and glow with a universal ardor for learning: young men and grave

fathers sup crowned with leaves, and dictate poetry. I myself, who affirm that I write no verses, am found more false than the Parthians: and, awake before the sun is risen, I call for my pen and papers and desk. He that is ignorant of a ship is afraid to work a ship; none but he who has learned, dares administer *[even]* southern wood to the sick; physicians undertake what belongs to physicians; mechanics handle tools; but we, unlearned and learned, promiscuously write poems.

Yet how great advantages this error and this slight madness has, thus compute: the poet's mind is not easily covetous; fond of verses, he studies this alone; he laughs at losses, flights of slaves, fires; he contrives no fraud against his partner, or his young ward; he lives on husks, and brown bread; though dastardly and unfit for war, he is useful at home, if you allow this, that great things may derive assistance from small ones. The poet fashions the child's tender and lisping mouth, and turns his ear even at this time from obscene language; afterward also he forms his heart with friendly precepts, the corrector of his rudeness, and envy, and passion; he records virtuous actions, he instructs the rising age with approved examples, he comforts the indigent and the sick. Whence should the virgin, stranger to a husband, with the chaste boys, learn the solemn prayer, had not the muse given a poet? The chorus entreats the divine aid, and finds the gods propitious;

sweet in learned prayer, they implore the waters of the heavens; avert diseases, drive off impending dangers, obtain both peace and years enriched with fruits. With song the gods above are appeased, with song the gods below.

Our ancient swains, stout and happy with a little, after the grain was laid up, regaling in a festival season their bodies and even their minds, patient of hardships through the hope of their ending, with their slaves and faithful wife, the partners of their labors, atoned with a hog *[the goddess]* Earth, with milk Silvanus, with flowers and wine the genius that reminds us of our short life. Invented by this custom, the Femminine licentiousness poured forth its rustic taunts in alternate stanzas; and this liberty, received down through revolving years, sported pleasingly; till at length the bitter raillery began to be turned into open rage, and threatening with impunity to stalk through reputable families. They, who suffered from its bloody tooth smarted with the pain; the unhurt likewise were concerned for the common condition: further also, a law and a penalty were enacted, which forbade that any one should be stigmatized in lampoon. Through fear of the bastinado, they were reduced to the necessity of changing their manner, and of praising and delighting.

Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror, and introduced her arts into rude Latium. Thus

flowed off the rough Saturnian numbers, and delicacy expelled the rank venom: but for a long time there remained, and at this day remain traces of rusticity. For late *[the Roman writer]* applied his genius to the Grecian pages; and enjoying rest after the Punic wars, began to search what useful matter Sophocles, and Thespis, and Aeschylus afforded: he tried, too, if he could with dignity translate their works; and succeeded in pleasing himself, being by nature *[of a genius]* sublime and strong; for he breathes a spirit tragic enough, and dares successfully; but fears a blot, and thinks it disgraceful in his writings.

Comedy is believed to require the least pains, because it fetches its subjects from common life; but the less indulgence It meets with, the more labor it requires. See how Plautus supports the character of a lover under age, how that of a covetous father, how those of a cheating pimp: how Dossennus exceeds all measure in his voracious parasites; with how loose a sock he runs over the stage: for he is glad to put the money in his pocket, after this regardless whether his play stand or fall.

Him, whom glory in her airy car has brought upon the stage, the careless spectator dispirits, the attentive renders more diligent: so slight, so small a matter it is, which overturns or raises a mind covetous of praise! Adieu the ludicrous business *[of dramatic writing]*, if applause denied brings me

back meagre, bestowed *[makes me]* full of flesh and spirits.

This too frequently drives away and deters even an adventurous poet? that they who are in number more, in worth and rank inferior, unlearned and foolish, and (if the equestrian order dissents) ready to fall to blows, in the midst of the play, call for either a bear or boxers; for in these the mob delight. Nay, even all the pleasures of our knights is now transferred from the ear to the uncertain eye, and their vain amusements. The curtains are kept down for four hours or more, while troops of horse and companies of foot flee over the stage: next is dragged forward the fortune of kings, with their hands bound behind them; chariots, litters, carriages, ships hurry on; captive ivory, captive Corinth, is borne along. Democritus, if he were on earth, would laugh; whether a panther a different genus confused with the camel, or a white elephant attracted the eye of the crowd. He would view the people more attentively than the sports themselves, as affording him more strange sights than the actor: and for the writers, he would think they told their story to a deaf ass. For what voices are able to overbear the din with which our theatres resound? You would think the groves of Garganus, or the Tuscan Sea, was roaring; with so great noise are viewed the shows and contrivances, and foreign riches: with which the actor being daubed over, as soon as he appears upon

the stage, each right hand encounters with the left. Has he said any thing yet? Nothing at all. What then pleases? The cloth imitating *[the color of]* violets, with the dye of Tarentum.

And, that you may not think I enviously praise those kinds of writing which I decline undertaking, when others handle them well: that poet to me seems able to walk upon an extended rope, who with his fictions grieves my soul, enrages, soothes, fills it with false terrors, as an enchanter; and sets me now in Thebes, now in Athens.

But of those too, who had rather trust themselves with a reader, than bear the disdain of an haughty spectator, use a little care; if you would fill with books *[the library you have erected]*, an offering worthy of Apollo, and add an incentive to the poets, that with greater eagerness they may apply to verdant Helicon.

We poets, it is true (that I may hew down my own vineyards), often do ourselves many mischiefs, when we present a work to you while thoughtful or fatigued; when we are pained, if my friend has dared to find fault with one line; when, unasked, we read over again passages already repeated: when we lament that our labors do not appear, and war poems, spun out in a fine thread: when we hope the thing will come to this, that as soon as you are apprised we are penning verses, you will kindly of yourself send for us and secure us from want, and oblige us

to write. But yet it is worth while to know, who shall be the priests of your virtue signalized in war and at home, which is not to be trusted to an unworthy poet. A favorite of king Alexander the Great was that Choerilus, who to his uncouth and ill-formed verses owed the many pieces he received of Philip's royal coin. But, as ink when touched leaves behind it a mark and a blot, so writers as it were stain shining actions with foul poetry. That same king, who prodigally bought so dear so ridiculous a poem, by an edict forbade that any one beside Apelles should paint him, or that any other than Lysippus should mold brass for the likeness of the valiant Alexander. But should you call that faculty of his, so delicate in discerning other arts, to *[judge of]* books and of these gifts of the muses, you would swear he had been born in the gross air of the Boeotians. Yet neither do Virgil and Varius, your beloved poets, disgrace your judgment of them, and the presents which they have received with great honor to the donor; nor do the features of illustrious men appear more lively when expressed by statues of brass, than their manners and minds expressed by the works of a poet. Nor would I rather compose such tracts as these creeping on the ground, than record deeds of arms, and the situations of countries, and rivers, and forts reared upon mountains, and barbarous kingdoms, and wars brought to a conclusion through the whole world under your auspices, and the

barriers that confine Janus the guardian of peace, and Rome treaded by the Parthians under your government, if I were but able to do as much as I could wish. But neither does your majesty admit of humble poetry, nor dares my modesty attempt a subject which my strength is unable to support. Yet officiousness foolishly disgusts the person whom it loves; especially when it recommends itself by numbers, and the art *[of writing]*. For one learns sooner, and more willingly remembers, that which a man derides, than that which he approves and venerates. I value not the zeal that gives me uneasiness; nor do I wish to be set out any where in wax with a face formed for the worse, nor to be celebrated in ill-composed verses; lest I blush, when presented with the gross gift; and, exposed in an open box along with my author, be conveyed into the street that sells frankincense, and spices, and pepper, and whatever is wrapped up in impertinent writings.

EPISTLE II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

In apologizing for not having written to him, he shows that the well-ordering of life is of more importance than the composition of verses.

O Florus, faithful friend to the good and illustrious Nero, if by chance any one should offer to sell you a boy born at Tibur and Gabii, and should treat with you in this manner; "This *[boy who is]* both good-natured and well-favored from head to foot, shall become and be yours for eight thousand sesterces; a domestic slave, ready in his attendance at his master's nod; initiated in the Greek language, of a capacity for any art; you may shape out any thing with *[such]* moist clay; besides, he will sing in an artless manner, but yet entertaining to one drinking. Lavish promises lessen credit, when any one cries up extravagantly the wares he has for sale, which he wants to put off. No emergency obliges me *[to dispose of him]*: though poor, I am in nobody's debt. None of the chapmen would do this for you; nor should every body readily receive the same favor from me. Once, *[in deed,]* he *[loitered on an errand]*; and (as it happens) absconded, being afraid of the lash that hangs in the staircase. Give me your

money, if this runaway trick, which I have expected, does not offend you." In my opinion, the man may take his price, and be secure from any punishment: you wittingly purchased a good-for-nothing boy: the condition of the contract was told you. Nevertheless you prosecute this man, and detain him in an unjust suit.

I told you, at your setting out, that I was indolent: I told you I was almost incapable of such offices: that you might not chide me in angry mood, because no letter *[from me]* came to hand. What then have I profited, if you nevertheless arraign the conditions that make for me? On the same score too you complain, that, being worse than my word, I do not send you the verses you expected.

A soldier of Lucullus, *[having run through]* a great many hardships, was robbed of his collected stock to a penny, as he lay snoring in the night quite fatigued: after this, like a ravenous wolf, equally exasperated at himself and the enemy, eager, with his hungry fangs, he beat off a royal guard from a post (as they report) very strongly fortified, and well supplied with stores. Famous on account of this exploit, he is adorned with honorable rewards, and receives twenty thousand sesterces into the bargain. It happened about this time that his officer being inclined to batter down a certain fort, began to encourage the same man, with words that might even have given courage to a coward: "Go, my

brave fellow, whither your valor calls you: go with prosperous step, certain to receive ample rewards for your merit. Why do you hesitate?" Upon this, he arch, though a rustic: "He who has lost his purse, will go whither you wish," says he.

It was my lot to have Rome for my nurse, and to be instructed *[from the Iliad]* how much the exasperated Achilles prejudiced the Greeks. Good Athens give me some additional learning: that is to say, to be able to distinguish a right line from a curve, and seek after truth in the groves of Academus. But the troublesome times removed me from that pleasant spot; and the tide of a civil war carried me away, unexperienced as I was, into arms, *[into arms]* not likely to be a match for the sinews of Augustus Caesar. Whence, as soon as *[the battle of]* Philippi dismissed me in an abject condition, with my wings clipped, and destitute both of house and land, daring poverty urged me on to the composition of verses: but now, having more than is wanted, what medicines would be efficacious enough to cure my madness, if I did not think it better to rest than to write verses.

The advancing years rob us of every thing: they have taken away my mirth, my gallantry, my revelings, and play: they are now proceeding to force poetry from me. What would you have me do?

In short, all persons do not love and admire the same things. Ye delight in the ode: one man is

pleased with iambics; another with satires written in the manner of Bion, and virulent wit. Three guests scarcely can be found to agree, craving very different dishes with various palate. What shall I give? What shall I not give? You forbid, what another demands: what you desire, that truly is sour and disgustful to the *[other]* two.

Beside other *[difficulties]*, do you think it practicable for me to write poems at Rome, amid so many solicitudes and so many fatigues? One calls me as his security, another to hear his works, all business else apart; one lives on the mount of Quirinus, the other in the extremity of the Aventine; both must be waited on. The distances between them, you see, are charmingly commodious. “But the streets are clear, so that there can be no obstacle to the thoughtful.” — A builder in heat hurries along with his mules and porters: the crane whirls aloft at one time a stone, at another a great piece of timber: the dismal funerals dispute the way with the unwieldy carriages: here runs a mad dog, there rushes a sow begrimed with mire. Go now, and meditate with yourself your harmonious verses. All the whole choir of poets love the grove, and avoid cities, due votaries to Bacchus delighting in repose and shade. Would you have me, amid so great noise both by night and day, *[attempt]* to sing, and trace the difficult footsteps of the poets? A genius who has chosen quiet Athens for his residence, and has

devoted seven years to study, and has grown old in books and study, frequently walks forth more dumb than a statue, and shakes the people's sides with laughter: here, in the midst of the billows and tempests of the city, can I be thought capable of connecting words likely to wake the sound of the lyre?

At Rome there was a rhetorician, brother to a lawyer: *[so fond of each other were they,]* that they would hear nothing but the mere praises of each other: insomuch, that the latter appeared a Gracchus to the former, the former a Mucius to the latter. Why should this frenzy affect the obstreperous poets in a less degree? I write odes, another elegies: a work wonderful to behold, and burnished by the nine muses! Observe first, with what a fastidious air, with what importance we survey the temple *[of Apollo]* vacant for the Roman poets. In the next place you may follow (if you are at leisure) and hear what each produces, and wherefore each weaves for himself the crown. Like Samnite gladiators in slow duel, till candle-light, we are beaten and waste out the enemy with equal blows: I came off Alcaeus, in his suffrage; he is mine, who? Why who but Callimachus? Or, if he seems to make a greater demand, he becomes Mimnermus, and grows in fame by the chosen appellation. Much do I endure in order to pacify this passionate race of poets, when I am writing; and submissive court the applause of the

people; *[but,]* having finished my studies and recovered my senses, I the same man can now boldly stop my open ears against reciters.

Those who make bad verses are laughed at: but they are pleased in writing, and reverence themselves; and if you are silent, they, happy, fall to praising of their own accord whatever they have written. But he who desires to execute a genuine poem, will with his papers assume the spirit of an honest critic: whatever words shall have but little clearness and elegance, or shall be without weight and held unworthy of estimation, he will dare to displace: though they may recede with reluctance, and still remain in the sanctuary of Vesta: those that have been long hidden from the people he kindly will drag forth, and bring to light those expressive denominations of things that were used by the Catos and Cethegi of ancient times, though now deformed dust and neglected age presses upon them: he will adopt new words, which use, the parent *[of language]*, shall produce: forcible and perspicuous, and bearing the utmost similitude to a limpid stream, he will pour out his treasures, and enrich Latium with a comprehensive language. The luxuriant he will lop, the too harsh he will soften with a sensible cultivation: those void of expression he will discard: he will exhibit the appearance of one at play; and will be *[in his invention]* on the rack, like *[a dancer*

on the stage], who one while affects the motions of a satyr, at another of a clumsy cyclops.

I had rather be esteemed a foolish and dull writer, while my faults please myself, or at least escape my notice, than be wise and smart for it. There lived at Argos a man of no mean rank, who imagined that he was hearing some admirable tragedians, a joyful sitter and applauder in an empty theater: who *[nevertheless]* could support the other duties of life in a just manner; a truly honest neighbor, an amiable host, kind toward his wife, one who could pardon his slaves, nor would rave at the breaking of a bottle-seal: one who *[had sense enough]* to avoid a precipice, or an open well. This man, being cured at the expense and by the care of his relations, when he had expelled by the means of pure hellebore the disorder and melancholy humor, and returned to himself; "By Pollux, my friends (said he), you have destroyed, not saved me; from whom my pleasure is thus taken away, and a most agreeable delusion of mind removed by force."

In a word, it is of the first consequence to be wise in the rejection of trifles, and leave childish play to boys for whom it is in season, and not to scan words to be set to music for the Roman harps, but *[rather]* to be perfectly an adept in the numbers and proportions of real life. Thus therefore I commune with myself, and ponder these things in silence: "If no quantity of water would put an end to your thirst,

you would tell it to your physicians. And is there none to whom you dare confess, that the more you get the more you crave? If you had a wound which was not relieved by a plant or root prescribed to you, you would refuse being doctored with a root or plant that did no good. You have heard that vicious folly left the man, on whom the gods conferred wealth; and though you are nothing wiser, since you become richer, will you nevertheless use the same monitors as before? But could riches make you wise, could they make you less covetous and mean-spirited, you well might blush, if there lived on earth one more avaricious than yourself."

If that be any man's property, which he has bought by the pound and penny, *[and]* there be some things to which (if you give credit to the lawyers) possession gives a claim, *[then]* the field that feeds you is your own; and Orbius' steward, when he harrows the corn which is soon to give you flour, finds you are *[in effect]* the proper master. You give your money; you receive grapes, pullets, eggs, a hogshead of strong wine: certainly in this manner you by little and little purchase that farm, for which perhaps the owner paid three hundred thousand sesterces, or more. What does it signify, whether you live on what was paid for the other day, or a long while ago? He who purchased the Aricinian and Veientine fields some time since, sups on bought vegetables, however he may think otherwise; boils

his pot with bought wood at the approach of the chill evening. But he calls all that his own, as far as where the planted poplar prevents quarrels among neighbors by a determinate limitation: as if anything were a man's property, which in a moment of the fleeting hour, now by solicitations, now by sale, now by violence, and now by the supreme lot *[of all men]*, may change masters and come into another's jurisdiction. Thus since the perpetual possession is given to none, and one man's heir urges on another's, as wave impels wave, of what importance are houses, or granaries; or what the Lucanian pastures joined to the Calabrian; if Hades, inexorable to gold, mows down the great together with the small?

Gems, marble, ivory, Tuscan statues, pictures, silver-plate, robes dyed with Getulian purple, there are who can not acquire; and there are others, who are not solicitous of acquiring. Of two brothers, why one prefers lounging, play, and perfume, to Herod's rich palm-tree groves; why the other, rich and uneasy, from the rising of the light to the evening shade, subdues his woodland with fire and steel: our attendant genius knows, who governs the planet of our nativity, the divinity *[that presides]* over human nature, who dies with each individual, of various complexion, white and black.

I will use, and take out from my moderate stock, as much as my exigence demands: nor will I be

under any apprehensions what opinion my heir shall hold concerning me, when he shall, find *[I have left him]* no more than I had given me. And yet I, the same man, shall be inclined to know how far an open and cheerful person differs from a debauchee, and how greatly the economist differs from the miser. For there is some distinction whether you throw away your money in a prodigal manner, or make an entertainment without grudging, nor toil to accumulate more; or rather, as formerly in Minerva's holidays, when a school-boy, enjoys by starts the short and pleasant vacation.

Let sordid poverty be far away. I, whether borne in a large or small vessel, let me be borne uniform and the same. I am not wafted with swelling sail before the north wind blowing fair: yet I do not bear my course of life against the adverse south. In force, genius, figure, virtue, station, estate, the last of the first-rate, *[yet]* still before those of the last.

You are not covetous, *[you say]*: — go to. — What then? Have the rest of your vices fled from you, together with this? Is your breast free from vain ambition? Is it free from the fear of death and from anger? Can you laugh at dreams, magic terrors, wonders, witches, nocturnal goblins, and Thessalian prodigies? Do you number your birth-days with a grateful mind? Are you forgiving to your friends? Do you grow milder and better as old age approaches? What profits you only one thorn

eradicated out of many? If you do not know how to live in a right manner, make way for those that do. You have played enough, eaten and drunk enough, it is time for you to walk off: lest having tippled too plentifully, that age which plays the wanton with more propriety, and drive you *[off the stage]*.

EPISTLES (VERSE)

Translated by John Conington

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BOOK I.

I. TO MAECENAS.

PRIMA DICTE MIHI.

Theme of my earliest Muse in days long past,
Theme that shall be hereafter of my last,
Why summon back, Maecenas, to the list
Your worn-out swordsman, pensioned and dismissed?
My age, my mind, no longer are the same
As when I first was ‘prenticed to the game.
Veianius fastens to Alcides’ gate
His arms, then nestles in his snug estate:
Think you once more upon the arena’s marge
He’d care to stand and supplicate discharge?
No: I’ve a Mentor who, not once nor twice,
Breathes in my well-rinsed ear his sound advice,
“Give rest in time to that old horse, for fear
At last he founder ‘mid the general jeer.”
So now I bid my idle songs adieu,
And turn my thoughts to what is right and true;
I search and search, and when I find, I lay
The wisdom up against a rainy day.

But what’s my sect? you ask me; I must be
A member sure of some fraternity:
Why no; I’ve taken no man’s shilling; none
Of all your fathers owns me for his son;

Just where the weather drives me, I invite
Myself to take up quarters for the night.
Now, all alert, I cope with life's rough main,
A loyal follower in true virtue's train:
Anon, to Aristippus' camp I flit,
And say, the world's for me, not I for it.

Long as the night to him whose love is gone,
Long as the day to slaves that must work on,
Slow as the year to the impatient ward
Who finds a mother's tutelage too hard,
So long, so slow the moments that prevent
The execution of my high intent,
Of studying truths that rich and poor concern,
Which young and old are lost unless they learn.
Well, if I cannot be a student, yet
There's good in spelling at the alphabet.
Your eyes will never see like Lynceus'; still
You rub them with an ointment when they're ill:
You cannot hope for Glyco's stalwart frame,
Yet you'd avoid the gout that makes you lame.
Some point of moral progress each may gain,
Though to aspire beyond it should prove vain.

Say, is your bosom fevered with the fire
Of sordid avarice or unchecked desire?
Know, there are spells will help you to allay
The pain, and put good part of it away.
You're bloated by ambition? take advice;

Yon book will ease you if you read it thrice.
Run through the list of faults; whate'er you be,
Coward, pickthank, spitfire, drunkard, debauchee,
Submit to culture patiently, you'll find
Her charms can humanize the rudest mind.

To fly from vice is virtue: to be free
From foolishness is wisdom's first degree.
Think of some ill you feel a real disgrace,
The loss of money or the loss of place;
To keep yourself from these, how keen the strain!
How dire the sweat of body and of brain!
Through tropic heat, o'er rocks and seas you run
To furthest India, poverty to shun,
Yet scorn the sage who offers you release
From vagrant wishes that disturb your peace.
Take some provincial pugilist, who gains
A paltry cross-way prize for all his pains;
Place on his brow Olympia's chaplet, earned
Without a struggle, would the gift be spurned?

Gold counts for more than silver, all men hold:
Why doubt that virtue counts for more than gold?
"Seek money first, good friends, and virtue next,"
Each Janus lectures on the well-worn text;
Lads learn it for their lessons; grey-haired men,
Like schoolboys, drawl the sing-song o'er again.
You lack, say, some six thousand of the rate
The law has settled as a knight's estate;

Though soul, tongue, morals, credit, all the while
Are yours, you reckon with the rank and file.
But mark those children at their play; they sing,
"Deal fairly, youngster, and we'll crown you king."
Be this your wall of brass, your coat of mail,
A guileless heart, a cheek no crime turns pale.

"Which is the better teacher, tell me, pray,
The law of Roscius, or the children's lay
That crowns fair dealing, by Camillus trolled,
And manly Curius, in the days of old;
The voice that says, "Make money, money, man;
Well, if so be, — if not, which way you can,"
That from a nearer distance you may gaze
At honest Pupius' all too moving plays;
Or that which bids you meet with dauntless brow,
The frowns of Fortune, aye, and shows you how?

Suppose the world of Rome accosts me thus:
"You walk where we walk; why not think with us,
Be ours for better or for worse, pursue
The things we love, the things we hate eschew?"
I answer as sly Reynard answered, when
The ailing lion asked him to his den:
"I'm frightened at those footsteps: every track
Leads to your home, but ne'er a one leads back."
Nay, you're a perfect Hydra: who shall choose
Which view to follow out of all your views?
Some farm the taxes; some delight to see

Their money grow by usury, like a tree;
Some bait a widow-trap with fruits and cakes,
And net old men, to stock their private lakes.
But grant that folks have different hobbies; say,
Does one man ride one hobby one whole day?
“Baiae’s the place!” cries Croesus: all is haste;
The lake, the sea, soon feel their master’s taste:
A new whim prompts: ’tis “Pack your tools tonight!
Off for Teanum with the dawn of light!”
The nuptial bed is in his hall; he swears
None but a single life is free from cares:
Is he a bachelor? all human bliss,
He vows, is centred in a wedded kiss.

How shall I hold this Proteus in my gripe?
How fix him down in one enduring type?
Turn to the poor: their megrims are as strange;
Bath, cockloft, barber, eating-house, they change;
They hire a boat; your born aristocrat
Is not more squeamish, tossing in his yacht.

If, when we meet, I’m cropped in awkward style
By some uneven barber, then you smile;
You smile, if, as it haps, my gown’s askew,
If my shirt’s ragged while my tunic’s new:
How, if my mind’s inconsequent, rejects
What late it longed for, what it loathed affects,
Shifts every moment, with itself at strife,
And makes a chaos of an ordered life,

Builds castles up, then pulls them to the ground,
Keeps changing round for square and square for round?
You smile not; ’tis an every-day affair;
I need no doctor’s, no, nor keeper’s care:
Yet you’re my patron, and would blush to fail
In taking notice of an ill-pared nail.

So, to sum up: the sage is half divine,
Rich, free, great, handsome, king of kings, in fine;
A miracle of health from toe to crown,
Mind, heart, and head, save when his nose runs down.

II. TO LOLLIUS.

TROJANI BELLI SCRIPTOREM.

While you at Rome, dear Lollius, train your tongue,
I at Praeneste read what Homer sung:
What's good, what's bad, what helps, what hurts, he shows
Better in verse than Crantor does in prose.
The reason why I think so, if you'll spare
A moment from your business, I'll declare.

The tale that tells how Greece and Asia strove
In tedious battle all for Paris' love,
Talks of the passions that excite the brain
Of mad-cap kings and peoples not more sane.
Antenor moves to cut away the cause
Of all their sufferings: does he gain applause?
No; none shall force young Paris to enjoy
Life, power and riches in his own fair Troy.
Nestor takes pains the quarrel to compose
That makes Atrides and Achilles foes:
In vain; their passions are too strong to quell;
Both burn with wrath, and one with love as well.
Let kings go mad and blunder as they may,
The people in the end are sure to pay.
Strife, treachery, crime, lust, rage, 'tis error all,
One mass of faults within, without the wall.

Turn to the second tale: Ulysses shows
How worth and wisdom triumph over woes:
He, having conquered Troy, with sharp shrewd ken
Explores the manners and the towns of men;
On the broad ocean, while he strives to win
For him and his return to home and kin,
He braves untold calamities, borne down
By Fortune's waves, but never left to drown.
The Sirens' song you know, and Circe's bowl:
Had that sweet draught seduced his stupid soul
As it seduced his fellows, he had been
The senseless chattel of a wanton queen,
Sunk to the level of his brute desire,
An unclean dog, a swine that loves the mire.
But what are we? a mere consuming class,
Just fit for counting roughly in the mass,
Like to the suitors, or Alcinous' clan,
Who spent vast pains upon the husk of man,
Slept on till mid-day, and enticed their care
To rest by listening to a favourite air.

Robbers get up by night, men's throats to knive:
Will you not wake to keep yourself alive?
Well, if you will not stir when sound, at last,
When dropsical, you'll be for moving fast:
Unless you light your lamp ere dawn and read
Some wholesome book that high resolves may breed,
You'll find your sleep go from you, and will toss

Upon your pillow, envious, lovesick, cross.
You lose no time in taking out a fly,
Or straw, it may be, that torments your eye;
Why, when a thing devours your mind, adjourn
Till this day year all thought of the concern?
Come now, have courage to be wise: begin:
You're halfway over when you once plunge in:
He who puts off the time for mending, stands
A clodpoll by the stream with folded hands,
Waiting till all the water be gone past;
But it runs on, and will, while time shall last.
"Aye, but I must have money, and a bride
To bear me children, rich and well allied:
Those uncleared lands want tilling." Having got
What will suffice you, seek no happier lot.
Not house or grounds, not heaps of brass or gold
Will rid the frame of fever's heat and cold.
Or cleanse the heart of care. He needs good health,
Body and mind, who would enjoy his wealth:
Who fears or hankers, land and country-seat
Soothe just as much as tickling gouty feet,
As pictures charm an eye inflamed and blear,
As music gratifies an ulcered ear.

Unless the vessel whence we drink is pure,
Whate'er is poured therein turns foul, be sure.
Make light of pleasure: pleasure bought with pain
Yields little profit, but much more of bane.
The miser's always needy: draw a line

Within whose bound your wishes to confine.
His neighbour's fatness makes the envious lean:
No tyrant e'er devised a pang so keen.
Who governs not his wrath will wish undone
The deeds he did "when the rash mood was on."
Wrath is a short-lived madness: curb and bit
Your mind: 'twill rule you, if you rule not it

While the colt's mouth is soft, the trainer's skill
Moulds it to follow at the rider's will.
Soon as the whelp can bay the deer's stuffed skin,
He takes the woods, and swells the hunters' din.
Now, while your system's plastic, ope each pore;
Now seek wise friends, and drink in all their lore:
The smell that's first imparted will adhere
To seasoned jars through many an after year.

But if you lag behind or head me far,
Don't think I mean to mend my pace, or mar;
In my own jog-trot fashion on I go,
Not vying with the swift, not waiting for the slow.

III. TO JULIUS FLORUS.

JULI FLORE.

Florus, I wish to learn, but don't know how,
Where Claudius and his troops are quartered now.
Say, is it Thrace and Haemus' winter snows,
Or the famed strait 'twixt tower and tower that flows,
Or Asia's rich exuberance of plain
And upland slope, that holds you in its chain?
Inform me too (for that, you will not doubt,
Concerns me), what the ingenious staff's about:
Who writes of Caesar's triumphs, and portrays
The tale of peace and war for future days?
How thrives friend Titius, who will soon become
A household word in the saloons of Rome;
Who dares to drink of Pindar's well, and looks
With scorn on our cheap tanks and vulgar brooks?
Wastes he a thought on Horace? does he suit
The strains of Thebes or Latium's virgin lute,
By favour of the Muse, or grandly rage
And roll big thunder on the tragic stage?
What is my Celsus doing? oft, in truth,
I've warned him, and he needs it yet, good youth,
To trust himself, nor touch the classic stores
That Palatine Apollo keeps indoors,
Lest when some day the feathered tribe resumes

(You know the tale) the appropriated plumes,
Folks laugh to see him act the jackdaw's part,
Denuded of the dress that looked so smart.

And you, what aims are yours? what thymy ground
Allures the bee to hover round and round?
Not small your wit, nor rugged and unkempt;
'Twill answer bravely to a bold attempt:
Whether you train for pleading, or essay
To practise law, or frame some graceful lay,
The ivy-wreath awaits you. Could you bear
To leave quack nostrums, that but palliate care,
Then might you lean on heavenly wisdom's hand
And use her guidance to a loftier land.
Be this our task, whate'er our station, who
To country and to self would fain be true.

This too concerns me: does Munatius hold
In Florus' heart the place he held of old,
Or is that ugly breach in your good will
We hoped had closed unhealed and gaping still?
Well, be it youth or ignorance of life
That sets your hot ungoverned bloods at strife,
Where'er you bide, 'twere shame to break the ties
Which made you once sworn brethren and allies:
So, when your safe return shall come to pass,
I've got a votive heifer out at grass.

IV. TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

ALBI, NOSTRORUM.

Albius, kind critic of my satires, say,
What do you down at Pedum far away?
Are you composing what will dim the shine
Of Cassius' works, so delicately fine,
Or sauntering, calm and healthful, through the wood,
Bent on such thoughts as suit the wise and good?
No brainless trunk is yours: a form to please,
Wealth, wit to use it, Heaven vouchsafes you these.
What could fond nurse wish more for her sweet pet
Than friends, good looks, and health without a let,
A shrewd clear head, a tongue to speak his mind,
A seemly household, and a purse well-lined?

Let hopes and sorrows, fears and angers be,
And think each day that dawns the last you'll see;
For so the hour that greets you unforeseen
Will bring with it enjoyment twice as keen.

Ask you of me? you'll laugh to find me grown
A hog of Epicurus, full twelve stone.

V. TO TORQUATUS.

SI POTES ARCHIACIS.

If you can lie, Torquatus, when you take
Your meal, upon a couch of Archias' make,
And sup off potherbs, gathered as they come,
You'll join me, please, by sunset at my home.
My wine, not far from Sinuessa grown,
Is but six years in bottle, I must own:
If you've a better vintage, send it here,
Or take your cue from him who finds the cheer.
My hearth is swept, my household looks its best,
And all my furniture expects a guest.
Forego your dreams of riches and applause,
Forget e'en Moschus' memorable cause;
To-morrow's Caesar's birthday, which we keep
By taking, to begin with, extra sleep;
So, if with pleasant converse we prolong
This summer night, we scarcely shall do wrong.

Why should the Gods have put me at my ease,
If I mayn't use my fortune as I please?
The man who stints and pinches for his heir
Is next-door neighbour to a fool, I'll swear.
Here, give me flowers to strew, my goblet fill,
And let men call me mad-cap if they will.
O, drink is mighty! secrets it unlocks,

Turns hope to fact, sets cowards on to box,
Takes burdens from the careworn, finds out parts
In stupid folks, and teaches unknown arts.
What tongue hangs fire when quickened by the bowl?
What wretch so poor but wine expands his soul?

Meanwhile, I'm bound in duty, nothing both,
To see that nought in coverlet or cloth
May give you cause to sniff, that dish and cup
May serve you as a mirror while you sup;
To have my guests well-sorted, and take care
That none is present who'll tell tales elsewhere.
You'll find friend Butra and Septicius here,
Ditto Sabinus, failing better cheer:
And each might bring a friend or two as well,
But then, you know, close packing's apt to smell.
Come, name your number, and elude the guard
Your client keeps by slipping through the yard.

VI. TO NUMICIUS.

NIL ADMIRARI.

Not to admire, Numicius, is the best,
The only way, to make and keep men blest.
The sun, the stars, the seasons of the year
That come and go, some gaze at without fear:
What think you of the gifts of earth and sea,
The untold wealth of Ind or Araby,
Or, to come nearer home, our games and shows,
The plaudits and the honours Rome bestows?
How should we view them? ought they to convulse
The well-strung frame and agitate the pulse?
Who fears the contrary, or who desires
The things themselves, in either case admires;
Each way there's flutter; something unforeseen
Disturbs the mind that else had been serene.
Joy, grief, desire or fear, whate'er the name
The passion bears, its influence is the same;
Where things exceed your hope or fall below,
You stare, look blank, grow numb from top to toe.
E'en virtue's self, if followed to excess,
Turns right to wrong, good sense to foolishness.

Go now, my friend, drink in with all your eyes
Bronze, silver, marble, gems, and Tyrian dyes,
Feel pride when speaking in the sight of Rome,

Go early out to ’Change and late come home,
For fear your income drop beneath the rate
That comes to Mutus from his wife’s estate,
And (shame and scandal!), though his line is new,
You give the pas to him, not he to you.
Whate’er is buried mounts at last to light,
While things get hid in turn that once looked bright.
So when Agrippa’s mall and Appius’ way
Have watched your well-known figure day by day,
At length the summons comes, and you must go
To Numa and to Ancus down below.

Your side’s in pain; a doctor hits the blot:
You wish to live aright (and who does not?);
If virtue holds the secret, don’t defer;
Be off with pleasure, and be on with her.
But no; you think all morals sophists’ tricks,
Bring virtue down to words, a grove to sticks;
Then hey for wealth! quick, quick, forestall the trade
With Phrygia and the East, your fortune’s made.
One thousand talents here — one thousand there —
A third — a fourth, to make the thing four-square.
A dowried wife, friends, beauty, birth, fair fame,
These are the gifts of money, heavenly dame:
Be but a moneyed man, persuasion tips
Your tongue, and Venus settles on your lips.
The Cappadocian king has slaves enow,
But gold he lacks: so be it not with you.
Lucullus was requested once, they say,

A hundred scarves to furnish for the play:
“A hundred!” he replied, “’tis monstrous; still
I’ll look; and send you what I have, I will.”
Ere long he writes: “Five thousand scarves I find;
Take part of them, or all if you’re inclined.”
That’s a poor house where there’s not much to spare
Which masters never miss and servants wear.
So, if ’tis wealth that makes and keeps us blest,
Be first to start and last to drop the quest.

If power and mob-applause be man’s chief aims,
Let’s hire a slave to tell us people’s names,
To jog us on the side, and make us reach,
At risk of tumbling down, a hand to each:
“This rules the Fabian, that the Veline clan;
Just as he likes, he seats or ousts his man:”
Observe their ages, have your greeting pat,
And duly “brother” this, and “father” that.

Say that the art to live’s the art to sup,
Go fishing, hunting, soon as sunlight’s up,
As did Gargilius, who at break of day
Swept with his nets and spears the crowded way,
Then, while all Rome looked on in wonder, brought
Home on a single mule a boar he’d bought.
Thence pass on to the bath-room, gorged and crude,
Our stomachs stretched with undigested food,
Lost to all self-respect, all sense of shame,
Disfranchised freemen, Romans but in name,

Like to Ulysses' crew, that worthless band,
Who cared for pleasure more than fatherland.

If, as Mimnermus tells you, life is flat
With nought to love, devote yourself to that.

Farewell: if you can mend these precepts, do:
If not, what serves for me may serve for you.

VII. TO MAECENAS.

QUINQUE DIES TIBI POLLICITUS.

Five days I told you at my farm I'd stay,
And lo! the whole of August I'm away.
Well, but, Maecenas, yon would have me live,
And, were I sick, my absence you'd forgive;
So let me crave indulgence for the fear
Of falling ill at this bad time of year,
When, thanks to early figs and sultry heat,
The undertaker figures with his suite,
When fathers all and fond mammas grow pale
At what may happen to their young heirs male,
And courts and levees, town-bred mortals' ills,
Bring fevers on, and break the seals of wills.
When winter strews the Alban fields with snow,
Down to the sea your chilly bard will go,
There keep the house and study at his ease,
All huddled up together, nose and knees:
With the first swallow, if you'll have him then,
He'll come, dear friend, and visit you again.

Not like the coarse Calabrian boor, who pressed
His store of pears upon a sated guest,
Have you bestowed your favours. "Eat them, pray."
"I've done." "Then carry all you please away."
"I thank you, no." "Your boys won't like you less

For taking home a sack of them, I guess."
"I could not thank you more if I took all."
"Ah well, if you won't eat them, the pigs shall."
'Tis silly prodigality, to throw
Those gifts broadcast whose value you don't know:
Such tillage yields ingratitude, and will,
While human nature is the soil you till.
A wise good man has ears for merit's claim,
Yet does not reckon brass and gold the same.
I also will "assume desert," and prove
I value him whose bounty speaks his love.

If you would keep me always, give me back
My sturdy sides, my clustering locks of black,
My pleasant voice and laugh, the tears I shed
That night when Cinara from the table fled.
A poor pinched field-mouse chanced to make its way
Through a small rent in a wheat-sack one day,
And, having gorged and stuffed, essayed in vain
To squeeze its body through the hole again:
"Ah!" cried a weasel, "wait till you get thin;
Then, if you will, creep out as you crept in."
Well, if to me the story folks apply,
I give up all I've got without a sigh:
Not mine to cram down guinea-fowls, and then
Heap praises on the sleep of labouring men;
Give me a country life and leave me free,
I would not choose the wealth of Araby.

I've called you Father, praised your royal grace
Behind your back as well as to your face;
You've owned I have a conscience: try me now
If I can quit your gifts with cheerful brow.
That was a prudent answer which, we're told,
The son of wise Ulysses made of old:
"Our Ithaca is scarce the place for steeds;
It has no level plains, no grassy meads:
Atrides, if you'll let me, I'll decline
A gift that better meets your wants than mine."
Small things become small folks: imperial Rome
Is all too large, too bustling for a home;
The empty heights of Tibur, or the bay
Of soft Tarentum, more are in my way.

Philip, the famous counsel, years ago,
Was moving home at two, sedate and slow,
Old, and fatigued with pleading at the bar,
And grumbling that he lived away so far,
When suddenly he chanced his eye to drop
On a spruce personage in a barber's shop,
Who in the shopman's absence lounged at ease,
Paring his nails as calmly as you please.
"Demetrius" — so was called the slave he kept
To do his errands, a well-trained adept —
"Find out about that man for me; enquire
His name and rank, his patron or his sire."
He soon brings word that Mena is the name,
An auction-crier, poor, but without blame,

One who can work or idle, get or spend,
Who loves his home and likes to see a friend,
Enjoys the circus, and when work's got through,
Hies to the field, and does as others do.
"I'll hear the details from himself: go say
I'll thank him if he'll sup with me to-day."
Mena can scarce believe it; posed and mum
He ponders; then, with thanks, declines to come.
"What? does he dare to say me nay?" "Just so;
Be it reserve or disrespect, 'tis no."
Philip next morn finds Mena at a sale
"Where odds and ends are going by retail,
And greets him first. He, stammeringly profuse,
Alleges ties of business in excuse
For not by day-break knocking at his door,
And last, for not observing him before.
"Well, bygones shall be bygones, if so be
You'll come this afternoon and sup with me."
"I'm at your service." "Then 'twixt four and five
You'll come: now go, and do your best to thrive."
He's there in time; what comes into his head
He chatters, right or wrong; then off to bed.
So, when he'd learnt to nibble at the bait,
At levee early and at supper late,
One holiday he's bidden to come down
With Philip to his villa out of town.
Astride on horseback, both, he vows, are rare,
The Sabine country and the Sabine air.
Philip looks on and chuckles, his one aim

To get a laugh by keeping up the game,
Lends him seven hundred, gives him out of hand
Seven more, and leads him on to buy some land.
’Tis bought: to make a lengthy tale concise,
The man becomes a clown who once was nice,
Talks all of elms and vineyards, ploughs and soil,
And ages fast with struggling and sheer toil;
Till, when his sheep are stolen, his bullock drops,
His goats die off, a blight destroys his crops,
One night he takes a waggon-horse, and sore
With all his losses, rides to Philip’s door.
Philip perceives him squalid and unshorn,
And cries, “Why, Mena! surely you look worn;
You work too hard.” “Nay, call me wretch,” says he,
“Good patron; ’tis the only name for me.
So now, by all that’s binding among men,
I beg you, give me my old life again.”

He that finds out he’s changed his lot for worse,
Let him betimes the untoward choice reverse:
For still, when all is said, the rule stands fast,
That each man’s shoe be made on his own last.

VIII. TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

CELSO GAUDERE.

Health to friend Celsus — so, good Muse, report —
Who holds the pen in Nero's little court!
If asked about me, say, I plan and plan,
Yet live a useless and unhappy man:
Sunstrokes have spared my olives, hail my vines;
No herd of mine in far-off pasture pines:
Yet ne'ertheless I suffer; hourly teased
Less by a body than a mind diseased,
No ear have I to hear, no heart to heed
The words of wisdom that might serve my need,
Frown on my doctors, with the friends am wroth
Who fain would rouse me from my fatal sloth,
Seek what has harmed me, shun what looks of use,
Town-bird at Tibur, and at Rome recluse.
Then ask him how his health is, how he fares,
How prospers with the prince and his confreres.
If he says Well, first tell him you rejoice,
Then add one little hint (but drop your voice),
"As Celsus bears his fortune well or ill,
So bear with Celsus his acquaintance will."

IX. TO TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS, CLAUDI.

Septimius, Nero, seems to comprehend,
As none else does, how you esteem your friend:
For when he begs, nay, forces me, good man,
To move you in his favour, if I can,
As not unfit the heart and home to share
Of Claudius, who selects his staff with care,
Bidding me act as though I filled the place
Of one you honour with your special grace,
He sees and knows what I may safely try
By way of influence better e'en than I.
Believe me, many were the pleas I used
In the vain hope to get myself excused:
But then there came a natural fear, you know,
Lest I should seem to rate my powers too low,
To make a snug peculium of my own,
And keep my influence for myself alone:
So, fearing to incur more serious blame,
I bronze my front, step down, and play my game.
If then you praise the sacrifice I make
In waiving modesty for friendship's sake,
Admit him to your circle, when you've read
These lines, and trust me for his heart and head.

X. TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

URBIS AMATOREM.

To Fuscus, lover of the city, I
Who love the country, wish prosperity:
In this one thing unlike, in all beside
We might be twins, so nearly we're allied;
Sharing each other's hates, each other's loves,
We bill and coo, like two familiar doves.
You keep the nest: I love the rural scene,
Fresh runnels, moss-grown rocks, and woodland green.
What would you more? once let me leave the things
You praise so much, my life is like a king's:
Like the priest's runaway, I cannot eat
Your cakes, but pine for bread of wholesome wheat.

Now say that it behoves us to adjust
Our lives to nature (wisdom says we must):
You want a site for building: can you find
A place that's like the country to your mind?
Where have you milder winters? where are airs
That breathe more grateful when the Dogstar glares,
Or when the Lion feels in every vein
The sun's sharp thrill, and maddens with the pain?
Is there a spot where care contrives to keep
At further distance from the couch of sleep?

Is springing grass less sweet to nose or eyes
Than Libyan marble's tesselated dyes?
Does purer water strain your pipes of lead
Than that which ripples down the brooklet's bed?
Why, 'mid your Parian columns trees you train,
And praise the house that fronts a wide domain.
Drive Nature forth by force, she'll turn and rout
The false refinements that would keep her out.

The luckless wight who can't tell side by side
A Tyrian fleece from one Aquinum-dyed,
Is not more surely, keenly, made to smart
Than he who knows not truth and lies apart.
Take too much pleasure in good things, you'll feel
The shock of adverse fortune makes you reel.
Regard a thing with wonder, with a wrench
You'll give it up when bidden to retrench.
Keep clear of courts: a homely life transcends
The vaunted bliss of monarchs and their friends.

The stag was wont to quarrel with the steed,
Nor let him graze in common on the mead:
The steed, who got the worst in each attack,
Asked help from man, and took him on his back:
But when his foe was quelled, he ne'er got rid
Of his new friend, still bridled and bestrid.
So he who, fearing penury, loses hold
Of independence, better far than gold,
Will toil, a hopeless drudge, till life is spent,

Because he'll never, never learn content.
Means should, like shoes, be neither large nor small;
Too wide, they trip us up, too strait, they gall.

Then live contented, Fuscus, nor be slow
To give a friendly rap to one you know,
Whene'er you find me struggling to increase
My neat sufficiency, and ne'er at peace.
Gold will be slave or master: 'tis more fit
That it be led by us than we by it.

From tumble-down Vacuna's fane I write,
Wanting but you to make me happy quite.

XI. TO BULLATIUS.

QUID TIBI VISA CHIOS?

How like you Chios, good Bullatius? what
Think you of Lesbos, that world-famous spot?
What of the town of Samos, trim and neat,
And what of Sardis, Croesus' royal seat?
Of Smyrna what and Colophon? are they
Greater or less than travellers' stories say?
Do all look poor beside our scenes at home,
The field of Mars, the river of old Rome?
Say, is your fancy fixed upon some town
Which formed a gem in Attalus's crown?
Or would you turn to Lebedus for ease
In mere disgust at weary roads and seas?
You know what Lebedus is like; so bare,
With Gabii or Fidenae 'twould compare;
Yet there, methinks, I would accept my lot,
My friends forgetting, by my friends forgot,
Stand on the cliff at distance, and survey
The stormy sea-god's wild Titanic play.
Yet he that comes from Capua, dashing in
To Rome, all splashed and wetted to the skin,
Though in a tavern glad one night to bide,
Would not be pleased to live there till he died:
If he gets cold, he lets his fancy rove
In quest of bliss beyond a bath or stove:

And you, though tossed just now by a stiff breeze,
Don't therefore sell your vessel beyond seas.

But what are Rhodes and Lesbos, and the rest,
E'en let a traveller rate them at their best?
No more the wants of healthy minds they meet
Than does a jersey in a driving sleet,
A cloak in summer, Tiber through the snow,
A chafing-dish in August's midday glow.
So, while health lasts, and Fortune keeps her smiles,
We'll pay our devoir to your Grecian isles,
Praise them on this condition — that we stay
In our own land, a thousand miles away.

Seize then each happy hour the gods dispense,
Nor fix enjoyment for a twelvemonth hence.
So may you testify with truth, where'er
You're quartered, 'tis a pleasure to be there:
For if the cure of mental ills is due
To sense and wisdom, not a fine sea-view,
We come to this; when o'er the world we range
'Tis but our climate, not our mind we change.
What active inactivity is this,
To go in ships and cars to search for bliss!
No; what you seek, at Ulubrae you'll find,
If to the quest you bring a balanced mind.

XII. TO ICCITUS.

FRUCTIBUS AGRIPPAE.

If, worthy Iccius, properly you use
What you collect, Agrippa's revenues,
You're well supplied: and Jove himself could tell
No way to make you better off than well.
A truce to murmuring: with another's store
To use at pleasure, who shall call you poor?
Sides, stomach, feet, if these are all in health,
What more could man procure with princely wealth?

If, with a well-spread table, when you dine,
To plain green food your eating you confine,
Though some fine day a rich Pactolian rill
Should flood your house, you'd munch your pot-herbs still,
From habit or conviction, which o'er-ride
The power of gold, and league on virtue's side.
No need to marvel at the stories told
Of simple-sage Democritus of old,
How, while his soul was soaring in the sky,
The sheep got in and nibbled down his rye,
When, spite of lucre's strong contagion, yet
On lofty problems all your thoughts are set, —
What checks the sea, what heats and cools the year,
If law or impulse guides the starry sphere,

“What power presides o’er lunar wanderings,
What means the jarring harmony of things,
Which after all is wise, and which the fool,
Empedooles or the Stertinian school.

But whether you’re for taking fishes’ life,
Or against leeks and onions whet your knife,
Let Grosphus be your friend, and should he plead
For aught he wants, anticipate his need:
He’ll never outstep reason; and you know,
When good men lack, the price of friends is low.

But what of Rome? Agrippa has increased
Her power in Spain, Tiberius in the East:
Phraates, humbly bending on his knee,
Submits himself to Csesar’s sovereignty:
While golden Plenty from her teeming horn
Pours down on Italy abundant corn.

XIII. TO VINIUS ASELLA.

UT PROFICISCENTEM.

As I have told you oft, deliver these,
My sealed-up volumes, to Augustus, please,
Friend Vinius, if he's well and in good trim,
And (one proviso more) if asked by him:
Beware of over-zeal, nor discommend
My works, by playing the impetuous friend.
Suppose my budget, ere you get to town,
Should gall you, better straightway throw it down
Than, when you've reached the palace, fling the pack
With animal impatience from your back,
And so be thought in nature as in name
Tour father's colt, and made some joker's game.
Tour powers of tough endurance will avail
With brooks and ponds to ford and hills to scale:
But when you've quelled the perils of the road,
Take special care how you adjust your load:
Don't tuck beneath your arm these precious gifts,
As drunken Pyrrhia does the wool she lifts,
As rustics do a lamb, as humble wights
Their cap and slippers when asked out at nights.
Don't tell the world you've toiled and sweated hard
In carrying lays which Caesar may regard:

Push on, nor stop for questions. Now good bye;
But pray don’t trip, and smash the poetry.

XIV. TO HIS BAILIFF.

VILLICE SILVARUM.

Good bailiff of my farm, that snug domain
Which makes its master feel himself again,
Which, though you sniff at it, could once support
Five hearths, and send five statesmen to the court,
Let's have a match in husbandry; we'll try
Which can do weeding better, you or I,
And see if Horace more repays the hand
That clears him of his thistles, or his land.
Though here I'm kept administering relief
To my poor Lamia's broken-hearted grief
For his lost brother, ne'ertheless my thought
Flies to my woods, and counts the distance nought.
You praise the townsman's, I the rustic's state:
Admiring others' lots, our own we hate:
Each blames the place he lives in: but the mind
Is most in fault, which ne'er leaves self behind.
A town-house drudge, for farms you used to sigh;
Now towns and shows and baths are all your cry:
But I'm consistent with myself: you know
I grumble, when to Rome I'm forced to go.
Truth is, our standards differ: what your taste
Condemns, forsooth, as so much savage waste,
The man who thinks with Horace thinks divine,
And hates the things which you believe so fine.

I know your secret: ’tis the cook-shop breeds
That lively sense of what the country needs:
You grieve because this little nook of mine
Would bear Arabian spice as soon as wine;
Because no tavern happens to be nigh
Where you can go and tipple on the sly,
No saucy flute-girl, at whose jigging sound
You bring your feet down lumbering to the ground.
And yet, methinks, you’ve plenty on your hands
In breaking up these long unharrowed lands;
The ox, unyoked and resting from the plough,
Wants fodder, stripped from elm or poplar bough;
You’ve work too at the river, when there’s rain,
As, but for a strong bank,’twould flood the plain.
Now have a little patience, you shall see
What makes the gulf between yourself and me:
I, who once wore gay clothes and well-dressed hair,
I, who, though poor, could please a greedy fair,
I, who could sit from mid-day o’er Falern,
Now like short meals and slumbers by the burn:
No shame I deem it to have had my sport;
The shame had been in frolics not cut short.
There at my farm I fear no evil eye;
No pickthank blights my crops as he goes by;
My honest neighbours laugh to see me wield
A heavy rake, or dibble my own field.
Were wishes wings, you’d join my slaves in town,
And share the rations that they swallow down;
While that sharp footboy envies you the use

Of what my garden, flocks, and woods produce.
The horse would plough, the ox would draw the car.
No; do the work you know, and tarry where you are.

XV. TO C. NUMONIUS VALA.

QUAE SIT HIEMS VELIAE.

If Velia and Salernum tell me, pray,
The climate, and the natives, and the way:
For Baiae now is lost on me, and I,
Once its staunch friend, am turned its enemy,
Through Musa's fault, who makes me undergo
His cold-bath treatment, spite of frost and snow.
Good sooth, the town is filled with spleen, to see
Its myrtle-groves attract no company;
To find its sulphur-wells, which forced out pain
From joint and sinew, treated with disdain
By tender chests and heads, now grown so bold,
They brave cold water in the depth of cold,
And, finding down at Clusium what they want,
Or Gabii, say, make that their winter haunt.
Yes, I must change my quarters; my good horse
Must pass the inns where once he stopped of course.
"How now, you creature? I'm not bound to-day
For Cumae or for Baiae," I shall say,
Pulling the left rein angrily, because
A horse when bridled listens through his jaws.
Which place is best supplied with corn, d'ye think?
Have they rain-water or fresh springs to drink?
Their wines I care not for: when at my farm
I can drink any sort without much harm;

But at the sea I need a generous kind
To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply,
And make me comely in a lady's eye.
Which tract is best for game, on which sea-coast
Urchins and other fish abound the most,
That so, when I return, my friends may see
A sleek Phaeacian come to life in me:
These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
And I no less must act on what I hear.

When Maenius, after nobly gobbling down
His fortune, took to living on the town,
A social beast of prey, with no fixed home,
He ranged and ravened o'er the whole of Rome;
His maw unfilled, he'd turn on friend and foe;
None was too high for worrying, none too low;
The scourge and murrain of each butcher's shop,
Whate'er he got, he stuffed into his crop.
So, when he'd failed in getting e'er a bit
From those who liked or feared his wicked wit,
Then down a throat of three-bear power he'd cram
Plate after plate of offal, tripe or lamb,
And swear, as Bestius might, your gourmand knaves
Should have their stomachs branded like a slave's.
But give the brute a piece of daintier prey,
When all was done, he'd smack his lips and say,
"In faith I cannot wonder, when I hear
Of folks who waste a fortune on good cheer,

For there’s no treat in nature more divine
Than a fat thrush or a big paunch of swine.”
I’m just his double: when my purse is lean
I hug myself, and praise the golden mean,
Stout when not tempted; but suppose some day
A special titbit comes into my way,
I vow man’s happiness is ne’er complete
Till based on a substantial country seat.

XVI. TO QUINCTIUS.

NE PERCONTERIS.

About my farm, dear Quinctius; you would know
What sort of produce for its lord ‘twill grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or olive oil?
So (but you’ll think me garrulous) I’ll write
A full description of its form and site.
In long continuous line the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley which twice feels the sun,
Once on the right when first he lifts his beams,
Once on the left, when he descends in steams.
You’d praise the climate: well, and what d’ye say
To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
What to the oak and ilex, that afford
Fruit to the cattle, shelter to their lord?
What, but that rich Tarentum must have been
Transplanted nearer Rome with all its green?
Then there’s a fountain of sufficient size
To name the river that takes thence its rise,
Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
Of power the head’s and stomach’s ills to cure.
This sweet retirement — nay, ’tis more than sweet —
Ensures my health e’en in September’s heat.

And how fare you? if you deserve in truth
The name men give you, you're a happy youth:
Rome's thousand tongues, agreed at least in this,
Ascribe to you a plenitude of bliss.
Yet, when you judge of self, I fear you're prone
To take another's word before your own,
To think of happiness as 'twere a prize
That men may win though neither good nor wise:
Just so the glutton whom the world thinks well
Keeps dark his fever till the dinner-bell;
Then, as he's eating, with his hands well greased,
Shivering comes on, and proves the fool diseased.
O, 'tis a false, false shame that would conceal
From doctors' eyes the sores it cannot heal!

Suppose a man should trumpet your success
By land and sea, and make you this address:
"May Jove, who watches with the same good-will
O'er you and Rome, preserve the secret still,
Whether the heart within you beats more true
To Rome and to her sons, or theirs to you!"
Howe'er your ears might flatter you, you'd say
The praise was Caesar's, and had gone astray.
Yet should the town pronounce you wise and good,
You'd take it to yourself, you know you would.
"Take it? of course I take it," you reply;
"You love the praise yourself, then why not I?"
Aye, but the town, that gives you praise to-day,
Next week can snatch it, if it please, away,

As in elections it can mend mistakes,
And whom it makes one year, the next unmakes.
“Lay down the fasces,” it exclaims; “they’re mine:”
I lay them down, and sullenly resign.
Well now, if “Thief” and “Profligate” they roar,
Or lay my father’s murder at my door,
Am I to let their lying scandals bite
And change my honest cheeks from red to white?
Trust me, false praise has charms, false blame has pains
But for vain hearts, long ears, and addled brains.

Whom call we good? The man who keeps intact
Each law, each right, each statute and each act,
Whose arbitration terminates dispute,
Whose word’s a bond, whose witness ends a suit.
Yet his whole house and all the neighbours know
He’s bad at heart, despite his decent show.
“I,” says a slave, “ne’er ran away nor stole:”
Well, what of that? say I: your skin is whole.
“I’ve shed no blood.” You shall not feed the orow.
“I’m good and true.” We Sabine folks say No:
The wolf avoids the pit, the hawk the snare,
And hidden hooks teach fishes to beware.
’Tis love of right that keeps the good from wrong;
You do no harm because you fear the thong;
Could you be sure that no one would detect,
E’en sacrilege might tempt you, I suspect.

Steal but one bean, although the loss be small,
The crime's as great as if you stole them all.

See your good man, who oft as he appears
In court commands all judgments and all ears;
Observe him now, when to the gods he pays
His ox or swine, and listen what he says:
"Great Janus, Phoebus" — this he speaks aloud;
The rest is muttered all and unavowed —
"Divine Laverna, grant me safe disguise;
Let me seem just and upright in men's eyes;
Shed night upon my crimes, a glamour o'er my lies."

Say, what's a miser but a slave complete
When he'd pick up a penny in the street?
Fearing's a part of coveting, and he
Who lives in fear is no freeman for me.
The wretch whose thoughts by gain are all engrossed
Has flung away his sword, betrayed his post.
Don't kill your captive: keep him: he will sell;
Some things there are the creature will do well:
He'll plough and feed the cattle, cross the deep
And traffic, carry corn, make produce cheap.

The wise and good, like Bacchus in the play,
When Fortune threats, will have the nerve to say:
"Great king of Thebes, what pains can you devise
The man who will not serve you to chastise?"
"I'll take your goods." "My flocks, my land, to wit,

My plate, my couches: do, if you think fit.”
“I’ll keep you chained and guarded in close thrall.”
“A god will come to free me when I call.”
Yes, he will die; ’tis that the bard intends;
For when Death comes, the power of Fortune ends.

XVII. TO SCAEVA.

QUAMVIS, SCAEVA.

Though instinct tells you, Scaeva, how to act,
And makes you live among the great with tact,
Yet hear a fellow-student; 'tis as though
The blind should point you out the way to go,
But still give heed, and see if I produce
Aught that hereafter you may find of use.

If rest is what you like, and sleep till eight,
If dust and rumbling wheels are what you hate,
If tavern-life disgusts you, then repair
To Ferentinum, and turn hermit there;
For wealth has no monopoly of bliss,
And life unnoticed is not lived amiss:
But if you'd help your friends, and like a treat,
Then drop dry bread, and take to juicy meat.
"If Aristippus could but dine off greens,
He'd cease to cultivate his kings and queens."
"If that rude snarler knew but queens and kings,
He'd find his greens unpalatable things."
Thus far the rival sages. Tell me true,
Whose words you think the wiser of the two,
Or hear (to listen is a junior's place)
Why Aristippus has the better case;
For he, the story goes, with this remark

Once stopped the Cynic's aggravating bark:
"Buffoon I may be, but I ply my trade
For solid value; you ply yours unpaid.
I pay my daily duty to the great,
That I may ride a horse and dine in state;
You, though you talk of independence, yet,
Each time you beg for scraps, contract a debt."
All lives sat well on Aristippus; though
He liked the high, he yet could grace the low;
But the dogged sage whose blanket folds in two
Would be less apt in changing old for new.
Take from the one his robe of costly red,
He'll not refuse to dress, or keep his bed;
Clothed as you please, he'll walk the crowded street,
And, though not fine, will manage to look neat.
Put purple on the other, not the touch
Of toad or asp would startle him so much;
Give back his blanket, or he'll die of chill:
Yes, give it back; he's too absurd to kill.

To win great fights, to lead before men's eyes
A captive foe, is half way to the skies:
Just so, to gain by honourable ways
A great man's favour is no vulgar praise:
You know the proverb, "Corinth town is fair,
But 'tis not every man that can get there."
One man sits still, not hoping to succeed;
One makes the journey; he's a man indeed!
'Tis that we look for; not to shift a weight

Which little frames and little souls think great,
But stoop and bear it. Virtue's a mere name,
Or 'tis high venture that achieves high aim.

Those who have tact their poverty to mask
Before their chief get more than those who ask;
It makes, you see, a difference, if you take
As modest people do, or snatch your cake;
Yet that's the point from which our question starts,
By what way best to get at patrons' hearts.
"My mother's poor, my sister's dower is due,
My farm won't sell or yield us corn enow,"
What is all this but just the beggar's cry,
"I'm starving; give me food for charity"?
"Ah!" whines another in a minor key,
"The loaf's in out; pray spare a slice for me."
But if in peace the raven would have fed,
He'd have had less of clawing, more of bread.

A poor companion whom his friend takes down
To fair Surrentum or Brundisium's town,
If he makes much of cold, bad roads, and rain,
Or moans o'er cash-box forced and money ta'en,
Reminds us of a girl, some artful thing,
Who cries for a lost bracelet or a ring,
With this result, that when she comes to grieve
For real misfortunes, no one will believe.
So, hoaxed by one impostor, in the street
A man won't set a cripple on his feet,

Though he invoke Osiris, and appeal
With streaming tears to hearts that will not feel,
“Lift up a poor lame man! I tell no lie;”
“Treat foreigners to that,” the neighbours cry.

XVIII. TO LOLLIUS.

SI BENE TE NOVI.

You'd blush, good Lollius, if I judge you right,
To mix the parts of friend and parasite.
'Twixt parasite and friend a gulf is placed,
Wide as between the wanton and the chaste;
Yet think not flattery friendship's only curse:
A different vice there is, perhaps a worse,
A brutal boorishness, which fain would win
Regard by unbrushed teeth and close-shorn skin,
Yet all the while is anxious to be thought
Pure independence, acting as it ought.
Between these faults 'tis Virtue's place to stand,
At distance from the extreme on either hand.
The flatterer by profession, whom you see
At every feast among the lowest three,
Hangs on his patron's looks, takes up each word
Which, dropped by chance, might else expire unheard,
Like schoolboys echoing what their masters say
In sing-song drawl, or Gnatho in the play:
While your blunt fellow battles for a straw,
As though he'd knock you down or take the law:
"How now, good sir? you mean my word to doubt?
When I once think a thing, I mayn't speak out?
Though living on your terms were living twice,

Instead of once, ‘twere dear at such a price.”
And what’s the question that brings on these fits? —
Does Dolichos or Castor make more hits?
Or, starting for Brundisium, will it pay
To take the Appian or Minucian way?

Him that gives in to dice or lewd excess,
Who apes rich folks in equipage and dress,
Who meanly covets to increase his store,
And shrinks as meanly from the name of poor,
That man his patron, though on all those heads
Perhaps a worse offender, hates and dreads,
Or says to him what tender parents say,
Who’d have their children better men than they:
“Don’t vie with me,” he says, and he says true;
“My wealth will bear the silly things I do;
Yours is a slender pittance at the best;
A wise man cuts his coat — you know the rest.”
Eutrapelus, whene’er a grudge he owed
To any, gave him garments a la mode;
Because, said he, the wretch will feel inspired
With new conceptions when he’s new attired;
He’ll sleep through half the day, let business go
For pleasure, teach a usurer’s cash to grow;
At last he’ll turn a fencer, or will trudge
Beside a cart, a market-gardener’s drudge.

Avoid all prying; what you’re told, keep back,
Though wine or anger put you on the rack;

Nor puff your own, nor slight your friend's pursuits,
Nor court the Muses when he'd chase the brutes.
'Twas thus the Theban brethren jarred, until
The harp that vexed the stern one became still.
Amphion humoured his stern brother: well,
Your friend speaks gently; do not you rebel:
No; when he gives the summons, and prepares
To take the field with hounds, and darts, and snares,
Leave your dull Muse to sulkiness and sloth,
That both may feast on dainties earned by both.
'Tis a true Roman pastime, and your frame
Will gain thereby, no less than your good name:
Besides, you're strong; in running you can match
The dogs, and kill the fiercest boar you catch:
Who plays like you? you have but to appear
In Mars's field to raise a general cheer:
Remember too, you served a hard campaign,
When scarce past boyhood, in the wars of Spain,
Beneath his lead who brings our standards home,
And makes each nook of earth a prize for Rome.
Just one thing more, lest still you should refuse
And show caprice that nothing can excuse:
Safe as you are from doing aught unmeet,
You sometimes trifle at your father's seat;
The Actian fight in miniature you play,
With boats for ships, your lake for Hadria's bay,
Your brother for your foe, your slaves for crews,
And so you battle till you win or lose.

Let your friend see you share his taste, he'll vow
He never knew what sport was like till now.

Well, to proceed; beware, if there is room
For warning, what you mention, and to whom;
Avoid a ceaseless questioner; he burns
To tell the next he talks with what he learns;
Wide ears retain no secrets, and you know
You can't get back a word you once let go.

Look round and round the man you recommend,
For yours will be the shame should he offend.
Sometimes we're duped; a protege dragged down
By his own fault must e'en be left to drown,
That you may help another known and tried,
And show yourself his champion if belied;
For when 'gainst him detraction forks her tongue,
Be sure she'll treat you to the same ere long.
No time for sleeping with a fire next door;
Neglect such things, they only blaze the more.

A patron's service is a strange career;
The tiros love it, but the experts fear.
You, while you're sailing on a prosperous tack,
Look out for squalls which yet may drive you back.
The gay dislike the grave, the staid the pert,
The quick the slow, the lazy the alert;
Hard drinkers hate the sober, though he swear
Those bouts at night are more than he can bear.

Unknit your brow; the silent man is sure
To pass for crabbed, the modest for obscure.

Meantime, while thoughts like these your mind engage,
Neglect not books nor converse with the sage;
Ply them with questions; lead them on to tell
What things make life go happily and well;
How cure desire, the soul's perpetual dearth?
How moderate care for things of trifling worth?
Is virtue raised by culture or self-sown?
What soothes annoy, and makes your heart your own?
Is peace procured by honours, pickings, gains,
Or, sought in highways, is she found in lanes?

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold
Which makes my villagers look pinched and old,
What prayers are mine? "O may I yet possess
The goods I have, or, if Heaven pleases, less!
Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
Be all my own, not held at others' will!
Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
Nor make my life one flutter of suspense!"

But I forbear: sufficient 'tis to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away:
Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll find
That best of blessings, a contented mind.

XIX. TO MAECENAS.

PRISCO SI CREDIS.

If truth there be in old Cratinus' song,
No verse, you know, Maecenas, can live long
Writ by a water-drinker. Since the day
When Bacchus took us poets into pay
With fauns and satyrs, the celestial Nine
Have smelt each morning of last evening's wine.
The praises heaped by Homer on the bowl
At once convict him as a thirsty soul:
And father Ennius ne'er could be provoked
To sing of battles till his lips were soaked.
"Let temperate folk write verses in the hall
Where bonds change hands, abstainers not at all;"
So ran my edict: now the clan drinks hard,
And vinous breath distinguishes a bard.

What if a man appeared with gown cut short,
Bare feet, grim visage, after Cato's sort?
Would you respect him, hail him from henceforth
The heir of Cato's mind, of Cato's worth?
The wretched Moor, who matched himself in wit
With keen Timagenes, in sunder split.
Faults are soon copied: should my colour fail,
Our bards drink cummin, hoping to look pale.

Mean, miserable apes! the coil you make
Oft gives my heart, and oft my sides, an ache.

Erect and free I walk the virgin sod,
Too proud to tread the paths by others trod.
The man who trusts himself, and dares step out,
Soon sets the fashion to the inferior rout.
'Tis I who first to Italy have shown
Iambics, quarried from the Parian stone;
Following Archilochus in rhythm and stave,
But not the words that dug Lycambes' grave.
Yet think not that I merit scantier bays,
Because in form I reproduce his lays:
Strong Sappho now and then adopts a tone
From that same lyre, to qualify her own;
So does Alcaeus, though in all beside,
Style, order, thought, the difference is wide;
'Gainst no false fair he turns his angry Muse,
Nor for her guilty father twists the noose.
Aye, and Alcaeus' name, before unheard,
My Latian harp has made a household word.
Well may the bard feel proud, whose pen supplies
Unhackneyed strains to gentle hands and eyes.

Ask you what makes the uncourteous reader laud
My works at home, but run them down abroad?
I stoop not, I, to catch the rabble's votes
By cheap refreshments or by cast-off coats,
Nor haunt the benches where your pedants swarm,

Prepared by turns to listen and perform.
That's what this whimpering means.
Suppose I say "Your theatres have ne'er been in my way,
Nor I in theirs: large audiences require
Some heavier metal than my thin-drawn wire:"
"You put me off," he answers, "with a sneer:
Your works are kept for Jove's imperial ear:
Yes, you're a paragon of bards, you think,
And no one else brews nectar fit to drink."
What can I do? 'tis an unequal match;
For if my nose can sniff, his nails can scratch:
I say the place won't snit me, and cry shame;
"E'en fencers get a break 'twixt game and game.
" Games oft have ugly issue: they beget
Unhealthy competition, fume and fret:
And fume and fret engender in their turn
Battles that bleed, and enmities that burn.

XX. TO HIS BOOK.

VERTUMNUM JANUMQUE.

To street and market-place I see you look
With wistful longing, my adventurous book,
That on the stalls for sale you may be seen,
Rubbed by the binder's pumice smooth and clean.
You chafe at look and key, and court the view
Of all the world, disdainful of the few.
Was this your breeding? go where you would go;
When once sent out, you won't come back, you know.
"What mischief have I done?" I hear you whine,
When some one hurts those feelings, now so fine;
For hurt you're sure to be; when people pall
Of reading you, they'll crush and fold you small.
If my prophetic soul be not at fault
From indignation at your rude revolt,
Your doom, methinks, is easy to foretell:
While you've your gloss on, Rome will like you well:
Then, when you're thumbed and soiled by vulgar hands,
You'll feed the moths, or go to distant lands.
Ah, then you'll mind your monitor too late,
While he looks on and chuckles at your fate,
Like him who, pestered by his donkey's vice,

Got off and pushed it down the precipice;
For who would lose his temper and his breath
To keep a brute alive that's bent on death?
Yet one thing more: your fate may be to teach
In some suburban school the parts of speech,
And, maundering over grammar day by day,
Lisp, prattle, drawl, grow childish, and decay.

Well, when in summer afternoons you see
Men fain to listen, tell them about me:
Tell them that, born a freedman's son, possessed
Of slender means, I soared beyond my nest,
That so whate'er's deducted for my birth
May count as assets on the score of worth;
Say that I pleased the greatest of my day:
Then draw my picture; — prematurely grey,
Of little person, fond of sunny ease,
Lightly provoked, but easy to appease.
Last, if my age they ask you, let them know
That I was forty-four not long ago,
In the December of last year, the same
That goes by Lepidus' and Lollius' name.

BOOK II.

I. TO AUGUSTUS.

CUM TOT SUSTINEAS.

Since you, great Caesar, singly wield the charge
Of Rome’s concerns, so manifold and large,
With sword and shield the commonwealth protect,
With morals grace it, and with laws correct,
The bard, methinks, would do a public wrong
Who, having gained your ear, should keep it long.

Quirinus, Bacchus, and the Jove-born pair,
Though now invoked with in cense, gifts, and prayer,
While yet on earth they civilized their kind,
Tilled lands, built cities, properties assigned,
Oft mourned for man’s ingratitude, and found
The race they served less thankful than the ground.
The prince whose fated vassalage subdued
Fell Hydra’s power and all the monster brood,
Soon found that envy, worse than all beside,
Could only be extinguished when he died.
He that outshines his age is like a torch,
Which, when it blazes high, is apt to scorch:
Men hate him while he lives: at last, no doubt,
He wins affection — when his light is out.

You, while in life, are honoured as divine,
And vows and oaths are taken at your shrine;
So Rome pays homage to her man of men,
Ne'er seen on earth before, ne'er to be seen again.
But this wise nation, which for once thinks true,
That nought in Greece or here can rival you,
To all things else a different test applies,
And looks on living worth with jaundiced eyes:
While, as for ancient models, take the code
Which to the ten wise men our fathers owed,
The treaties made 'twixt Gabii's kings and Home's,
The pontiffs' books, the bards' forgotten tomes,
They'll swear the Muses framed them every one
In close divan on Alba's Helicon.

But what's the argument? the bards of Greece
And those of Rome must needs be of a piece;
As there the oldest hold the foremost place,
So here, 'twould seem, the same will be the case.
Is this their reasoning? they may prove as well
An olive has no stone, a nut no shell.
Soon, flattered by such dexterous logic, we
Shall think we've gained the summit of the tree;
In art, in song our rivals we outdo,
And, spite of all their oil, in wrestling too.

Or is it said that poetry's like wine
Which age, we know, will mellow and refine?
Well, let me grant the parallel, and ask

How many years a work must be in cask.
A bard who died a hundred years ago,
With whom should he be reckoned, I would know?
The priceless early or the worthless late?
Come, draw a line which may preclude debate.
“The bard who makes his century up has stood
The test: we call him sterling, old, and good.”
Well, here’s a poet now, whose dying day
Fell one month later, or a twelvemonth, say:
Whom does he count with? with the old, or them
Whom we and future times alike contemn?
“Aye, call him old, by favour of the court,
Who falls a month, or e’en a twelvemonth short.”
Thanks for the kind permission! I go on,
And pull out years, like horse-hairs, one by one,
While all forlorn the baffled critic stands,
Fumbling a naked stump between his hands,
Who looks for worth in registers, and knows
No inspiration but what death bestows.

Ennius, the stout and wise, in critic phrase
The analogue of Homer in these days,
Enjoys his ease, nor cares how he redeems
The gorgeous promise of his peacock dreams.
Who reads not Naevius? still he lives enshrined
A household god in every Roman mind.
So as we reckon o’er the heroic band
We call Pacuvius learned, Accius grand;
Afranius wears Menander’s robe with grace;

Plautus moves on at Epicharmus' pace;
In force and weight Caecilius bears the palm;
While Terence — aye, refinement is his charm.
These are Rome's classics; these to see and hear
She throngs the bursting playhouse year by year:
'Tis these she musters, counts, reviews, displays,
From Livius' time to our degenerate days.

Sometimes the public sees like any lynx;
Sometimes, if 'tis not blind, at least it blinks.
If it extols the ancient sous of song
As though they were unrivalled, it goes wrong:
If it allows there's much that's obsolete,
Much hasty work, much rough and incomplete,
'Tis just my view; 'tis judging as one ought;
And Jove was present when that thought was thought.
Not that I'd act the zealot, and desire
To fling the works of Livius on the fire,
Which once Orbilius, old and not too mild,
Made me repeat by whipping when a child;
But when I find them deemed high art, and praised
As only not perfection, I'm amazed,
That here and there a thought not ill expressed,
A verse well turned, should carry off the rest;
Just as an unfair sample, set to catch
The heedless customer, will sell the batch.

I chafe to hear a poem called third-rate
Not as ill written, but as written late;
To hear your critics for their ancients claim
Not charity, but honour and high fame.
Suppose I doubt if Atta's humorous show
Moves o'er the boards with best leg first or no,
The fathers of the city all declare
That shame has fled from Rome, and gone elsewhere;
"What! show no reverence to his sacred shade
Whose scenes great Roscius and Aesopus played?"
Perhaps with selfish prejudice they deem
That nought but what they like deserves esteem,
Or, jealous of their juniors, won't allow
That what they learnt in youth is rubbish now.
As for the pedant whose preposterous whim
Finds poetry in Numa's Salian hymn,
Who would be thought to have explored alone
A land to him and me alike unknown,
'Tis not that buried genius he regards:
No; 'tis mere spleen and spite to living bards.
Had Greece but been as carping and as cold
To new productions, what would now be old?
What standard works would there have been, to come
Beneath the public eye, the public thumb?

When, having done with fighting, Greece began
To care for trifles that refine the man,

And, borne aloft on Fortune's full flood-tide,
Went drifting on to luxury and pride,
Of athletes and of steeds by turns she raved,
Loved ivory, bronze, and marble deftly graved,
Hung raptured on a painting, mind and eye,
Now leant to music, now to tragedy,
Like a young child that hankers for a toy,
Then throws it down when it begins to cloy.
With change of fortune nations change their minds:
So much for happy peace and prosperous winds.
At Rome erewhile men rose by day-break, saw
Their clients at their homes, laid down the law,
Put money at good interest out to loan
Secured by names responsible and known,
Explained to younger folk, or learned from old,
How wealth might be increased, expense controlled.
Now our good town has taken a new fit:
Each man you meet by poetry is bit;
Pert boys, prim fathers dine in, wreaths of bay,
And 'twixt the courses warble out their lay.
E'en I, who vow I never write a verse,
Am found as false as Parthia, maybe worse;
Before the dawn I rouse myself, and call
For pens and parchment, writing-desk and all.
None dares be pilot who ne'er steered a craft;
No untrained nurse administers a draught;
None but skilled workmen handle workmen's tools:
But verses all men scribble, wise or fools.

And yet this scribbling is a harmless craze,
And boasts in fact some few redeeming traits.
Avarice will scarce find lodging in a heart
Whose every thought is centred on its art;
He lays no subtle schemes, your dreamy bard,
To circumvent his partner or his ward;
Content with pulse and bread of ration corn,
Mres, losses, runaways he laughs to scorn;
Useless in camp, at home he serves the state,
That is, if small can minister to great.
His lessons form the child's young lips, and wean
The boyish ear from words and tales unclean;
As years roll on, he moulds the ripening mind,
And makes it just and generous, sweet and kind;
He tells of worthy precedents, displays
The example of the past to after days,
Consoles affliction, and disease allays.
Had Rome no poets, who would teach the train
Of maids and spotless youths their ritual strain?
Schooled by the bard, they lift their voice to heaven,
And feel the wished-for aid already given,
Prom brazen skies call down abundant showers,
Are heard when sickness threats or danger lowers,
Win for a war-worn land the smiles of peace,
And crown the year with plentiful increase.
Song checks the hand of Jove in act to smite;
Song soothes the dwellers in abysmal night.

Our rustic forefathers in days of yore,
Robust though frugal, and content though poor,
When, after harvest done, they sought repair
From toils which hope of respite made them bear,
Were wont their hard-earned leisure to enjoy
With those who shared their labour, wife and boy;
With porker's blood the Earth they would appease,
With milk Silvanus, guardian of their trees,
With flowers and wine the Genius, who repeats
That life is short, and so should have its sweets.
'Twas hence Fescennia's privilege began,
Where wit had licence, and man bantered man;
And the wild sport, though countrified and rough,
Passed off each year acceptably enough;
Till jokes grew virulent, and rabid spite
Ran loose through houses, free to bark and bite.
The wounded shrieked; the unwounded came to feel
That things looked serious for the general weal:
So laws were passed with penalties and pains
To guard the lieges from abusive strains,
And poets sang thenceforth in sweeter tones,
Compelled to please by terror for their bones.

Greece, conquered Greece, her conqueror subdued,
And Rome grew polished, who till then was rude;
The rough Saturnian measure had its day,
And gentler arts made savagery give way:
Yet traces of the uncouth past lived on
For many a year, nor are they wholly gone,

For ’twas not till the Punic wars were o’er
That Rome found time Greek authors to explore,
And try, by digging in that virgin field,
What Sophocles and Aeschylus could yield.
Nay, she essayed a venture of her own,
And liked to think she’d caught the tragic tone;
And so she has: — the afflatus comes on hot;
But out, alas! she deems it shame to blot.

’Tis thought that comedy, because its source
Is common life, must be a thing of course,
Whereas there’s nought so difficult, because
There’s nowhere less allowance made for flaws.
See Plautus now: what ill-sustained affairs
Are his close fathers and his love-sick heirs!
How farcical his parasites! how loose
And down at heel he wears his comic shoes!
For, so he fills his pockets, nought he heeds
Whether the play’s a failure or succeeds.

Drawn to the house in glory’s car, the bard
Is made by interest, by indifference marred:
So slight the cause that prostrates or restores
A mind that lives for plaudits and encores.
Nay, I forswear the drama, if to win
Or lose the prize can make me plump or thin.
Then too it tries an author’s nerve, to find
The class in numbers strong, though weak in mind,
The brutal brainless mob, who, if a knight

Disputes their judgment, bluster and show fight,
Call in the middle of a play for bears
Or boxers;— ’tis for such the rabble cares.
But e’en the knights have changed, and now they prize
Delighted ears far less than dazzled eyes.
The curtain is kept down four hours or more,
While horse and foot go hurrying o’er the floor,
While crownless majesty is dragged in chains,
Chariots succeed to chariots, wains to wains,
Whole fleets of ships in long procession pass,
And captive ivory follows captive brass.
O, could Democritus return to earth,
In truth ’twould wake his wildest peals of mirth,
To see a milkwhite elephant, or shape
Half pard, half camel, set the crowd agape!
He’d eye the mob more keenly than the shows,
And find less food for sport in these than those;
While the poor authors — he’d suppose their play
Addressed to a deaf ass that can but bray.
For where’s the voice so strong as to o’ercome
A Roman theatre’s discordant hum?
You’d think you heard the Gargan forest roar
Or Tuscan billows break upon the shore,
So loud the tumult waxes, when they see
The show, the pomp, the foreign finery.
Soon as the actor, thus bedizened, stands
In public view, clap go ten thousand hands.
“What said he?” Nought. “Then what’s the

attraction? “Why,
That woollen mantle with the violet dye.

But lest you think ’tis niggard praise I fling
To bards who soar where I ne’er stretched a wing,
That man I hold true master of his art
Who with fictitious woes can wring my heart,
Can rouse me, soothe me, pierce me with the thrill
Of vain alarm, and, as by magic skill,
Bear me to Thebes, to Athens, where he will.

Now turn to us shy mortals, who, instead
Of being hissed and acted, would be read:
We claim your favour, if with worthy gear
You’d fill the temple Phoebus holds so dear,
And give poor bards the stimulus of hope
To aid their progress up Parnassus’ slope.
Poor bards! much harm to our own cause we do
(It tells against myself, but yet ’tis true),
When, wanting you to read us, we intrude
On times of business or of lassitude,
When we lose temper if a friend thinks fit
To find a fault or two with what we’ve writ,
When, unrequested, we again go o’er
A passage we recited once, before,
When we complain, forsooth, our laboured strokes,
Our dexterous turns, are lost on careless folks,
When we expect, so soon as you’re informed
That ours are hearts by would-be genius warmed,

You'll send for us instanter, end our woes
With a high hand, and make us all compose.

Yet greatness, proved in war and peace divine,
Had best be jealous who should keep its shrine:
The sacred functions of the temple-ward
Were ill conferred on an inferior bard.
A blunderer was Choerilus; and yet
This blunderer was Alexander's pet,
And for the ill-stamped lines that left his mint
Received good money with the royal print.
Ink spoils what touches it: indifferent lays
Blot out the exploits they pretend to praise.
Yet the same king who bought bad verse so dear
In other walks of art saw true and clear;
None but Lysippus, so he willed by law,
Might model him, none but Apelles draw.
But take this mind, in paintings and in bronze
So ready to distinguish geese from swans,
And bid it judge of poetry, you'd swear
"Twas born and nurtured in Boeotian air.

Still, bards there are whose excellence commends
The sovereign judgment that esteems them friends,
Virgil and Varius; when your hand confers
Its princely bounty, all the world concurs.
And, trust me, human features never shone
With livelier truth through brass or breathing stone
Than the great genius of a hero shines

Through the clear mirror of a poet's lines.
Nor is it choice (ah, would that choice were all!)
Makes my dull Muse in prose-like numbers crawl,
When she might sing of rivers and strange towns,
Of mountain fastnesses and barbarous crowns,
Of battles through the world compelled to cease,
Of bolts that guard the God who guards the peace,
And haughty Parthia through defeat and shame
By Caesar taught to fear the Roman name:
'Tis strength that lacks: your dignity disdains
The mean support of ineffectual strains,
And modesty forbids me to essay
A theme whose weight would make my powers give way.
Officious zeal is apt to be a curse
To those it loves, especially in verse;
For easier 'tis to learn and recollect
What moves derision than what claims respect.
He's not my friend who hawks in every place
A waxwork parody of my poor face;
Nor were I flattered if some silly wight
A stupid poem in my praise should write:
The gift would make me blush, and I should dread
To travel with my poet, all unread,
Down to the street where spice and pepper's sold,
And all the wares waste paper's used to fold.

II. TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORE BONO CLAROQUE.

Dear Florus, justly high in the good grace
Of noble Nero, let's suppose a case;
A man accosts you with a slave for sale,
Born, say, at Gabii, and begins his tale:
"See, here's a lad who's comely, fair, and sound;
I'll sell him, if you will, for sixty pound.
He's quick, and answers to his master's look,
Knows Greek enough to read a simple book
Set him to what you like, he'll learn with ease;
Soft clay, you know, takes any form you please;
His voice is quite untrained, but still, I think,
You'll like his singing, as you sit and drink.
Excuse professions; they're but stale affairs,
Which chapmen use for getting off their waves.
I'm quite indifferent if you buy or no:
Though I'm but poor, there's nothing that I owe.
No dealer'd use you thus; nay, truth to tell,
I don't treat all my customers so well.
He loitered once, and fearing whipping, did
As boys will do, sneaked to the stairs and hid.
So, if this running off be not a, vice
Too bad to pardon, let me have my price."
The man would get his money, I should say,
Without a risk of having to repay.

You make the bargain knowing of the flaw;
‘Twere mere vexatiousness to take the law.

’Tis so with me; before you left, I said
That correspondence was my rock ahead,
Lest, when you found that ne’er an answer came
To all your letters, you should call it shame.
But where’s my vantage if you won’t agree
To go by law, because the law’s with me?
Nay more, you say I’m faithless to my vow
In sending you no verses. Listen now:

A soldier of Lucullus’s, they say,
Worn out at night by marching all the day,
Lay down to sleep, and, while at ease he snored,
Lost to a farthing all his little hoard.
This woke the wolf in him;— ’tis strange how keen
The teeth will grow with but the tongue between; —
Mad with the foe and with himself, off-hand
He stormed a treasure-city, walled and manned,
Destroys the garrison, becomes renowned,
Gets decorations and two hundred pound.
Soon after this the general had in view
To take some fortress, where I never knew;
He singles out our friend, and makes a speech
That e’en might drive a coward to the breach:
“Go, my fine fellow! go where valour calls!
There’s fame and money too inside those walls.”

“I’m not your man,” returned the rustic wit:
“He makes a hero who has lost his kit.”

At Rome I had my schooling, and was taught
Achilles’ wrath, and all the woes it brought;
At classic Athens, where I went erelong,
I learnt to draw the line ‘twixt right and wrong,
And search for truth, if so she might be seen,
In academic groves of blissful green;
But soon the stress of civil strife removed
My adolescence from the scenes it loved,
And ranged me with a force that could not stand
Before the might of Caesar’s conquering hand.
Then when Philippi turned me all adrift
A poor plucked fledgeling, for myself to shift,
Bereft of property, impaired in purse,
Sheer penury drove me into scribbling verse:
But now, when times are altered, having got
Enough, thank heaven, at least to boil my pot,
I were the veriest madman if I chose
To write a poem rather than to doze.

Our years keep taking toll as they move on;
My feasts, my frolics are already gone,
And now, it seems, my verses must go too:
Bestead so sorely, what’s a man to do?
Aye, and besides, my friends who’d have me chant
Are not agreed upon the thing they want:
You like an ode; for epodes others cry,

While some love satire spiced and seasoned high.
Three guests, I find, for different dishes call,
And how's one host to satisfy them all?
I bring your neighbour what he asks, you glower:
Obliging you, I turn two stomachs sour.

Think too of Rome: can I write verses here,
Where there's so much to tease and interfere?
One wants me for his surety; one, still worse,
Bids me leave work to hear him just rehearse;
One's ill on Aventine, the farthest end,
One on Quirinal; both must see their friend.
Observe the distance. "What of that?" you say,
"The streets are clear; make verses by the way."
There goes a builder's gang, all haste and steam;
Yon crane lifts granite, or perhaps a beam;
Waggons and funerals jostle; a mad dog
Ran by just now; that splash was from a hog:
Go now, abstract yourself from outward things,
And "hearken what the inner spirit sings."
Bards fly from town and haunt the wood and glade;
Bacchus, their chief, likes sleeping in the shade;
And how should I, with noises all about,
Tread where they tread and make their footprints out?
Take idle Athens now; a wit who's spent
Seven years in studying there, on books intent,
Turns out as stupid as a stone, and shakes
The crowd with laughter at his odd mistakes:

Here, in this roaring, tossing, weltering sea,
To tune sweet lyrics, is that work for me?

Two brothers, counsellor and pleader, went
Through life on terms of mutual compliment;
That thought the other Gracchus, this supposed
His brother Mucius; so they praised and prosed.
Our tuneful race the selfsame madness goads:
My friend writes elegies, and I write odes:
O how we puff each other! "'Tis divine;
The Muses had a hand in every line."
Remark our swagger as we pass the dome
Built to receive the future bards of Rome;
Then follow us and listen what we say,
How each by turns awards and takes the bay.
Like Samnite fencers, with elaborate art
We hit in tierce to be hit back in quart.
I'm dubbed Alcaeus, and retire in force:
And who is he? Callimachus of course:
Or, if 'tis not enough, I bid him rise
Mimnermus, and he swells to twice his size.
Writing myself, I'm tortured to appease
Those wasp-like creatures, our poetic bees:
But when my pen's laid down, my sense restored,
I rest from boring, rest from being bored.

Bad poets are our jest: yet they delight,
Just like their betters, in whate'er they write,
Hug their fool's paradise, and if you're slack

To give them praise, themselves supply the lack.
But he who meditates a work of art,
Oft as he writes, will act the censor's part:
Is there a word wants nobleness and grace,
Devoid of weight, unworthy of high place?
He bids it go, though stiffly it decline,
And cling and cling, like suppliant to a shrine:
Choice terms, long hidden from the general view,
He brings to day and dignifies anew,
Which, once on Cato's and Cethegus' lips,
Now pale their light and suffer dim eclipse;
New phrases, in the world of books unknown,
So use but father them, he makes his own:
Fluent and limpid, like a crystal stream,
He makes Rome's soil with genial produce teem:
He checks redundance, harshnesses improves
By wise refinement, idle weeds removes;
Like an accomplished dancer, he will seem
By turns a Satyr and a Polypheme;
Yet all the while 'twill be a game of skill,
Where sport means toil, and muscle bends to will.

Yet, after all, I'd rather far be blind
To my own faults, though patent to mankind,
Nay, live in the belief that foul is fair,
Than see and grin in impotent despair.
There was an Argive nobleman, 'tis said,
Who all day long had acting in his head:
Great characters on shadowy boards appeared,

While he looked on and listened, clapped and cheered:
In all things else he fairly filled his post,
Friendly as neighbour, amiable as host;
Kind to his wife, indulgent to his slave,
He'd find a bottle sweated and not rave;
He'd scorn to run his head against a wall;
Show him a pit, and he'd avoid the fall.
At last, when quarts of hellebore drunk neat,
Thanks to his kin, had wrought a cure complete,
Brought to himself again, "Good friends," quoth he,
"Call you this saving? why, 'tis murdering me;
Your stupid zeal has spoilt my golden days,
And robbed me of a most delicious craze."

Wise men betimes will bid adieu to toys,
And give up idle games to idle boys;
Not now to string the Latian lyre, but learn
The harmony of life, is my concern.
So, when I commune with myself, I state
In words like these my side in the debate:
"If no amount of water quenched your thirst,
You'd tell the doctor, not go on and burst:
Experience shows you, as your riches swell
Your wants increase; have you no friend to tell?
A healing simple for a wound you try;
It does no good; you put the simple by:
You're told that silly folk whom heaven may bless
With ample means get rid of silliness;

You test it, find ’tis not the case with you:
Then why not change your Mentor for a new?
Did riches make you wiser, set you free
From idle fear, insane cupidity,
You’d blush, and rightly too, if earth contained
Another man more fond of what he gained.
Now put the matter thus: whate’er is bought
And duly paid for, is our own, we’re taught:
Consult a lawyer, and he’ll soon produce
A case where property accrues from use.
The land by which you live is yours; most true,
And Orbius’ bailiff really works for you;
He, while he ploughs the acres that afford
Flour for your table, owns you for his lord;
You pay your price, whate’er the man may ask,
Get grapes and poultry, eggs and wine in cask;
Thus, by degrees, proceeding at this rate,
You purchase first and last the whole estate,
Which, when it last was in the market, bore
A good stiff price, two thousand say, or more.
What matters it if, when you eat your snack,
’Twas paid for yesterday, or ten years back?
There’s yonder landlord, living like a prince
On manors near Aricia, bought long since;
He eats bought cabbage, though he knows it not;
He burns bought sticks at night to boil his pot;
Yet all the plain, he fancies, to the stone
That stands beside the poplars, is his own.
But who can talk of property in lands

Exposed to ceaseless risk of changing hands,
Whose owner purchase, favour, lawless power,
And lastly death, may alter in an hour?
So, with heirs following heirs like waves at sea,
And no such thing as perpetuity,
What good are farmsteads, granaries, pasture-grounds
That stretch long leagues beyond Calabria's bounds,
If Death, unbribed by riches, mows down all
With his unsparing sickle, great and small?

"Gems, marbles, ivory, Tuscan statuettes,
Pictures, gold plate, Gaetulian coverlets,
There are who have not; one there is, I trow,
Who cares not greatly if he has or no.
This brother loves soft couches, perfumes, wine,
More than the groves of palmy Palestine;
That toils all day, ambitious to reclaim
A rugged wilderness with axe and flame;
And none but he who watches them from birth,
The Genius, guardian of each child of earth,
Born when we're born and dying when we die,
Now storm, now sunshine, knows the reason why
I will not hoard, but, though my heap be scant,
Will take on each occasion what I want,
Nor fear what my next heir may think, to find
There's less than he expected left behind;
While, ne'ertheless, I draw a line between
Mirth and excess, the frugal and the mean.

’Tis not extravagance, but plain good sense,
To cease from getting, grudge no fair expense,
And, like a schoolboy out on holiday,
Take pleasure as it comes, and snatch one’s play.

“So ‘twill not sink, what matter if my boat
Be big or little? still I keep afloat,
And voyage on contented, with the wind
Not always contrary, nor always kind,
In strength, wit, worth, rank, prestige, money-bags,
Behind the first, yet not among the lags.

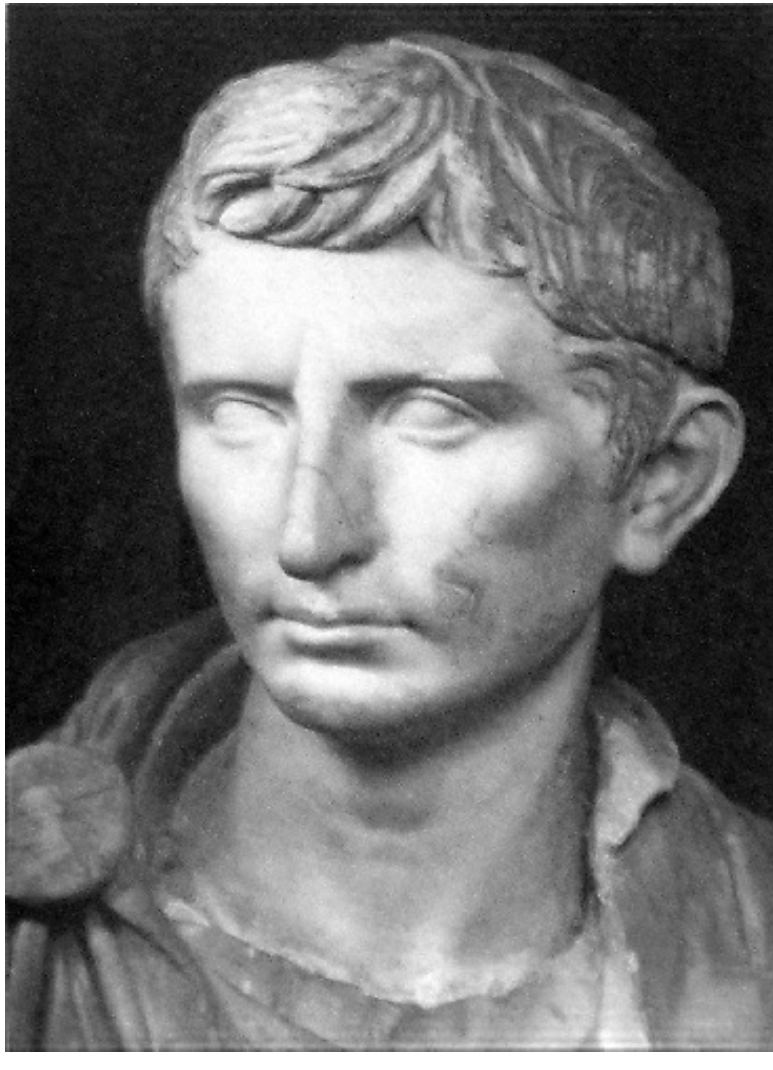
“You’re not a miser: has all other vice
Departed in the train of avarice,
Or do ambitious longings, angry fret,
The terror of the grave, torment you yet?
Can you make sport of portents, gipsy crones,
Hobgoblins, dreams, raw head and bloody bones?
Do you count up your birthdays year by year,
And thank the gods with gladness and blithe cheer,
O’erlook the failings of your friends, and grow
Gentler and better as your sand runs low?
Where is the gain in pulling from the mind
One thorn, if all the rest remain behind?
If live you cannot as befits a man,
Make room, at least, you may for those that can.
You’ve frolicked, eaten, drunk to the content
Of human appetite; ’tis time you went,

Lest, when you've tippled freely, youth, that wears
Its motley better, hustle you down stairs."

CARMEN SAECULARE (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

The *Carmen Saeculare* can be translated as “the Secular Hymn” or “the Song of the Ages”. Composed in 17 BC in Sapphic metre, the hymn was commissioned by the Emperor Augustus and sung by a chorus of twenty-seven maidens and the same number of youths on the occasion of the Ludi Saeculares (Secular Games), which celebrated the end of one saeculum (typically 100 years in length) and the beginning the new saeculum. The mythological and religious hymn is chiefly written in honour of Apollo, the patron god of Augustus, to whom a new temple on the Palatine had recently been consecrated. A marble inscription recording the ceremony and the part played by Horace still survives. The *Carmen Saeculare* is one of the earliest lyric poems about which we have definite information regarding the circumstances of its performance and is the only one of Horace’s works known for certain to have been performed orally.



Augustus (63 BC–14 AD) was the founder of the Roman Empire and the first Roman Emperor, ruling from 27 BC until his death in 14 AD.

THE SECULAR POEM OF HORACE.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Phoebus, and thou Diana, sovereign of the woods, ye illustrious ornaments of the heavens, oh ever worthy of adoration, and ever adored, bestow what we pray for at this sacred season: at which the Sibylline verses have given directions, that select virgins and chaste youths should sing a hymn to the deities, to whom the seven hills [of Rome] are acceptable. O genial sun, who in your splendid car draw forth and obscure the day, and who arise another and the same, may it never be in your power to behold anything more glorious than the city of Rome! O Ilithyia, of lenient power to produce the timely birth, protect the matrons [in labor]; whether you choose the title of Lucina, or Genitalis. O goddess multiply our offspring; and prosper the decrees of the senate in relation to the joining of women in wedlock, and the matrimonial law about to teem with a new race; that the stated revolution of a hundred and ten years may bring back the hymns and the games, three times by bright daylight restored to in crowds, and as often in the welcome night. And you, ye fatal sisters, infallible in having predicted what is established, and what the settled order of things preserves, add propitious fates to

those already past. Let the earth, fertile in fruits and flocks, present Ceres with a sheafy crown; may both salubrious rains and Jove's air cherish the young blood! Apollo, mild and gentle with your sheathed arrows, hear the suppliant youths: O moon, thou horned queen of stars, hear the virgins. If Rome be your work, and the Trojan troops arrived on the Tuscan shore (the part, commanded [by your oracles] to change their homes and city) by a successful navigation: for whom pious Aeneas, surviving his country, secured a free passage through Troy, burning not by his treachery, about to give them more ample possessions than those that were left behind. O ye deities, grant to the tractable youth probity of manners; to old age, ye deities, grant a pleasing retirement; to the Roman people, wealth, and progeny, and every kind of glory. And may the illustrious issue of Anchises and Venus, who worships you with [offerings of] white bulls, reign superior to the warring enemy, merciful to the prostrate. Now the Parthian, by sea and land, dreads our powerful forces and the Roman axes: now the Scythians beg [to know] our commands, and the Indians but lately so arrogant. Now truth, and peace, and honor, and ancient modesty, and neglected virtue dare to return, and happy plenty appears, with her horn full to the brim. Phoebus, the god of augury, and conspicuous for his shining bow, and dear to the nine muses, who by his salutary art soothes the

wearied limbs of the body; if he, propitious, surveys the Palatine altars — may he prolong the Roman affairs, and the happy state of Italy to another lustrum, and to an improving age. And may Diana, who possesses Mount Aventine and Algidus, regard the prayers of the Quindecemvirs, and lend a gracious ear to the supplications of the youths. We, the choir taught to sing the praises of Phoebus and Diana, bear home with us a good and certain hope, that Jupiter, and all the other gods, are sensible of these our supplications.

CARMEN SAECULARE (VERSE)

Translated by John Conington

PHOEBE, SILVARUMQUE.

Phoebus and Dian, huntress fair,
To-day and always magnified,
Bright lights of heaven, accord our prayer
This holy tide,
On which the Sibyl's volume wills
That youths and maidens without stain
To gods, who love the seven dear hills,
Should chant the strain!
Sun, that unchanged, yet ever new,
Lead'st out the day and bring'st it home,
May nought be present to thy view
More great than Rome!
Blest Ilithyia! be thou near
In travail to each Roman dame!
Lucina, Genitalis, hear,
Whate'er thy name!
O make our youth to live and grow!
The fathers' nuptial counsels speed,
Those laws that shall on Rome bestow
A plenteous seed!

So when a hundred years and ten
  Bring round the cycle, game and song
Three days, three nights, shall charm again
      The festal throng.
Ye too, ye Fates, whose righteous doom,
  Declared but once, is sure as heaven,
Link on new blessings, yet to come,
      To blessings given!
Let Earth, with grain and cattle rife,
  Crown Ceres' brow with wreathen corn;
Soft winds, sweet waters, nurse to life
      The newly born!
O lay thy shafts, Apollo, by!
  Let suppliant youths obtain thine ear!
Thou Moon, fair "regent of the sky,"
      Thy maidens hear!
If Rome is yours, if Troy's remains,
  Safe by your conduct, sought and found
Another city, other fanes
      On Tuscan ground,
For whom, 'mid fires and piles of slain,
  AEneas made a broad highway,
Destined, pure heart, with greater gain.
      Their loss to pay,
Grant to our sons unblemish'd ways;
  Grant to our sires an age of peace;
Grant to our nation power and praise,
      And large increase!
See, at your shrine, with victims white,

Prays Venus and Anchises' heir!
O prompt him still the foe to smite,
The fallen to spare!
Now Media dreads our Alban steel,
Our victories land and ocean o'er;
Scythia and Ind in suppliance kneel,
So proud before.
Faith, Honour, ancient Modesty,
And Peace, and Virtue, spite of scorn,
Come back to earth; and Plenty, see,
With teeming horn.
Augur and lord of silver bow,
Apollo, darling of the Nine,
Who heal'st our frame when languors slow
Have made it pine;
Lov'st thou thine own Palatial hill,
Prolong the glorious life of Rome
To other cycles, brightening still
Through time to come!
From Algidus and Aventine
List, goddess, to our grave Fifteen!
To praying youths thine ear incline,
Diana queen!
Thus Jove and all the gods agree!
So trusting, wend we home again,
Phoebus and Dian's singers we,
And this our strain.

ARS POETICA (PROSE)

Translated by C. Smart

Horace's seminal poetical essay on the "The Art of Poetry" was first published in 18 BC, forming what would become a long-lasting treatise on poetics, particularly remembered in posterity for three quotations:

- "in medias res," or "into the middle of things," describing a popular narrative technique that appears frequently in ancient epics and remains popular today in fictional works.
- "bonus dormitat Homerus" or "good Homer nods" — an indication that even the most skilled poet can make continuity errors.
- "ut pictura poesis," or "as is painting so is poetry," by which Horace meant that poetry, in its widest sense meaning "imaginative texts," merits the same careful interpretation that was in his day reserved for painting.

The work was also hugely influential in its discussion of the principle of decorum, the use of appropriate vocabulary and diction in each style of writing, and for Horace's criticisms of purple prose. The poet also famously criticises the dramatic use of *deus ex machina*, the practice of resolving a convoluted plot by having an Olympian god appear and setting things right. Horace explains, "Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus": "That a god should not intervene, unless a knot show up that be worthy of such an untangler".

Horace by Anton von Werner

HORACE'S BOOK UPON THE ART OF POETRY.

TO THE PISOS.

If a painter should wish to unite a horse's neck to a human head, and spread a variety of plumage over limbs [of different animals] taken from every part [of nature], so that what is a beautiful woman in the upper part terminates unsightly in an ugly fish below; could you, my friends, refrain from laughter, were you admitted to such a sight? Believe, ye Pisos, the book will be perfectly like such a picture, the ideas of which, like a sick man's dreams, are all vain and fictitious: so that neither head nor foot can correspond to any one form. "Poets and painters [you will say] have ever had equal authority for attempting any thing." We are conscious of this, and this privilege we demand and allow in turn: but not to such a degree, that the tame should associate with the savage; nor that serpents should be coupled with birds, lambs with tigers.

In pompous introductions, and such as promise a great deal, it generally happens that one or two verses of purple patch-work, that may make a great show, are tagged on; as when the grove and the altar of Diana and the meandering of a current hastening through pleasant fields, or the river Rhine, or the

rainbow is described. But here there was no room for these [fine things]: perhaps, too, you know how to draw a cypress: but what is that to the purpose, if he, whe is painted for the given price, is [to be represented as] swimming hopeless out of a shipwreck? A large vase at first was designed: why, as the wheel revolves, turns out a little pitcher? In a word, be your subject what it will, let it be merely simple and uniform.

The great majority of us poets, father, and youths worthy such a father, are misled by the appearance of right. I labor to be concise, I become obscure: nerves and spirit fail him, that aims at the easy: one, that pretends to be sublime, proves bombastical: he who is too cautious and fearful of the storm, crawls along the ground: he who wants to vary his subject in a marvelous manner, paints the dolphin in the woods, the boar in the sea. The avoiding of an error leads to a fault, if it lack skill.

A statuary about the Aemilian school shall of himself, with singular skill, both express the nails, and imitate in brass the flexible hair; unhappy yet in the main, because he knows not how to finish a complete piece. I would no more choose to be such a one as this, had I a mind to compose any thing, than to live with a distorted nose, [though] remarkable for black eyes and jetty hair.

Ye who write, make choice of a subject suitable to your abilities; and revolve in your thoughts a

considerable time what your strength declines, and what it is able to support. Neither elegance of style, nor a perspicuous disposition, shall desert the man, by whom the subject matter is chosen judiciously.

This, or I am mistaken, will constitute the merit and beauty of arrangement, that the poet just now say what ought just now to be said, put off most of his thoughts, and waive them for the present.

In the choice of his words, too, the author of the projected poem must be delicate and cautious, he must embrace one and reject another: you will express yourself eminently well, if a dexterous combination should give an air of novelty to a well-known word. If it happen to be necessary to explain some abstruse subjects by new invented terms; it will follow that you must frame words never heard of by the old-fashioned Cethegi: and the license will be granted, if modestly used: and the new and lately-formed words will have authority, if they descend from a Greek source, with a slight deviation. But why should the Romans grant to Plutus and Caecilius a privilege denied to Virgil and Varius? Why should I be envied, if I have it in my power to acquire a few words, when the language of Cato and Ennius has enriched our native tongue, and produced new names of things? It has been, and ever will be, allowable to coin a word marked with the stamp in present request. As leaves in the woods are changed with the fleeting years; the earliest fall off first: in

this manner words perish with old age, and those lately invented nourish and thrive, like men in the time of youth. We, and our works, are doomed to death: Whether Neptune, admitted into the continent, defends our fleet from the north winds, a kingly work; or the lake, for a long time unfertile and fit for oars, now maintains its neighboring cities and feels the heavy plow; or the river, taught to run in a more convenient channel, has changed its course which was so destructive to the fruits. Mortal works must perish: much less can the honor and elegance of language be long-lived. Many words shall revive, which now have fallen off; and many which are now in esteem shall fall off, if it be the will of custom, in whose power is the decision and right and standard of language.

Homer has instructed us in what measure the achievements of kings, and chiefs, and direful war might be written.

Plaintive strains originally were appropriated to the unequal numbers [of the elegiac]: afterward [love and] successful desires were included. Yet what author first published humble elegies, the critics dispute, and the controversy still waits the determination of a judge.

Rage armed Archilochus with the iambic of his own invention. The sock and the majestic buskin assumed this measure as adapted for dialogue, and to

silence the noise of the populace, and calculated for action.

To celebrate gods, and the sons of gods, and the victorious wrestler, and the steed foremost in the race, and the inclination of youths, and the free joys of wine, the muse has alotted to the lyre.

If I am incapable and unskilful to observe the distinction described, and the complexions of works [of genius], why am I accosted by the name of "Poet?" Why, out of false modesty, do I prefer being ignorant to being learned?

A comic subject will not be handled in tragic verse: in like manner the banquet of Thyestes will not bear to be held in familiar verses, and such as almost suit the sock. Let each peculiar species [of writing] fill with decorum its proper place. Nevertheless sometimes even comedy exalts her voice, and passionate Chremes rails in a tumid strain: and a tragic writer generally expresses grief in a prosaic style. Telephus and Peleus, when they are both in poverty and exile, throw aside their rants and gigantic expressions if they have a mind to move the heart of the spectator with their complaint.

It is not enough that poems be beautiful; let them be tender and affecting, and bear away the soul of the auditor whithersoever they please. As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it sympathize with those that weep. If you would have me weep you must first express the passion of grief

yourself; then, Telephus or Peleus, your misfortunes hurt me: if you pronounce the parts assigned you ill, I shall either fall asleep or laugh.

Pathetic accents suit a melancholy countenance; words full of menace, an angry one; wanton expressions, a sportive look; and serious matter, an austere one. For nature forms us first within to every modification of circumstances; she delights or impels us to anger, or depresses us to the earth and afflicts us with heavy sorrow: then expresses those emotions of the mind by the tongue, its interpreter. If the words be discordant to the station of the speaker, the Roman knights and plebians will raise an immoderate laugh. It will make a wide difference, whether it be Davus that speaks, or a hero; a man well-stricken in years, or a hot young fellow in his bloom; and a matron of distinction, or an officious nurse; a roaming merchant, or the cultivator of a verdant little farm; a Colchian, or an Assyrian; one educated at Thebes, or one at Argos.

You, that write, either follow tradition, or invent such fables as are congruous to themselves. If as poet you have to represent the renowned Achilles; let him be indefatigable, wrathful, inexorable, courageous, let him deny that laws were made for him, let him arrogate every thing to force of arms. Let Medea be fierce and untractable, Ino an object of pity, Ixion perfidious, Io wandering, Orestes in distress.

If you offer to the stage any thing unattempted, and venture to form a new character; let it be preserved to the last such as it set out at the beginning, and be consistent with itself. It is difficult to write with propriety on subjects to which all writers have a common claim; and you with more prudence will reduce the Iliad into acts, than if you first introduce arguments unknown and never treated of before. A public story will become your own property, if you do not dwell upon the whole circle of events, which is paltry and open to every one; nor must you be so faithful a translator, as to take the pains of rendering [the original] word for word; nor by imitating throw yourself into straits, whence either shame or the rules of your work may forbid you to retreat.

Nor must you make such an exordium, as the Cyclic writer of old: “I will sing the fate of Priam, and the noble war.” What will this boaster produce worthy of all this gaping? The mountains are in labor, a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth. How much more to the purpose he, who attempts nothing improperly? “Sing for me, my muse, the man who, after the time of the destruction of Troy, surveyed the manners and cities of many men.” He meditates not [to produce] smoke from a flash, but out of smoke to elicit fire, that he may thence bring forth his instances of the marvelous with beauty, [such as] Antiphates, Scylla, the Cyclops, and Charybdis. Nor

does he date Diomede's return from Meleager's death, nor trace the rise of the Trojan war from [Leda's] eggs: he always hastens on to the event; and hurries away his reader in the midst of interesting circumstances, no otherwise than as if they were [already] known; and what he despairs of, as to receiving a polish from his touch, he omits; and in such a manner forms his fictions, so intermingles the false with the true, that the middle is not inconsistent with the beginning, nor the end with the middle.

Do you attend to what I, and the public in my opinion, expect from you [as a dramatic writer]. If you are desirous of an applauding spectator, who will wait for [the falling of] the curtain, and till the chorus calls out "your plaudits;" the manners of every age must be marked by you, and a proper decorum assigned to men's varying dispositions and years. The boy, who is just able to pronounce his words, and prints the ground with a firm tread, delights to play with his fellows, and contracts and lays aside anger without reason, and is subject to change every hour. The beardless youth, his guardian being at length discharged, joys in horses, and dogs, and the verdure of the sunny Campus Martius; pliable as wax to the bent of vice, rough to advisers, a slow provider of useful things, prodigal of his money, high-spirited, and amorous, and hasty in deserting the objects of his passion. [After this,] our inclinations being changed, the age and spirit of

manhood seeks after wealth, and [high] connections, is subservient to points of honor; and is cautious of committing any action, which he would subsequently be industrious to correct. Many inconviences encompass a man in years; either because he seeks [eagerly] for gain, and abstains from what he has gotten, and is afraid to make use of it; or because he transacts every thing in a timorous and dispassionate manner, dilatory, slow in hope, remiss, and greedy of futurity. Peevish, querulous, a panegyrist of former times when he was a boy, a chastiser and censurer of his juniors. Our advancing years bring many advantages along with them. Many our declining ones take away. That the parts [therefore] belonging to age may not be given to youth, and those of a man to a boy, we must dwell upon those qualities which are joined and adapted to each person's age.

An action is either represented on the stage, or being done elsewhere is there related. The things which enter by the ear affect the mind more languidly, than such as are submitted to the faithful eyes, and what a spectator presents to himself. You must not, however, bring upon the stage things fit only to be acted behind the scenes: and you must take away from view many actions, which elegant description may soon after deliver in presence [of the spectators]. Let not Medea murder her sons before the people; nor the execrable Atreus openly

dress human entrails: nor let Progue be metamorphosed into a bird, Cadmus into a serpent. Whatever you show to me in this manner, not able to give credit to, I detest.

Let a play which would be inquired after, and though seen, represented anew, be neither shorter nor longer than the fifth act. Neither let a god interfere, unless a difficulty worthy a god's unraveling should happen; nor let a fourth person be officious to speak.

Let the chorus sustain the part and manly character of an actor: nor let them sing any thing between the acts which is not conducive to, and fitly coherent with, the main design. Let them both patronize the good, and give them friendly advice, and regulate the passionate, and love to appease those who swell [with rage]: let them praise the repast of a short meal, and salutary effects of justice, laws, and peace with her open gates; let them conceal what is told to them in confidence, and supplicate and implore the gods that prosperity may return to the wretched, and abandon the haughty. The flute, (not as now, begirt with brass and emulous of the trumpet, but) slender and of simple form, with few stops, was of service to accompany and assist the chorus, and with its tone was sufficient to fill the rows that were not as yet too crowded, where an audience, easily numbered, as being small and sober, chaste and modest, met together. But when the

victorious Romans began to extend their territories, and an ampler wall encompassed the city, and their genius was indulged on festivals by drinking wine in the day-time without censure; a greater freedom arose both, to the numbers [of poetry], and the measure [of music]. For what taste could an unlettered clown and one just dismissed from labors have, when in company with the polite; the base, with the man of honor? Thus the musician added now movements and a luxuriance to the ancient art, and strutting backward and forward, drew a length of train over the stage; thus likewise new notes were added to the severity of the lyre, and precipitate eloquence produced an unusual language [in the theater]: and the sentiments [of the chorus, then] expert in teaching useful things and prescient of futurity, differ hardly from the oracular Delphi.

The poet, who first tried his skill in tragic verse for the paltry [prize of a] goat, soon after exposed to view wild satyrs naked, and attempted raillery with severity, still preserving the gravity [of tragedy]: because the spectator on festivals, when heated with wine and disorderly, was to be amused with captivating shows and agreeable novelty. But it will be expedient so to recommend the bantering, so the rallying satyrs, so to turn earnest into jest; that none who shall be exhibited as a god, none who is introduced as a hero lately conspicuous in regal purple and gold, may deviate into the low style of

obscure, mechanical shops; or, [on the contrary,] while he avoids the ground, effect cloudy mist and empty jargon. Tragedy disdaining to prate forth trivial verses, like a matron commanded to dance on the festival days, will assume an air of modesty, even in the midst of wanton satyrs. As a writer of satire, ye Pisos, I shall never be fond of unornamented and reigning terms: nor shall I labor to differ so widely from the complexion of tragedy, as to make no distinction, whether Davus be the speaker. And the bold Pythias, who gained a talent by gulling Simo; or Silenus, the guardian and attendant of his pupil-god [Bacchus]. I would so execute a fiction taken from a well-known story, that any body might entertain hopes of doing the same thing; but, on trial, should sweat and labor in vain. Such power has a just arrangement and connection of the parts: such grace may be added to subjects merely common. In my judgment the Fauns, that are brought out of the woods, should not be too gamesome with their tender strains, as if they were educated in the city, and almost at the bar; nor, on the other hand; should blunder out their obscene and scandalous speeches. For [at such stuff] all are offended, who have a horse, a father, or an estate: nor will they receive with approbation, nor give the laurel crown, as the purchasers of parched peas and nuts are delighted with.

A long syllable put after a short one is termed an iambus, a lively measure, whence also it commanded the name of trimeters to be added to iambics, though it yielded six beats of time, being similar to itself from first to last. Not long ago, that it might come somewhat slower and with more majesty to the ear, it obligingly and contentedly admitted into its paternal heritage the steadfast spondees; agreeing however, by social league, that it was not to depart from the second and fourth place. But this [kind of measure] rarely makes its appearance in the notable trimeters of Accius, and brands the verse of Ennius brought upon the stage with a clumsy weight of spondees, with the imputation of being too precipitate and careless, or disgracefully accuses him of ignorance in his art.

It is not every judge that discerns inharmonious verses, and an undeserved indulgence is [in this case] granted to the Roman poets. But shall I on this account run riot and write licentiously? Or should not I rather suppose, that all the world are to see my faults; secure, and cautious [never to err] but with hope of being pardoned? Though, perhaps, I have merited no praise, I have escaped censure.

Ye [who are desirous to excel,] turn over the Grecian models by night, turn them by day. But our ancestors commended both the numbers of Plautus, and his strokes of pleasantry; too tamely, I will not say foolishly, admiring each of them; if you and I

but know how to distinguish a coarse joke from a smart repartee, and understand the proper cadence, by [using] our fingers and ears.

Thespis is said to have invented a new kind of tragedy, and to have carried his pieces about in carts, which [certain strollers], who had their faces besmeared with lees of wine, sang and acted. After him Aeschylus, the inventor of the vizard mask and decent robe, laid the stage over with boards of a tolerable size, and taught to speak in lofty tone, and strut in the buskin. To these succeeded the old comedy, not without considerable praise: but its personal freedom degenerated into excess and violence, worthy to be regulated by law; a law was made accordingly, and the chorus, the right of abusing being taken away, disgracefully became silent.

Our poets have left no species [of the art] unattempted; nor have those of them merited the least honor, who dared to forsake the footsteps of the Greeks, and celebrate domestic facts; whether they have instructed us in tragedy, of comedy. Nor would Italy be raised higher by valor and feats of arms, than by its language, did not the fatigue and tediousness of using the file disgust every one of our poets. Do you, the decendants of Pompilius, reject that poem, which many days and many a blot have not ten times subdued to the most perfect accuracy. Because Democritus believes that genius is more

successful than wretched art, and excludes from Helicon all poets who are in their senses, a great number do not care to part with their nails or beard, frequent places of solitude, shun the baths. For he will acquire, [he thinks,] the esteem and title of a poet, if he neither submits his head, which is not to be cured by even three Anticyras, to Licinius the barber. What an unlucky fellow am I, who am purged for the bile in spring-time! Else nobody would compose better poems; but the purchase is not worth the expense. Therefore I will serve instead of a whetstone, which though not able of itself to cut, can make steel sharp: so I, who can write no poetry myself, will teach the duty and business [of an author]; whence he may be stocked with rich materials; what nourishes and forms the poet; what gives grace, what not; what is the tendency of excellence, what that of error.

To have good sense, is the first principle and fountain of writing well. The Socratic papers will direct you in the choice of your subjects; and words will spontaneously accompany the subject, when it is well conceived. He who has learned what he owes to his country, and what to his friends; with what affection a parent, a brother, and a stranger, are to be loved; what is the duty of a senator, what of a judge; what the duties of a general sent out to war; he, [I say,] certainly knows how to give suitable attributes to every character. I should direct the learned

imitator to have a regard to the mode of nature and manners, and thence draw his expressions to the life. Sometimes a play, that is showy with common-places, and where the manners are well marked, though of no elegance, without force or art, gives the people much higher delight and more effectually commands their attention, than verse void of matter, and tuneful trifles.

To the Greeks, covetous of nothing but praise, the muse gave genius; to the Greeks the power of expressing themselves in round periods. The Roman youth learn by long computation to subdivide a pound into an hundred parts. Let the son of Albinus tell me, if from five ounces one be subtracted, what remains? He would have said the third of a pound. — Bravely done! you will be able to take care of your own affairs. An ounce is added: what will that be? Half a pound. When this sordid rust and hankering after wealth has once tainted their minds, can we expect that such verses should be made as are worthy of being anointed with the oil of cedar, and kept in the well-polished cypress?

Poets wish either to profit or to delight; or to deliver at once both the pleasures and the necessaries of life. Whatever precepts you give, be concise; that docile minds may soon comprehend what is said, and faithfully retain it. All superfluous instructions flow from the too full memory. Let what ever is imagined for the sake of entertainment, have

as much likeness to truth as possible; let not your play demand belief for whatever [absurdities] it is inclinable [to exhibit]: nor take out of a witch's belly a living child that she had dined upon. The tribes of the seniors rail against every thing that is void of edification: the exalted knights disregard poems which are austere. He who joins the instructive with the agreeable, carries off every vote, by delighting and at the same time admonishing the reader. This book gains money for the Sosii; this crosses the sea, and continues to its renowned author a lasting duration.

Yet there are faults, which we should be ready to pardon: for neither does the string [always] form the sound which the hand and conception [of the performer] intends, but very often returns a sharp note when he demands a flat; nor will the bow always hit whatever mark it threatens. But when there is a great majority of beauties in a poem, I will not be offended with a few blemishes, which either inattention has dropped, or human nature has not sufficiently provided against. What therefore [is to be determined in this matter]? As a transcriber, if he still commits the same fault though he has been reproved, is without excuse; and the harper who always blunders on the same string, is sure to be laughed at; so he who is excessively deficient becomes another Choerilus; whom, when I find him tolerable in two or three places, I wonder at with

laughter; and at the same time am I grieved whenever honest Homer grows drowsy? But it is allowable, that sleep should steal upon [the progress of] a king work.

As is painting, so is poetry: some pieces will strike you more if you stand near, and some, if you are at a greater distance: one loves the dark; another, which is not afraid of the critic's subtle judgment, chooses to be seen in the light; the one has pleased once, the other will give pleasure if ten times repeated.

O ye elder of the youths, though you are framed to a right judgment by your father's instructions, and are wise in yourself, yet take this truth along with you, [and] remember it; that in certain things a medium and tolerable degree of eminence may be admitted: a counselor and pleader at the bar of the middle rate is far removed from the merit of eloquent Messala, nor has so much knowledge of the law as Casselius Aulus, but yet he is in request; [but] a mediocrity in poets neither gods, nor men, nor [even] the booksellers' shops have endured. As at an agreeable entertainment discordant music, and muddy perfume, and poppies mixed with Sardinian honey give offense, because the supper might have passed without them; so poetry, created and invented for the delight of our souls, if it comes short ever so little of the summit, sinks to the bottom.

He who does not understand the game, abstains from the weapons of the Campus Martius: and the unskillful in the tennis-ball, the quoit, and the troques keeps himself quiet; lest the crowded ring should raise a laugh at his expense: notwithstanding this, he who knows nothing of verses presumes to compose. Why not! He is free-born, and of a good family; above all, he is registered at an equestrian sum of moneys, and clear from every vice. You, [I am persuaded,] will neither say nor do any thing in opposition to Minerva: such is your judgment, such your disposition. But if ever you shall write anything, let it be submitted to the ears of Metius [Tarpa], who is a judge, and your father's, and mine; and let it be suppressed till the ninth year, your papers being held up within your own custody. You will have it in your power to blot out what you have not made public: a word ice sent abroad can never return.

Orpheus, the priest and Interpreter of the gods, deterred the savage race of men from slaughters and inhuman diet; once said to tame tigers and furious lions: Amphion too, the builder of the Theban wall, was said to give the stones moon with the sound of his lyre, and to lead them whithersover he would, by engaging persuasion. This was deemed wisdom of yore, to distinguish the public from private weal; things sacred from things profane; to prohibit a promiscuous commerce between the sexes; to give

laws to married people; to plan out cities; to engrave laws on [tables of] wood. Thus honor accrued to divine poets, and their songs. After these, excellent Homer and Tyrtaeus animated the manly mind to martial achievements with their verses. Oracles were delivered in poetry, and the economy of life pointed out, and the favor of sovereign princes was solicited by Pierian drains, games were instituted, and a [cheerful] period put to the tedious labors of the day; [this I remind you of,] lest haply you should be ashamed of the lyric muse, and Apollo the god of song.

It has been made a question, whether good poetry be derived from nature or from art. For my part, I can neither conceive what study can do without a rich [natural] vein, nor what rude genius can avail of itself: so much does the one require the assistance of the other, and so amicably do they conspire [to produce the same effect]. He who is industrious to reach the wished-for goal, has done and suffered much when a boy; he has sweated and shivered with cold; he has abstained from love and wine; he who sings the Pythian strains, was a learner first, and in awe of a master. But [in poetry] it is now enough for a man to say of himself: “I make admirable verses: a murrain seize the hindmost: it is scandalous for me to be outstripped, and fairly to Acknowledge that I am ignorant of that which I never learned.”

As a crier who collects the crowd together to buy his goods, so a poet rich in land, rich in money put out at interest, invites flatterers to come [and praise his works] for a reward. But if he be one who is well able to set out an elegant table, and give security for a poor man, and relieve when entangled in glaomy law-suits; I shall wonder if with his wealth he can distinguish a true friend from false one. You, whether you have made, or intend to make, a present to any one, do not bring him full of joy directly to your finished verses: for then he will cry out, "Charming, excellent, judicious," he will turn pale; at some parts he will even distill the dew from his friendly eyes; he will jump about; he will beat the ground [with ecstasy]. As those who mourn at funerals for pay, do and say more than those that are afflicted from their hearts; so the sham admirer is more moved than he that praises with sincerity. Certain kings are said to ply with frequent bumpers, and by wine make trial of a man whom they are sedulous to know whether he be worthy of their friendship or not. Thus, if you compose verses, let not the fox's concealed intentions impose upon you.

If you had recited any thing to Quintilius, he would say, "Alter, I pray, this and this:" if you replied, you could do it no better, having made the experiment twice or thrice in vain; he would order you to blot out, and once more apply to the anvil your ill-formed verses: if you choose rather to

defend than correct a fault, he spent not a word more nor fruitless labor, but you alone might be fond of yourself and your own works, without a rival. A good and sensible man will censure spiritless verses, he will condemn the rugged, on the incorrect he will draw across a black stroke with his pen; he will lop off ambitious [and redundant] ornaments; he will make him throw light on the parts that are not perspicuous; he will arraign what is expressed ambiguously; he will mark what should be altered; [in short,] he will be an Aristarchus: he will not say, "Why should I give my friend offense about mere trifles?" These trifles will lead into mischiefs of serious consequence, when once made an object of ridicule, and used in a sinister manner.

Like one whom an odious plague or jaundice, fanatic phrensy or lunacy, distresses; those who are wise avoid a mad poet, and are afraid to touch him; the boys jostle him, and the incautious pursue him. If, like a fowler intent upon his game, he should fall into a well or a ditch while he belches out his fustian verses and roams about, though he should cry out for a long time, "Come to my assistance, O my countrymen;" not one would give himself the trouble of taking him up. Were any one to take pains to give him aid, and let down a rope; "How do you know, but he threw himself in hither on purpose?" I shall say: and will relate the death of the Sicilian poet. Empedocles, while he was ambitious of being

esteemed an immortal god, in cold blood leaped into burning Aetna. Let poets have the privilege and license to die [as they please]. He who saves a man against his will, does the same with him who kills him [against his will]. Neither is it the first time that he has behaved in this manner; nor, were he to be forced from his purposes, would he now become a man, and lay aside his desire of such a famous death. Neither does it appear sufficiently, why he makes verses: whether he has defiled his father's ashes, or sacrilegiously removed the sad enclosure of the vindictive thunder: it is evident that he is mad, and like a bear that has burst through the gates closing his den, this unmerciful rehearser chases the learned and unlearned. And whomsoever he seizes, he fastens on and assassinates with recitation: a leech that will not quit the skin, till satiated with blood.

THE END

ARS POETICA (VERSE)

Translated by John Conington

TO THE PISOS, FATHER AND SONS.

HUMANO CAPITI.

Suppose some painter, as a tour de force,
Should couple head of man with neck of horse,
Invest them both with feathers, ‘stead of hair,
And tack on limbs picked up from here and there,
So that the figure, when complete, should show
A maid above, a hideous fish below:
Should you be favoured with a private view,
You’d laugh, my friends, I know, and rightly too.
Yet trust me, Pisos, not less strange would look,
To a discerning eye, the foolish book
Where dream-like forms in sick delirium blend,
And nought is of a piece from end to end.
“Poets and painters (sure you know the plea)
Have always been allowed their fancy free.”
I own it; ’tis a fair excuse to plead;
By turns we claim it, and by turns concede;
But ‘twill not screen the unnatural and absurd,
Unions of lamb with tiger, snake with bird.

When poets would be lofty, they commence
With some gay patch of cheap magnificence:
Of Dian's altar and her grove we read,
Or rapid streams meandering through the mead;
Or grand descriptions of the river Rhine,
Or watery bow, will take up many a line.
All in their way good things, but not just now:
You're happy at a cypress, we'll allow;
But what of that? you're painting by command
A shipwrecked sailor, striking out for land:
That crockery was a jar when you began;
It ends a pitcher: you an artist, man!
Make what you will, in short, so, when 'tis done,
'Tis but consistent, homogeneous, one.

Ye worthy trio! we poor sons of song
Oft find 'tis fancied right that leads us wrong.
I prove obscure in trying to be terse;
Attempts at ease emasculate my verse;
Who aims at grandeur into bombast falls;
Who fears to stretch his pinions creeps and crawls;
Who hopes by strange variety to please
Puts dolphins among forests, boars in seas.
Thus zeal to 'scape from error, if unchecked
By sense of art, creates a new defect.
Fix on some casual sculptor; he shall know
How to give nails their sharpness, hair its flow;
Yet he shall fail, because he lacks the soul
To comprehend and reproduce the whole.

I'd not be he; the blackest hair and eye
Lose all their beauty with the nose awry.

Good authors, take a brother bard's advice:
Ponder your subject o'er not once nor twice,
And oft and oft consider, if the weight
You hope to lift be or be not too great.
Let but our theme be equal to our powers,
Choice language, clear arrangement, both are ours.
Would you be told how best your pearls to thread?
Why, say just now what should just now be said,
But put off other matter for to-day,
To introduce it later by the way.

In words again be cautious and select,
And duly pick out this, and that reject.
High praise and honour to the bard is due
Whose dexterous setting makes an old word new.
Nay more, should some recondite subject need
Fresh signs to make it clear to those who read,
A power of issuing terms till now unused,
If claimed with modesty, is ne'er refused.
New words will find acceptance, if they flow
Forth from the Greek, with just a twist or so.
But why should Rome capriciously forbid
Our bards from doing what their fathers did?
Or why should Plautus and Caecilius gain
What Virgil or what Varius asks in vain?
Nay, I myself, if with my scanty wit

I coin a word or two, why grudge me it,
When Ennius and old Cato boldly flung
Their terms broadcast, and amplified our tongue?
To utter words stamped current by the mill
Has always been thought right and always will.

When forests shed their foliage at the fall,
The earliest born still drops the first of all:
So fades the elder race of words, and so
The younger generations bloom and grow.
Death claims humanity and human things,
Aye, e'en "imperial works and worthy kings:"
What though the ocean, girdled by the shore,
Gives shelter to the ships it tossed before?
What though the marsh, once waste and watery, now
Feeds neighbour towns, and groans beneath the plough?
What though the river, late the corn-field's dread,
Rolls fruit and blessing down its altered bed?
Man's works must perish: how should words evade
The general doom, and flourish undecayed?
Yes, words long faded may again revive,
And words may fade now blooming and alive,
If usage wills it so, to whom belongs
The rule, the law, the government of tongues.

For metres, Homer shows you how to write
Heroic deeds and incidents of fight.

Complaint was once the Elegiac's theme;
From thence 'twas used to sing of love's young dream:
But who that dainty measure first put out,
Grammarians differ, and 'tis still in doubt.

Archilochus, inspired by fiery rage,
Called forth Iambics: now they tread the stage
In buskin or in sock, conduct discourse,
Lead action on, and awe the mob perforce.

The glorious gods, the gods' heroic seed,
The conquering boxer, the victorious steed,
The joys of wine, the lover's fond desire,
Such themes the Muse appropriates to the lyre.

Why hail me poet, if I fail to seize
The shades of style, its fixed proprieties?
Why should false shame compel me to endure
An ignorance which common pains would cure?

A comic subject steadily declines
To be related in high tragic lines.
The Thyestean feast no less disdains
The vulgar vehicle of comic strains.
Each has its place allotted; each is bound
To keep it, nor invade its neighbour's ground.
Yet Comedy sometimes will raise her note:
See Chremes, how he swells his angry throat!
And when a tragic hero tells his woes,

The terms he chooses are akin to prose.
Peleus or Telephus, suppose him poor
Or driven to exile, talks in tropes no more;
His yard-long words desert him, when he tries
To draw forth tears from sympathetic eyes.

Mere grace is not enough: a play should thrill
The hearer's soul, and move it at its will.
Smiles are contagious; so are tears; to see
Another sobbing, brings a sob from me.
No, no, good Peleus; set the example, pray,
And weep yourself; then weep perhaps I may:
But if no sorrow in your speech appear,
I nod or laugh; I cannot squeeze a tear.
Words follow looks: wry faces are expressed
By wailing, scowls by bluster, smiles by jest,
Grave airs by saws, and so of all the rest.
For nature forms our spirits to receive
Each bent that outward circumstance can give:
She kindles pleasure, bids resentment glow,
Or bows the soul to earth in hopeless woe;
Then, as the tide of feeling waxes strong,
She vents it through her conduit-pipe, the tongue.

Unless the speaker's words and fortune suit,
All Rome will join to jeer him, horse and foot.
Gods should not talk like heroes, nor again
Impetuous youth like grave and reverend men;
Lady and nurse a different language crave,

Sons of the soil and rovers o'er the wave;
Assyrian, Colchian, Theban, Argive, each
Has his own style, his proper cast of speech.

In painting characters, adhere to fame,
Or study keeping in the type you frame:
If great Achilles figure in the scene,
Make him impatient, fiery, ruthless, keen;
All laws, all covenants let him still disown,
And test his quarrel by the sword alone.
Still be Medea all revenge and scorn,
Ino still sad, Ixion still forsworn,
Io a wanderer still, Orestes still forlorn.

If you would be original, and seek
To frame some character ne'er seen in Greek,
See it be wrought on one consistent plan,
And end the same creation it began.
'Tis hard, I grant, to treat a subject known
And hackneyed so that it may look one's own;
Far better turn the Iliad to a play
And carve out acts and scenes the readiest way,
Than alter facts and characters, and tell
In a strange form the tale men know so well.
But, with some few precautions, you may set
Your private mark on public chattels yet:
Avoid careering and careering still
In the old round, like carthorse in a mill;
Nor, bound too closely to the Grecian Muse,

Translate the words whose soul you should transfuse,
Nor act the copyist's part, and work in chains
Which, once put on by rashness, shame retains.

Don't open like the cyclic, with a burst:
"Troy's war and Priam's fate are here rehearsed."
What's coming, pray, that thus he winds his horn?
The mountain labours, and a mouse is born.
Far better he who enters at his ease,
Nor takes your breath with empty nourishes:
"Sing, Muse, the man who, after Troy was burned,
Saw divers cities, and their manners learned."
Not smoke from fire his object is to bring,
But fire from smoke, a very different thing;
Yet has he dazzling miracles in store,
Cyclops, and Laestrygons, and fifty more.
He sings not, he, of Diomed's return,
Starting from Meleager's funeral urn,
Nor when he tells the Trojan story, begs
Attention first for Leda and her eggs.
He hurries to the crisis, lets you fall
Where facts crowd thick, as though you knew them all,
And what he judges will not turn to gold
Beneath his touch, he passes by untold.
And all this glamour, all this glorious dream,
Truth blent with fiction in one motley scheme,

He so contrives, that, when ’tis o’er, you see
Beginning, middle, end alike agree.

Now listen, dramatists, and I will tell
What I expect, and all the world as well.
If you would have your auditors to stay
Till curtain-rise and plaudit end the play,
Observe each age’s temper, and impart
To each the grace and finish of your art.

Note first the boy who just knows how to talk
And feels his feet beneath him in his walk:
He likes his young companions, loves a game,
Soon vexed, soon soothed, and not two hours the same.

The beardless youth, at last from tutor freed,
Loves playing-field and tennis, dog and steed:
Pliant as wax to those who lead him wrong,
But all impatience with a faithful tongue;
Imprudent, lavish, hankering for the moon,
He takes things up and lays them down as soon.

His nature revolutionized, the man
Makes friends and money when and how he can:
Keen-eyed and cool, though on ambition bent,
He shuns all acts of which he may repent.

Grey hairs have many evils: without end
The old man gathers what he dares not spend,

While, as for action, do he what he will,
’Tis all half-hearted, spiritless, and chill:
Inert, irresolute, his neck he cranes
Into the future, grumbles, and complains,
Extols his own young years with peevish praise,
But rates and censures these degenerate days.

Years, as they come, bring blessings in their train;
Years, as they go, take blessings back again:
Yet haste or chance may blink the obvious truth,
Make youth discourse like age, and age like youth:
Attention fixed on life alone can teach
The traits and adjuncts which pertain to each.

Sometimes an action on the stage is shown,
Sometimes ’tis done elsewhere, and there made known.
A thing when heard, remember, strikes less keen
On the spectator’s mind than when ’tis seen.
Yet ‘twere not well in public to display
A business best transacted far away,
And much may be secluded from the eye
For well-graced tongues to tell of by and by.
Medea must not shed her children’s blood,
Nor savage Atreus cook man’s flesh for food,
Nor Philomel turn bird or Cadmus snake,
With people looking on and wide awake.
If scenes like these before my eyes be thrust,
They shock belief and generate disgust.

Would you your play should prosper and endure?
Then let it have five acts, nor more nor fewer.
Bring in no god save as a last resource,
Nor make four speakers join in the discourse.

An actor's part the chorus should sustain
And do their best to get the plot in train:
And whatsoe'er between the acts they chant
Should all be apt, appropriate, relevant.
Still let them give sage counsel, back the good,
Attemper wrath, and cool impetuous blood,
Praise the spare meal that pleases but not sates,
Justice, and law, and peace with unbarred gates,
Conceal all secrets, and the gods implore
To crush the proud and elevate the poor.

Not trumpet-tongued, as now, nor brass-belayed,
The flute was used to lend the chorus aid:
Simple and slight and moderately loud,
It charmed the ears of not too large a crowd,
Which, frugal, rustic, primitive, severe,
Flocked in those early days to see and hear.

Then, when the city gained increase of land,
And wider walls its waxing greatness spanned,
When the good Genius, frolicsome and gay,
Was soothed at festivals with cups by day,
Change spread to scenic measures: breadth, and ease,

And freedom unrestrained were found in these:
For what (said men) should jovial rustic, placed
At random ‘mid his betters, know of taste?

So graceful dance went hand in hand with song,
And robes of kingly splendour trailed along:
So by the side of music words upgrew,
And eloquence came rolling, prompt and new:
Shrewd in things mundane, wise in things divine,
Its voice was like the voice of Delphi’s shrine.

The aspiring bard who served the tragic muse,
A paltry goat the summit of his views,
Soon brought in Satyrs from the woods, and tried
If grave and gay could nourish side by side,
That the spectator, feasted to his fill,
Noisy and drunk, might ne’ertheless sit still.

Yet, though loud laugh and frolic jest commend
Your Satyr folk, and mirth and morals blend,
Let not your heroes doff their robes of red
To talk low language in a homely shed,
Nor, in their fear of crawling, mount too high,
Catching at clouds and aiming at the sky.
Melpomene, when bidden to be gay,
Like matron dancing on a festal day,
Deals not in idle banter, nor consorts
Without reserve with Satyrs and their sports.

In plays like these I would not deal alone
In words and phrases trite and too well known,
Nor, stooping from the tragic height, drop down
To the low level of buffoon and clown,
As though pert Davus, or the saucy jade
Who sacks the gold and jeers the gull she made,
Were like Silenus, who, though quaint and odd,
Is yet the guide and tutor of a god.
A hackneyed subject I would take and treat
So deftly, all should hope to do the feat,
Then, having strained and struggled, should concede
To do the feat were difficult indeed.
So much may order and arrangement do
To make the cheap seem choice, the threadbare new.

Your rustic Fauns, methinks, should have a care
Lest people deem them bred in city air;
Should shun the cant of exquisites, and shun
Coarse ribaldry no less and blackguard fun.
For those who have a father or a horse
Or an estate will take offence of course,
Nor think they're bound in duty to admire
What gratifies the vetch-and-chestnut-buyer

The Iambic foot is briefly thus defined:
Two syllables, a short with long behind:
Repeat it six times o'er, so quick its beat,
'Tis trimeter, three measures for six feet:
At first it ran straight on; but, years ago,

Its hearers begged that it would move more slow;
On which it took, with a good-natured air,
Stout spondees in, its native rights to share,
Yet so that none should ask it to resign
The sixth, fourth, second places in the line.
But search through Attius' trimeters, or those
Which Ennius took such pleasure to compose,
You'll rarely find it: on the boards they groan,
Laden with spondees, like a cart with stone,
And brand our tragedy with want of skill
Or want of labour, call it which you will.
What then? false rhythm few judges can detect,
And Roman bards of course are all correct.

What shall a poet do? make rules his sport,
And dash through thick and thin, through long and short?
Or pick his steps, endeavour to walk clean,
And fancy every mud-stain will be seen?
What good were that, if though I mind my ways
And shun all blame, I do not merit praise?
My friends, make Greece your model when you write,
And turn her volumes over day and night.

"But Plautus pleased our sires, the good old folks;
They praised his numbers, and they praised his jokes."
They did: 'twas mighty tolerant in them

To praise where wisdom would perhaps condemn;
That is, if you and I and our compeers
Can trust our tastes, our fingers, and our ears,
Know polished wit from horse-play, and can tell
What verses do, and what do not, run well.

Thespis began the drama: rumour says
In travelling carts he carried round his plays,
Where actors, smeared with lees, before the throng
Performed their parts with gesture and with song.
Then AEschylus brought in the mask and pall,
Put buskins on his men to make them tall,
Turned boards into a platform, not too great,
And taught high monologue and grand debate.
The elder Comedy had next its turn,
Nor small the glory it contrived to earn:
But freedom passed into unbridled spite,
And law was soon invoked to set things right:
Law spoke: the chorus lost the power to sting,
And (shame to say) thenceforth refused to sing.

Our poets have tried all things; nor do they
Deserve least praise, who follow their own way,
And tell in comedy or history-piece
Some story of home growth, not drawn from Greece.
Nor would the land we love be now more strong
In warrior's prowess than in poet's song,
Did not her bards with one consent decline
The tedious task, to alter and refine.

Dear Pisos! as you prize old Numa's blood,
Set down that work, and that alone, as good,
Which, blurred and blotted, checked and counter-checked,
Has stood all tests, and issued forth correct.

Because Democritus thinks fit to say,
That wretched art to genius must give way,
Stands at the gate of Helicon, and guards
Its precinct against all but crazy bards,
Our witlings keep long nails and untrimmed hair,
Much in brown studies, in the bath-room rare.
For things are come to this; the merest dunce,
So but he choose, may start up bard at once,
Whose head, too hot for hellebore to cool,
Was ne'er submitted to a barber's tool.
What ails me now, to dose myself each spring?
Else had I been a very swan to sing.
Well, never mind: mine be the whetstone's lot,
Which makes steel sharp, though cut itself will not.
Although no writer, I may yet impart
To writing folk the precepts of their art,
Whence come its stores, what trains and forms a bard,
And how a work is made, and how 'tis marred.

Of writing well, be sure, the secret lies
In wisdom: therefore study to be wise.
The page of Plato may suggest the thought,

Which found, the words will come as soon as sought.
The man who once has learned to comprehend
His duty to his country and his friend,
The love that parent, brother, guest may claim.
The judge's, senator's, or general's aim,
That man, when need occurs, will soon invent
For every part its proper sentiment.
Look too to life and manners, as they lie
Before you: these will living words supply.
A play, devoid of beauty, strength, and art,
So but the thoughts and morals suit each part,
Will catch men's minds and rivet them when caught
More than the clink of verses without thought.

To Greece, fair Greece, ambitious but of praise,
The Muse gave ready wit, and rounded phrase.
Our Roman boys, by puzzling days and nights,
Bring down a shilling to a hundred mites.
Come, young Albinus, tell us, if you take
A penny from a sixpence, what 'twill make.
Fivepence. Good boy! you'll come to wealth one day.
Now add a penny. Sevenpence, he will say.
O, when this cankering rust, this greed of gain,
Has touched the soul and wrought into its grain,
What hope that poets will produce such lines
As cedar-oil embalms and cypress shrines?

A bard will wish to profit or to please,
Or, as a tertium quid, do both of these.
Whene'er you lecture, be concise: the soul
Takes in short maxims, and retains them whole:
But pour in water when the vessel's filled,
It simply dribbles over and is spilled.

Keep near to truth in a fictitious piece,
Nor treat belief as matter of caprice.
If on a child you make a vampire sup,
It must not be alive when she's ripped up.
Dry seniors scout an uninstructive strain;
Young lordlings treat grave verse with tall disdain:
But he who, mixing grave and gay, can teach
And yet give pleasure, gains a vote from each:
His works enrich the vendor, cross the sea,
And hand the author down to late posterity.

Some faults may claim forgiveness: for the lyre
Not always gives the note that we desire;
We ask a flat; a sharp is its reply;
And the best bow will sometimes shoot awry.
But when I meet with beauties thickly sown,
A blot or two I readily condone,
Such as may trickle from a careless pen,
Or pass unwatched: for authors are but men.
What then? the copyist who keeps stumbling still
At the same word had best lay down his quill:
The harp-player, who for ever wounds the ear

With the same discord, makes the audience jeer:
So the poor dolt who's often in the wrong
I rank with Choerilus, that dunce of song,
Who, should he ever "deviate into sense,"
Moves but fresh laughter at his own expense:
While e'en good Homer may deserve a tap,
If, as he does, he drop his head and nap.
Yet, when a work is long, 'twere somewhat hard
To blame a drowsy moment in a bard.

Some poems, like some paintings, take the eye
Best at a distance, some when looked at nigh.
One loves the shade; one would be seen in light,
And boldly challenges the keenest sight:
One pleases straightway; one, when it has passed
Ten times before the mind, will please at last.

Hope of the Pisos! trained by such a sire,
And wise yourself, small schooling you require;
Yet take this lesson home; some things admit
A moderate point of merit, e'en in wit.
There's yonder counsellor; he cannot reach
Messala's stately altitudes of speech,
He cannot plumb Cascellius' depth of lore,
Yet he's employed, and makes a decent score:
But gods, and men, and booksellers agree
To place their ban on middling poetry.
At a great feast an ill-toned instrument,
A sour conserve, or an unfragrant scent

Offends the taste: ’tis reason that it should;
We do without such things, or have them good:
Just so with verse; you seek but to delight;
If by an inch you fail, you fail outright.

He who knows nought of games abstains from all,
Nor tries his hand at quoit, or hoop, or ball,
Lest the thronged circle, witnessing the play,
Should laugh outright, with none to say them nay:
He who knows nought of verses needs must try
To write them ne’ertheless. “Why not?” men cry:
“Free, gently born, unblemished and correct,
His means a knight’s, what more can folks expect?”
But you, my friend, at least have sense and grace;
You will not fly in queen Minerva’s face
In action or in word. Suppose some day
You should take courage and compose a lay,
Entrust it first to Maecius’ critic ears,
Your sire’s and mine, and keep it back nine years.
What’s kept at home you cancel by a stroke:
What’s sent abroad you never can revoke.

Orpheus, the priest and harper, pure and good,
Weaned savage tribes from deeds and feasts of blood,
Whence he was said to tame the monsters of the wood.
Amphion too, men said, at his desire
Moved massy stones, obedient to the lyre,

And Thebes arose. 'Twas wisdom's province then
To judge 'twixt states and subjects, gods and men,
Check vagrant lust, give rules to wedded folk,
Build cities up, and grave a code in oak.
So came great honour and abundant praise,
As to the gods, to poets and their lays.
Then Homer and Tyrtaeus, armed with song,
Made manly spirits for the combat strong:
Verse taught life's duties, showed the future clear,
And won a monarch's favour through his ear:
Verse gave relief from labour, and supplied
Light mirth for holiday and festal tide.
Then blush not for the lyre: Apollo sings
In unison with her who sweeps its strings.

But here occurs a question some men start,
If good verse comes from nature or from art.
For me, I cannot see how native wit
Can e'er dispense with art, or art with it.
Set them to pull together, they're agreed,
And each supplies what each is found to need.

The youth who suns for prizes wisely trains,
Bears cold and heat, is patient and abstains:
The flute-player at a festival, before
He plays in public, has to learn his lore.
Not so our bardlings: they come bouncing in —
"I'm your true poet: let them laugh that win:

Plague take the last! although I ne'er was taught,
Is that a cause for owning I know nought?"

As puffing auctioneers collect a throng,
Rich poets bribe false friends to hear their song:
Who can resist the lord of so much rent,
Of so much money at so much per cent.?
Is there a wight can give a grand regale,
Act as a poor man's counsel or his bail?
Blest though he be, his wealth will cloud his view,
Nor suffer him to know false friends from true.
Don't ask a man whose feelings overflow
For kindness that you've shown or mean to show
To listen to your verse: each line you read,
He'll cry, "Good! bravo! exquisite indeed!"
He'll change his colour, let his eyes run o'er
With tears of joy, dance, beat upon the floor.
Hired mourners at a funeral say and do
A little more than they whose grief is true:
'Tis just so here: false flattery displays
More show of sympathy than honest praise.
'Tis said when kings a would-be friend will try,
With wine they rack him and with bumpers ply:
If you write poems, look beyond the skin
Of the smooth fox, and search the heart within.

Read verses to Quintilius, he would say,
"I don't like this and that: improve it, pray:"
Tell him you found it hopeless to correct;

You'd tried it twice or thrice without effect:
He'd calmly bid you make the three times four,
And take the unlicked cub in hand once more.
But if you chose to vindicate the crime,
Not mend it, he would waste no further time,
But let you live, untroubled by advice,
Sole tenant of your own fool's paradise.

A wise and faithful counsellor will blame
Weak verses, note the rough, condemn the lame,
Retrench luxuriance, make obscureness plain,
Cross-question this, bid that be writ again:
A second Aristarch, he will not ask,
"Why for such trifles take my friend to task?"
Such trifles bring to serious grief ere long
A hapless bard, once flattered and led wrong.

See the mad poet! never wight, though sick
Of itch or jaundice, moon-struck, fanatic,
Was half so dangerous: men whose mind is sound
Avoid him; fools pursue him, children hound.
Suppose, while spluttering verses, head on high,
Like fowler watching blackbirds in the sky,
He falls into a pit; though loud he shout
"Help, neighbours, help!" let no man pull him out:
Should some one seem disposed a rope to fling,
I will strike in with, "Pray do no such thing:
I'll warrant you he meant it," and relate
His brother bard Empedocles's fate,

Who, wishing to be thought a god, poor fool,
Leapt down hot AEtna's crater, calm and cool.
"Leave poets free to perish as they will:
Save them by violence, you as good as kill.
'Tis not his first attempt: if saved to-day,
He's sure to die in some outrageous way.
Beside, none knows the reason why this curse
Was sent on him, this love of making verse,
By what offence heaven's anger he incurred,
A grave denied, a sacred boundary stirred:
So much is plain, he's mad: like bear that beats
His prison down and ranges through the streets,
This terrible reciter puts to flight
The learned and unlearned left and right:
Let him catch one, he keeps him till he kills,
As leeches stick till they have sucked their fills."

The Latin Texts

The Gardens of Maecenas, built by Horace's patron Gaius Maecenas, were the first gardens in the Hellenistic-Persian garden style in Rome. Maecenas sited them on the Esquiline Hill, atop the Servian Wall and its adjoining necropolis, near the gardens of Lamia. Horace was likely a frequent visitor of the gardens.

The interior of the auditorium

LIST OF LATIN TEXTS

In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin texts of Horace's works. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

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Liber I

1.1

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa
contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentis?
‘o fortunati mercatores’ gravis annis
miles ait, multo iam fractus membra labore;
contra mercator navim iactantibus Austris:
‘militia est potior. quid enim? concurritur: horae
momento cita mors venit aut victoria laeta.’
agricolam laudat iuris legumque peritus,
sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat;
ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
solos felicis viventis clamat in urbe.
cetera de genere hoc — adeo sunt multa — loquacem
delassare valent Fabium. ne te morer, audi,
quo rem deducam. si quis deus ‘en ego’ dicat
‘iam faciam quod voltis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
mercator; tu, consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,
vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. eia,
quid statis?’ nolint. atqui licet esse beatis.
quid causae est, merito quin illis Iuppiter ambas
iratus buccas inflet neque se fore posthac
tam facilem dicat, votis ut praebeat aurem?
praeterea, ne sic ut qui iocularia ridens
percurram: quamquam ridentem dicere verum
quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi

doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima:
sed tamen amoto quaeramus seria ludo:
ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
perfidus hic caupo, miles nautaeque, per omne
audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem
sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria: sicut
parvola — nam exemplo est — magni formica laboris
ore trahit quodcumque potest atque addit acervo
quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.
quae, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
non usquam prorepit et illis utitur ante
quaesitis sapiens, cum te neque fervidus aestus
demoveat lucro neque hiems, ignis mare ferrum,
nil obstet tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter.
quid iuvat inmensum te argenti pondus et auri
furtim defossa timidum deponere terra?
quod, si conminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem?
at ni id fit, quid habet pulcri constructus acervus?
milia frumenti tua triverit area centum:
non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus: ut, si
reticulum panis venalis inter onusto
forte vehas umero, nihilo plus accipias quam
qui nil portarit. vel dic quid referat intra
naturae finis viventi, iugera centum an
mille aret? ‘at suave est ex magno tollere acervo.’
dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquas,
cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?

ut tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna
vel cyatho et dicas ‘magno de flumine mallem
quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere.’ eo fit,
plenior ut siquos delectet copia iusto,
cum ripa simul avolsos ferat Aufidus acer.
at qui tantuli eget quanto est opus, is neque limo
turbatam haurit aquam neque vitam amittit in undis.

at bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso
‘nil satis est’, inquit, ‘quia tanti quantum habeas sis’:
quid facias illi? iubeas miserum esse, libenter
quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
sic solitus: ‘populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.’
Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
flumina — quid rides? mutato nomine de te
fabula narratur: congestis undique saccis
indormis inhians et tamquam parcere sacris
cogeris aut pictis tamquam gaudere tabellis.
nescis, quo valeat nummus, quem praebeat usum?
panis ematur, holus, vini sextarius, adde
quis humana sibi doleat natura negatis.
an vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
ne te conpilent fugientes, hoc iuvat? horum
semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.
at si condoluit temptatum frigore corpus
aut alius casus lecto te adflixit, habes qui

adsideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
suscitet ac reddat gnatis carisque propinquis?
non uxor salvum te volt, non filius; omnes
vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellae.
miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,
si nemo praestet, quem non merearis, amorem?
an si cognatos, nullo natura labore
quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,
infelix operam perdas, ut siquis asellum
in campo doceat parentem currere frenis?
denique sit finis quaerendi, cumque habeas plus,
pauperiem metuas minus et finire laborem
incipias, parto quod avebas, ne facias quod
Ummidius quidam; non longa est fabula: dives
ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus, ut se
non umquam servo melius vestiret, ad usque
supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
opprimeret, metuebat. at hunc liberta securi
divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum.
‘quid mi igitur suades? ut vivam Naevius aut sic
ut Nomentanus?’ pergis pugnantia secum
frontibus adversis conponere: non ego avarum
cum veto te, fieri vappam iubeo ac nebulonem:
est inter Tanain quiddam socerumque Viselli:
est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.
illuc, unde abii, redeo, qui nemo, ut avarus,
se probet ac potius laudet diversa sequentis,
quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,

tabescat neque se maiori pauperiorum
turbae conparet, hunc atque hunc superare laboret.
sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat,
ut, cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,
instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum
praeteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.
inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
dicat et exacto contentus tempore vita
cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
iam satis est. ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
conpilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.

1.2

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
mendici, mimae, balatrones, hoc genus omne
maestum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli.
quippe benignus erat. contra hic, ne prodigus esse
dicatur metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
frigus quo duramque famem propellere possit.
hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
praeclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis,
sordidus atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,
respondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fufidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis
[dives agris, dives positis in fenore nummis]:
quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat atque
quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget;
nomina sectatur modo sumpta veste virili
sub patribus duris tironum. ‘maxime’ quis non
‘Iuppiter’ exclamat simul atque audivit? ‘at in se
pro quaestu sumptum facit hic?’ vix credere possis,
quam sibi non sit amicus, ita ut pater ille, Terenti
fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
inducit, non se peius cruciaverit atque hic.
siquis nunc quaerat ‘quo res haec pertinet?’ illuc:
dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Maltinus tunicis demissis ambulat, est qui
inguen ad obscaenum subductis usque; facetus

pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum:
nil medium est. sunt qui nolint tetigisse nisi illas
quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste,
contra alius nullam nisi olenti in fornice stantem.
quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice, ‘macte
virtute esto’ inquit sententia dia Catonis;
‘nam simul ac venas inflavit taetra libido,
huc iuvenes aequom est descendere, non alienas
permolere uxores.’ ‘nolim laudarier’ inquit
‘sic me’ mirator cunni Cupiennius albi.
audire est operae pretium, procedere recte
qui moechis non voltis, ut omni parte laborent
utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas
atque haec rara cadat dura inter saepe pericla.
hic se praecipitem tecto dedit, ille flagellis
ad mortem caesus, fugiens hic decidit acrem
praedonum in turbam, dedit hic pro corpore
nummos,
hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
accidit, ut cuidam testis caudamque salacem
demeterent ferro. ‘iure’ omnes: Galba negabat.
tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda,
libertinarum dico: Sallustius in quas
non minus insanit quam qui moechatur. at hic si,
qua res, qua ratio suaderet quaque modeste
munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
esse, daret quantum satis esset nec sibi damno
dedecorique foret. verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
hoc amat et laudat: ‘matronam nullam ego tango’,

ut quondam Marsaeus, amator Originis ille,
qui patrium mimae donat fundumque laremque,
‘nil fuerit mi’ inquit ‘cum uxoribus umquam alienis.’
verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus, unde
fama malum gravius quam res trahit. an tibi abunde
personam satis est, non illud, quidquid ubique
officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
rem patris oblimare malum est ubicumque. quid inter-
est in matrona, ancilla peccesne togata?
Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque superque
quam satis est, pugnis caesus ferroque petitus,
exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.
huic si muttonis verbis mala tanta videnti
diceret haec animus ‘quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
magno prognatum deposco consule cunnum
velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira?’
quid responderet? ‘magno patre nata puella est.’
at quanto meliora monet pugnantiaque istis
dives opis natura suae, tu si modo recte
dispensare velis ac non fugienda petendis
inmiscere. tuo vitio rerumne labores,
nil referre putas? quare, ne paeniteat te,
desine matronas sectarier, unde laboris
plus haurire mali est quam ex re decerpere fructus.
nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
sit licet, hoc, Cerinthe, tuum tenerum est femur aut
crus

rectius, atque etiam melius persaepe togatae.
adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat, aperte
quod venale habet ostendit nec, siquid honesti est,
iactat habetque palam, quaerit, quo turpia celet.
regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur: opertos
inspiciunt, ne si facies, ut saepe, decora
molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
quod pulcrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
hoc illi recte: ne corporis optima Lyncei
contemplere oculis, Hypsaea caecior illa,
quae mala sunt, spectes. ‘o crus, o bracchia.’ verum
depugis, nasuta, brevi latere ac pede longo est.
matronae praeter faciem nil cernere possis,
cetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata — nam te
hoc facit insanum — , multae tibi tum officient res,
custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitae,
ad talos stola demissa et circumdata palla,
plurima, quae invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
altera, nil obstat: Cois tibi paene videre est
ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi;
metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
insidias fieri pretiumque avellier ante
quam mercem ostendi? leporem venator ut alta
in nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit,
cantat et adponit ‘meus est amor huic similis; nam
transvolat in medio posita et fugientia captat.’
hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores
atque aestus curasque gravis e pectore pelli?

nonne, cupidinibus statuat natura modum quem,
quid latura sibi, quid sit dolitura negatum,
quaerere plus prodest et inane abscindere soldo?
num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis, aurea quaeris
pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia praeter
pavonem rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si
ancilla aut verna est praesto puer, impetus in quem
continuo fiat. malis tentigine rumpi?
non ego; namque parabilem amo venerem facilemque.
illam ‘post paulo’ ‘sed pluris’ ‘si exierit vir’
Gallis, hanc Philodemus ait sibi, quae neque magno
stet pretio neque cunctetur cum est iussa venire.
candida rectaque sit, munda hactenus, ut neque longa
nec magis alba velit quam dat natura videri.
haec ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi laevom,
Ilia et Egeria est; do nomen quodlibet illi.
nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat,
ianua frangatur, latret canis, undique magno
pulsa domus strepitu resonet, vepallida lecto
desiliat mulier, miseram se conscia clamet,
cruribus haec metuat, doti deprensa, egomet mi.
discincta tunica fugiendum est et pede nudo,
ne nummi pereant aut puga aut denique fama.
deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel iudice vincam.

1.3

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
ut numquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
iniussi numquam desistant. Sardus habebat
ille Tigellius hoc. Caesar, qui cogere posset,
si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
quicquam proficeret; si conlibuisset, ab ovo
usque ad mala citaret ‘io Bacchae’ modo summa
voce, modo hac, resonat quae chordis quattuor ima.
nil aequale homini fuit illi: saepe velut qui
currebat fugiens hostem, persaepe velut qui
Iunonis sacra ferret; habebat saepe ducentos,
saepe decem servos; modo reges atque tetrarchas,
omnia magna loquens, modo ‘sit mihi mensa tripes et
concha salis puri et toga, quae defendere frigus
quamvis crassa queat.’ deciens centena dedisses
huic parco, paucis contento, quinque diebus
nil erat in loculis; noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
mane, diem totum stertebat; nil fuit unquam
sic inpar sibi. nunc aliquis dicat mihi ‘quid tu?
nullane habes vitia?’ immo alia et fortasse minora.
Maenius absentem Novium cum carperet, ‘heus tu’
quidam ait ‘ignoras te an ut ignotum dare nobis
verba putas?’ ‘egomet mi ignosco’ Maenius inquit.
stultus et inprobus hic amor est dignusque notari.
cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,

cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum
quam aut aquila aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra
evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.
iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
naribus horum hominum; rideri possit eo quod
rusticius tonso toga defluit et male laxus
in pede calceus haeret: at est bonus, ut melior vir
non alius quisquam, at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
inculto latet hoc sub corpore. denique te ipsum
concute, numqua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim
natura aut etiam consuetudo mala; namque
neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.
illuc praevertamur, amatorem quod amicae
turpia decipiunt caecum vitia aut etiam ipsa haec
delectant, veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnae.
vellem in amicitia sic erraremus et isti
errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
ac pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus amici
siquod sit vitium non fastidire. strabonem
appellat paetum pater, et pullum, male parvos
sicui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus; hunc varum distortis cruribus, illum
balbutit scaurum pravis fultum male talis.
parcius hic vivit: frugi dicatur; ineptus
et iactantior hic paulo est: concinnus amicis
postulat ut videatur; at est truculentior atque
plus aequo liber: simplex fortisque habeatur;

caldior est: acris inter numeretur. opinor,
haec res et iungit iunctos et servat amicos.
at nos virtutes ipsas invertimus atque
sincerum furimus vas incrustare. probus quis
nobiscum vivit, multum demissus homo: illi
tardo cognomen, pingui damus. hic fugit omnis
insidias nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
cum genus hoc inter vitae versemur, ubi acris
invidia atque vigent ubi crimina: pro bene sano
ac non incauto fictum astutumque vocamus.
simplicior quis et est, qualem me saepe libenter
obtulerim tibi, Maecenas, ut forte legentem
aut tacitum inpellat quovis sermone: ‘molestus,
communi sensu plane caret’ inquimus. eheu,
quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.
nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est,
qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut aequum est,
cum mea conpenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce,
si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet, amari
si volet: hac lege in trutina ponetur eadem.
qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,
postulat, ignoscet verrucis illius: aequum est
peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.
denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium irae,
cetera item nequeunt stultis haerentia, cur non
ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur ac res
ut quaeque est, ita suppliciis delicta coercet?
siquis eum servum, patinam qui tollere iussus
semesos piscis tepidumque ligurrierit ius,

in cruce suffigat, Labeone insanior inter
sanos dicatur. quanto hoc furiosius atque
maius peccatum est: paulum deliquit amicus,
quod nisi concedas, habeare insuavis: acerbus
odisti et fugis ut Rusonem debitor aeris,
qui nisi, cum tristes misero venere kalendae,
mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
porrecto iugulo historias captivus ut audit.
conminxit lectum potus mensave catillum
Euandri manibus tritum deiecit: ob hanc rem,
aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
sustulit esuriens, minus hoc iucundus amicus
sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit aut si
prodiderit conmissa fide sponsumve negarit?
quis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,
cum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresque
repugnant
atque ipsa utilitas, iusti prope mater et aequi.
cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia
propter
unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus atque ita porro
pugnabant armis, quae post fabricaverat usus,
donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
nominaque invenere; dehinc absistere bello,
oppida coeperunt munire et ponere leges,
ne quis fur esset neu latro neu quis adulter.
nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus taeterrima belli
causa, sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,

quos venerem incertam rapientis more ferarum
viribus editior caedebat ut in grege taurus.
iura inventa metu iniusti fateare necesse est,
tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.
nec natura potest iusto secernere iniquum,
dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis,
nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idemque,
qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti
et qui nocturnus sacra divum legerit. adsit
regula, peccatis quae poenas inroget aequas,
ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.
nam ut ferula caedas meritum maiora subire
verbera, non vereor, cum dicas esse paris res
furta latrociniis et magnis parva mineris
falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum
permittant homines. si dives, qui sapiens est,
et sutor bonus et solus formosus et est rex,
cur optas quod habes? ‘non nosti, quid pater’ inquit
‘Chrysippus dicat: sapiens crepidas sibi numquam
nec soleas fecit; sutor tamen est sapiens.’ qui?
‘ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
optumus est modulator; ut Alfenus vafer omni
abiecto instrumento artis clausaque taberna
sutor erat: sapiens operis sic optimus omnis
est opifex, solus sic rex.’ vellunt tibi barbam
lascivi pueri, quos tu nisi fuste coerces,
urgeris turba circum te stante miserque
rumperis et latras, magnorum maxime regum.

ne longum faciam: dum tu quadrante lavatum
rex ibis neque te quisquam stipator ineptum
praeter Crispinum sectabitur, et mihi dulces
ignoscent, siquid peccaro stultus, amici
inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter
privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

1.4

Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae
atque alii, quorum comoedia prisca virorum est,
siquis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
quod moechus foret aut sicarius aut alioqui
famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.
hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,
mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus,
emunctae naris, durus conponere versus.
nam fuit hoc vitiosus: in hora saepe ducentos,
ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno;
cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;
garrulus atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
scribendi recte: nam ut multum, nil moror. ecce,
Crispinus minimo me provocat ‘accipe, si vis,
accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
custodes; videamus, uter plus scribere possit.’
di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis;
at tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
usque laborantis, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
ut mavis, imitare. beatus Fannius ultro
delatis capsis et imagine, cum mea nemo
scripta legat, volgo recitare timentis ob hanc rem,
quod sunt quos genus hoc minime iuvat, utpote pluris
culpari dignos. quemvis media elige turba:

aut ob avaritiam aut misera ambitione laborat.
hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum:
hunc capit argenti splendor; stupet Albius aere;
hic mutat merces surgente a sole ad eum, quo
vespertina tepet regio, quin per mala praeceps
fertur uti pulvis collectus turbine, nequid
summa deperdat metuens aut ampliet ut rem.
omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.
‘faenum habet in cornu, longe fuge; dummodo risum
excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico
et quodcumque semel chartis inleverit, omnis
gestiet a furno redeuntis scire lacuque
et pueros et anus.’ agedum pauca accipe contra.
primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,
excerpam numero: neque enim concludere versum
dixeris esse satis neque, siqui scribat uti nos
sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.
ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.
idcirco quidam comoedia necne poema
esset, quaesivere, quod acer spiritus ac vis
nec verbis nec rebus inest, nisi quod pede certo
differt sermoni, sermo merus. ‘at pater ardens
saevit, quod meretrice nepos insanus amica
filius uxorem grandi cum dote recuset,
ebrius et, magnum quod dedecus, ambulet ante
noctem cum facibus.’ numquid Pomponius istis
audiret leviora, pater si viveret? ergo
non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis,

quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
quo personatus pacto pater. his, ego quae nunc,
olim quae scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
tempora certa modosque, et quod prius ordine
verbum est
posterius facias praeponens ultima primis,
non, ut si solvas ‘postquam Discordia taetra
belli ferratos postis portasque refregit’,
invenias etiam disiecti membra poetae.
hactenus haec: alias, iustum sit necne poema.
nunc illud tantum quaeram, meritone tibi sit
suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulgius acer
ambulat et Caprius, rauci male cumque libellis,
magnus uterque timor latronibus; at bene siquis
et vivat puris manibus, contemnat utrumque.
ut sis tu similis Caeli Birrique latronum,
non ego sim Capri neque Sulgi: cur metuas me?
nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
quis manus insudet volgi Hermogenisque Tigelli,
nec recito cuiquam nisi amicis idque coactus,
non ubivis coramve quibuslibet. in medio qui
scripta foro recitent, sunt multi quique lavantes:
suave locus voci resonat conclusus. inanis
hoc iuvat, haud illud quaerentis, num sine sensu,
tempore num faciant alieno. ‘laedere gaudes’
inquit ‘et hoc studio pravus facis.’ unde petitum
hoc in me iacis? est auctor quis denique eorum,
vixi cum quibus? absentem qui rodit, amicum
qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos

qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis,
fingere qui non visa potest, conmissa tacere
qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
saepe tribus lectis videas cenare quaternos,
e quibus unus amet quavis aspergere cunctos
praeter eum qui praebet aquam; post hunc quoque potus,
condita cum verax aperit praecordia Liber:
hic tibi comis et urbanus liberque videtur
infesto nigris: ego si risi, quod ineptus
pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum,
lividus et mordax videor tibi? mentio siquae
de Capitolini furtis iniecta Petilli
te coram fuerit, defendas, ut tuus est mos:
‘me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
a puero est causaque mea permulta rogatus
fecit et incolumis laetor quod vivit in urbe;
sed tamen admiror, quo pacto iudicium illud
fugerit’: hic nigrae sucus lolliginis, haec est
aerugo mera; quod vitium procul afore chartis,
atque animo prius, ut siquid promittere de me
possum aliud vere, promitto. liberius si
dixero quid, si forte iocosius, hoc mihi iuris
cum venia dabis: insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaeque notando.
cum me hortaretur, parce frugaliter atque
viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:
‘nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius utque
Baius inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem

perdere quis velit.’ a turpi meretricis amore
cum deterreret: ‘Scetani dissimilis sis.’
ne sequerer moechas, concessa cum venere uti
possem: ‘deprensi non bella est fama Treboni’
aiebat. ‘sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu
sit melius, causas reddet tibi; mi satis est, si
traditum ab antiquis morem servare tuamque,
dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
incolumem possum; simul ac duraverit aetas
membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice.’ sic me
formabat puerum dictis et, sive iubebat
ut facerem quid, ‘habes auctorem, quo facias hoc’
unum ex iudicibus selectis obiciebat,
sive vetabat, ‘an hoc inhonestum et inutile factu
necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo cum
hic atque ille?’ avidos vicinum funus ut aegros
exanimat mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit,
sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe
absterrent vitiis. ex hoc ego sanus ab illis
perniciem quaecumque ferunt, mediocribus et quis
ignoscas vitiis teneor. fortassis et istinc
largiter abstulerit longa aetas, liber amicus,
consilium proprium; neque enim, cum lectulus aut me
porticus excepit, desum mihi. ‘rectius hoc est;
hoc faciens vivam melius; sic dulcis amicis

occurram; hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi
inprudens olim faciam simile?' haec ego mecum
conpressis agito labris; ubi quid datur oti,
inludo chartis. hoc est mediocribus illis
ex vitiis unum; cui si concedere nolis,
multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quae
sit mihi — nam multo plures sumus — , ac veluti te
Iudaei cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

1.5

Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma
hospitio modico; rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Graecorum longe doctissimus; inde Forum Appi
differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.
hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos
praecinctis unum: minus est gravis Appia tardis.
hic ego propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri
indico bellum, cenantis haud animo aequo
exspectans comites. iam nox inducere terris
umbras et caelo diffundere signa parabat:
tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautae
ingerere: ‘huc adpelle’; ‘trecentos inseris’; ‘ohe,
iam satis est.’ dum aes exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
tota abit hora. mali culices ranaeque palustres
avertunt somnos; absentem cantat amicam
multa prolutus vappa nauta atque viator
certatim; tandem fessus dormire viator
incipit ac missae pastum retinacula mulae
nauta piger saxo religat stertitque supinus.
iamque dies aderat, nil cum procedere lintrem
sentimus, donec cerebrosus prosilit unus
ac mulae nautaeque caput lumbosque saligno
fuste dolat: quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha.
milia tum pransi tria repimus atque subimus
inpositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.

huc venturus erat Maecenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
legati, aversos soliti conponere amicos.
hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
inlinere. interea Maecenas advenit atque
Cocceius Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
factus homo, Antoni, non ut magis alter, amicus.
Fundos Aufidio Lusco praetore libenter
linquimus, insani ridentes praemia scribae,
praetextam et latum clavum prunaeque vatillum.
in Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Murena praebente domum, Capitone culinam.
postera lux oritur multo gratissima; namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessae Vergiliusque
occurrunt, animae, qualis neque candidiores
terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.
o qui conplexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt.
nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico.
proxima Campano ponti quae villula, tectum
praebuit et parochi, quae debent, ligna salemque.
hinc muli Capuae clitellas tempore ponunt.
lusum it Maecenas, dormitum ego Vergiliusque;
namque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.
hinc nos Coccei recipit plenissima villa,
quae super est Caudi cauponas. nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti scurrae pugnam Messique Cicirri,
Musa, velim memores et quo patre natus uterque
contulerit litis. Messi clarum genus Osci;
Sarmenti domina exstat: ab his maioribus orti

ad pugnam venere. prior Sarmentus ‘equi te
esse feri similem dico.’ ridemus, et ipse
Messius ‘accipio,’ caput et movet. ‘o tua cornu
ni foret exsecto frons,’ inquit, ‘quid faceres, cum
sic mutilus minitaris?’ at illi foeda cicatrix
saetosam laevi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta iocatus,
pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat:
nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
multa Cicirrus ad haec: donasset iamne catenam
ex voto Laribus, quaerebat; scriba quod esset,
nilo deterius dominae ius esse; rogabat
denique, cur umquam fugisset, cui satis una
farris libra foret, gracili sic tamque pusillo.
prorsus iucunde cenam producimus illam.
tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
paene macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni.
nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Volcano summum properabat lambere tectum.
convivas avidos cenam servosque timentis
tum rapere atque omnis restinguere velle videres.
incipit ex illo montis Apulia notos
ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus et quos
nunquam erepsemus, nisi nos vicina Trivici
villa recepisset lacrimoso non sine fumo,
udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
hic ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam
ad mediam noctem exspecto; somnus tamen aufert
intentum veneri; tum inmundo somnia visu

nocturnam vestem maculant ventremque supinum.
quattuor hinc rapimur viginti et milia raedis,
mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est,
signis perfacile est: venit vilissima rerum
hic aqua, sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
callidus ut soleat umeris portare viator.
nam Canusi lapidosus, aquae non ditior urna:
qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.
flentibus hinc Varius discedit maestus amicis.
inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum
carpentes iter et factum corruptius imbri.
postera tempestas melior, via peior ad usque
Bari moenia piscosi; dein Gnatia Lymphis
iratis exstructa dedit risusque iocosque,
dum flamma sine tura liquescere limine sacro
persuadere cupit. credat Iudaeus Apella,
non ego; namque deos didici securum agere aevom
nec, siquid miri faciat natura, deos id
tristis ex alto caeli demittere tecto.
Brundisium longae finis chartaeque viaeque est.

1.6

Non quia, Maecenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
incoluit finis, nemo generosior est te,
nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent,
ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum.
cum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
natus, dum ingenuus, persuades hoc tibi vere,
ante potestatem Tulli atque ignobile regnum
multos saepe viros nullis maioribus ortos
et vixisse probos amplis et honoribus auctos;
contra Laevinum, Valeri genus, unde Superbus
Tarquinius regno pulsus fugit, unius assis
non umquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante
iudice quo nosti, populo, qui stultus honores
saepe dat indignis et famae servit ineptus,
qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus. quid oportet
nos facere a volgo longe longeque remotos?
namque esto: populus Laevino mallet honorem
quam Decio mandare novo censorque moveret
Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus:
vel merito, quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem.
sed fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
non minus ignotos generosis. quo tibi, Tilli,
sumere depositum clavom fierique tribuno?
invidia adcrevit, privato quae minor esset.

nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
pellibus et latum demisit pectore clavom,
audit continuo ‘quis homo hic est? quo patre natus?’
ut siqui aegrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
et cupiat formosus, eat quacumque, puellis
iniciat curam quaerendi singula, quali
sit facie, sura, quali pede, dente, capillo:
sic qui promittit civis, urbem sibi curae,
imperium fore et Italiam, delubra deorum,
quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
omnis mortalis curare et quaerere cogit.
‘tune, Syri Damae aut Dionysi filius, audes
deicere de saxo civis aut tradere Cadmo?’
‘at Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno;
namque est ille, pater quod erat meus.’ ‘hoc tibi Paulus
et Messalla videris? at hic, si plostra ducenta
concurrantque foro tria funera magna, sonabit,
cornua quod vincatque tubas: saltem tenet hoc nos.’
nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum,
quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum,
nunc, quia sim tibi, Maecenas, convictor, at olim,
quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.
dissimile hoc illi est, quia non, ut forsit honorem
iure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum,
praesertim cautum dignos adsumere, prava
ambitione procul. felicem dicere non hoc
me possim, casu quod te sortitus amicum;
nulla etenim mihi te fors obtulit: optimus olim

Vergilius, post hunc Varius dixere, quid essem.
ut veni coram, singultim pauca locutus —
infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari —
non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,
sed quod eram narro. respondes, ut tuus est mos,
pauca; abeo, et revocas nono post mense iubesque
esse in amicorum numero. magnum hoc ego duco,
quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum
non patre praeclaro, sed vita et pectore puro.
atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
mendosa est natura, alioqui recta, velut si
egregio inspersos reprendas corpore naevos,
si neque avaritiam neque sordes nec mala lustra
obiciet vere quisquam mihi, purus et insons,
ut me collaudem, si et vivo carus amicis,
causa fuit pater his; qui macro pauper agello
noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere, magni
quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti
laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto
ibant octonos referentes idibus aeris,
sed puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum
artis quas doceat quivis eques atque senator
semet prognatos. vestem servosque sequentis,
in magno ut populo, siqui vidisset, avita
ex re praeberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.
ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnis
circum doctores aderat. quid multa? pudicum,
qui primus virtutis honos, servavit ab omni

non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi
nec timuit, sibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
si praeco parvas aut, ut fuit ipse, coactor
mercedes sequerer; neque ego essem questus. at hoc nunc
laus illi debetur et a me gratia maior.
nil me paeniteat sanum patris huius, eoque
non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,
quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
sic me defendam. longe mea discrepat istis
et vox et ratio. nam si natura iuberet
a certis annis aevum remeare peractum
atque alios legere, ad fastum quoscumque parentes
optaret sibi quisque, meis contentus honestos
fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere, demens
iudicio volgi, sanus fortasse tuo, quod
nollem onus haud umquam solitus portare molestum.
nam mihi continuo maior quaerenda foret res
atque salutandi plures, ducendus et unus
et comes alter, uti ne solus rusve peregre<ve>
exirem, plures calones atque caballi
pascendi, ducenda petorrita. nunc mihi curto
ire licet mulo vel si libet usque Tarentum,
mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos.
obiciet nemo sordis mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
cum Tiburte via praetorem quinque secuntur
te pueri, lasanum portantes oenophorumque.
hoc ego commodius quam tu, praeclare senator,

milibus atque aliis vivo. quacumque libido est,
incedo solus, percontor quanti holus ac far,
fallacem circum vespertinumque pererro
saepe forum, adsisto divinis, inde domum me
ad porri et ciceris refero laganique catinum;
cena ministratur pueris tribus et lapis albus
pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet, adstat echinus
vilis, cum patera guttus, Campana supellex.
deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod cras
surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marsya, qui se
voltum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
ad quartam iaceo; post hanc vagor aut ego lecto
aut scripto quod me tacitum iuvet unguor olivo,
non quo fraudatis inmundus Natta lucernis.
ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem.
pransus non avide, quantum interpellet inani
ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. haec est
vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique;
his me consolor victurum suavius ac si
quaestor avus pater atque meus patruusque fuisset.

1.7

Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum
hybrida quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor
omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus esse.
Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat
Clazomenis et iam litis cum Rege molestas,
durus homo atque odio qui posset vincere Regem,
confidens, tumidus, adeo sermonis amari,
Sisennas, Barros ut equis praecurreret albis.
ad Regem redeo. postquam nihil inter utrumque
convenit — hoc etenim sunt omnes iure molesti,
quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit: inter
Hectora Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillem
ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors,
non aliam ob causam, nisi quod virtus in utroque
summa fuit: duo si Discordia vexet inertis
aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedi
cum Lycio Glauco, discedat pigrior, ultro
muneribus missis: Bruto praetore tenente
ditem Asiam, Rupili et Persi par pugnat, uti non
conpositum melius cum Bitho Bacchius. in ius
acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.
Persius exponit causam; ridetur ab omni
conventu; laudat Brutum laudatque cohortem,
solem Asiae Brutum appellat stellasque salubris
appellat comites excepto Rege; Canem illum,
invisum agricolis sidus, venisse: ruebat

flumen ut hibernum, fertur quo rara securis.
tum Praenestinus salso multoque fluenti
expressa arbusto regerit convicia, durus
vindemiator et invictus, cui saepe viator
cessisset magna conpellans voce cuculum.
at Graecus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,
Persius exclamat: ‘per magnos, Brute, deos te
oro, qui reges consueris tollere, cur non
hunc Regem iugulas? operum hoc, mihi crede,
tuorum est.’

1.8

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,
cum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
maluit esse deum. deus inde ego, furum aviumque
maxima formido; nam fures dextra coercet
obscaenoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus,
ast inportunas volucres in vertice harundo
terret fixa vetatque novis considere in hortis.
huc prius angustis eiecta cadavera cellis
conservus vili portanda locabat in arca;
hoc miserae plebi stabat commune sepulcrum;
Pantolabo scurrae Nomentanoque nepoti
mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agrum
hic dabat, heredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus atque
aggere in aprico spatiari, quo modo tristes
albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum,
cum mihi non tantum furesque feraeque suetae
hunc vexare locum curae sunt atque labori
quantum carminibus quae versant atque venenis
humanos animos: has nullo perdere possum
nec prohibere modo, simul ac vaga luna decorum
protulit os, quin ossa legant herbasque nocentis.
vidi egomet nigra succinctam vadere palla
Canidiam pedibus nudis passoque capillo,
cum Sagana maiore ululantem: pallor utrasque
fecerat horrendas adspectu. scalpere terram

unguibus et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
coeperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
manis elicerent animas responsa daturas.
lanea et effigies erat altera cerea: maior
lanea, quae poenis conpesceret inferiorem;
cerea suppliciter stabat, servilibus ut quae
iam peritura modis. Hecaten vocat altera, saevam
altera Tisiphonen: serpentes atque videres
infernas errare canes Lunamque rubentem,
ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulcra.
mentior at siquid, merdis caput inquiner albis
corvorum atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatum
ÄIulius et fragilis Pediatia furque Voranus.
singula quid memorem, quo pacto alterna loquentes
umbrae cum Sagana resonarint triste et acutum
utque lupi barbam variae cum dente colubrae
abdiderint furtim terris et imagine cerea
largior arserit ignis et ut non testis inultus
horruerim voces furiarum et facta duarum?
nam, displosa sonat quantum vesica, pepedi
diffissa nate ficus; at illae currere in urbem.
Canidiae dentis, altum Saganae caliendrum
excidere atque herbas atque incantata lacertis
vincula cum magno risuque iocoque videres.

1.9

Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis:
accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum
arreptaque manu ‘quid agis, dulcissime rerum?’
‘suaviter, ut nunc est,’ inquam ‘et cupio omnia quae vis.’
cum adsectaretur, ‘numquid vis?’ occupo. at ille
‘noris nos’ inquit; ‘docti sumus.’ hic ego ‘pluris
hoc’ inquam ‘mihi eris.’ misere discedere quaerens
ire modo ocius, interdum consistere, in aurem
dicere nescio quid puero, cum sudor ad imos
manaret talos. ‘o te, Bolane, cerebri
felicem’ aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret. ut illi
nil respondebam, ‘misere cupis’ inquit ‘abire:
iamdudum video; sed nil agis: usque tenebo;
persequar hinc quo nunc iter est tibi.’ ‘nil opus est te
circumagi: quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Caesaris hortos.’
‘nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger: usque sequar te.’
demitto auriculas, ut iniquae mentis asellus,
cum gravius dorso subiit onus. incipit ille:
‘si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
non Varium facies; nam quis me scribere pluris
aut citius possit versus? quis membra movere

mollius? invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.’
interpellandi locus hic erat ‘est tibi mater,
cognati, quis te salvo est opus?’ ‘haud mihi quisquam.
omnis conposui.’ ‘felices. nunc ego resto.
confice; namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna:
“hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis
nec laterum dolor aut tussis nec tarda podagra:
garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque: loquaces,
si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit aetas.”’
ventum erat ad Vestae, quarta iam parte diei
praeterita, et casu tum respondere vadato
debebat, quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.
‘si me amas,’ inquit ‘paulum hic ades.’ ‘interem, si aut valeo stare aut novi civilia iura;
et propero quo scis.’ ‘dubius sum, quid faciam’, inquit,
‘tene relinquam an rem.’ ‘me, sodes.’ ‘non faciam’ ille,
et praecedere coepit; ego, ut contendere durum
cum victore, sequor. ‘Maecenas quomodo tecum?’
hinc repetit. ‘paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanae.’
nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. haberes
magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
hunc hominem velles si tradere: dispeream, ni
summosses omnis.’ ‘non isto vivimus illic,

quo tu rere, modo; domus hac nec purior ulla est
nec magis his aliena malis; nil mi officit, inquam,
ditior hic aut est quia doctior; est locus uni
cuique suus.' 'magnum narras, vix credibile.' 'atqui
sic habet.' 'accendis quare cupiam magis illi
proximus esse.' 'velis tantummodo: quae tua virtus,
expugnabis: et est qui vinci possit eoque
difficilis aditus primos habet.' 'haud mihi dero:
muneribus servos corrumpam; non, hodie si
exclusus fuero, desistam; tempora quaeram,
occurram in triviis, deducam. nil sine magno
vita labore dedit mortalibus.' haec dum agit, ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus et illum
qui pulchre nosset. consistimus. 'unde venis et
quo tendis?' rogat et respondet. vellere coepi
et pressare manu lentissima bracchia, nutans,
distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. male salsus
ridens dissimulare; meum iecur urere bilis.
'certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te
aiebas mecum.' 'memini bene, sed meliore
tempore dicam; hodie tricensima sabbata: vin tu
curtis Iudaeis oppedere?' 'nulla mihi' inquam
'relligio est.' 'at mi: sum paulo infirmior, unus
multorum. ignosces; alias loquar.' huncine solem
tam nigrum surrexe mihi! fugit inprobus ac me
sub cultro linquit. casu venit obvius illi
adversarius et 'quo tu, turpissime?' magna
inclamat voce, et 'licet antestari?' ego vero

oppono auriculam. rapit in ius; clamor utrimque,
undique concursus. sic me servavit Apollo.

1.10

[Lucili, quam sis mendosus, teste Catone,
defensore tuo, pervincam, qui male factos
emendare parat versus, hoc lenius ille,
quo melior vir et est longe subtilior illo,
qui multum puer et loris et funibus udis
exoratus, ut esset, opem qui ferre poetis
antiquis posset contra fastidia nostra,
grammaticorum equitum doctissimus. ut redeam
illuc:]
Nempe inconposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucili. quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,
ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quod sale multo
urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.
nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cetera; nam
sic
et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poemata mirer.
ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
auditoris; et est quaedam tamen hic quoque virtus.
est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia neu se
inpediat verbis lassas onerantibus auris,
et sermone opus est modo tristi, saepe iocoso,
defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetae,
interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
extenuantis eas consulto. ridiculum acri
fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.
illi, scripta quibus comoedia prisca viris est,

hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes umquam legit neque simius iste
nil praeter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum.
‘at magnum fecit, quod verbis graeca latinis
miscuit.’ o seri studiorum, quine putetis
difficile et mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
contigit? ‘at sermo lingua concinnus utraque
suavior, ut Chio nota si conmixta Falerni est.’
cum versus facias, te ipsum percontor, an et cum
dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli?
scilicet oblitus patriaeque patrisque Latini,
cum Pedius causas exsudet Poplicola atque
Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita
verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis.
atque ego cum graecos facerem, natus mare citra,
versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus
post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera:
‘in silvam non ligna feras insanius ac si
magnas Graecorum malis inplere catervas.’
turgidus Alpinus iugulat dum Memnona dumque
diffingit Rheni luteum caput, haec ego ludo,
quae neque in aede sonent certantia iudice Tarpa
nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.
arguta meretrice potes Davoque Chremeta
eludente senem comis garrire libellos
unus vivorum, Fundani, Pollio regum
facta canit pede ter percusso; forte epos acer
ut nemo Varius ducit, molle atque facetum
Vergilio adnuerunt gaudentes rure Camenae:

hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino
atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,
inventore minor; neque ego illi detrahere ausim
haerentem capiti cum multa laude coronam.
at dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, saepe ferentem
plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. age quaeso,
tu nihil in magno doctus reprehendis Homero?
nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acci?
non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores,
cum de se loquitur non ut maiore reprensis?
quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentis
quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
versiculos natura magis factos et euntis
mollius ac siquis pedibus quid claudere senis,
hoc tantum contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos
ante cibum versus, totidem cenatus, Etrusci
quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
ingenium, capsis quem fama est esse librisque
ambustum propriis. fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
comis et urbanus, fuerit limatior idem
quam rudis et Graecis intacti carminis auctor
quamque poetarum seniorum turba; sed ille,
si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in aevum,
detereret sibi multa, recideret omne quod ultra
perfectum traheretur, et in versu faciendo
saepe caput scaberet vivos et roderet unguis.
saepe stilum vertas, iterum quae digna legi sint
scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,
contentus paucis lectoribus. an tua demens

vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
non ego; nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere, ut audax,
contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
men moveat cimex Pantilius aut cruciet quod
vellicet absentem Demetrius aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius et Varius, Maecenas Vergiliusque,
Valgius et probet haec Octavius optimus atque
Fuscus et haec utinam Viscorum laudet uterque
ambitione relegata. te dicere possum,
Pollio, te, Messalla, tuo cum fratre, simulque
vos, Bibule et Servi, simul his te, candide Furni,
conpluris alios, doctos ego quos et amicos
prudens praetereo, quibus haec, sint qualiacumque,
adridere velim, doliturus, si placeant spe
deterius nostra. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
discipularum inter iubeo plorare cathedras.
i, puer, atque meo citus haec subscribe libello.

Liber II

2.1

‘Sunt quibus in satura videar nimis acer et ultra
legem tendere opus; sine nervis altera quidquid
conposui pars esse putat similisque meorum
mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati,
quid faciam? praescribe.’ ‘quiescas.’ ‘ne faciam,
inquis,
omnino versus?’ ‘aio.’ ‘peream male, si non
optimum erat; verum nequeo dormire.’ ‘ter uncti
transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
inriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.
aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Caesaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
praemia laturus.’ ‘cupidum, pater optime, vires
deficiunt; neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
agmina nec fracta pereuntis cuspide Gallos
aut labentis equo describit volnera Parthi.’
‘attamen et iustum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.’ ‘haud mihi dero,
cum res ipsa feret: nisi dextro tempore Flacci
verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem:
cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.’
‘quanto rectius hoc quam tristi laedere versu
Pantolabum scurram Nomentanumque nepotem,
cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et
odit.’
‘quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto

accessit fervor capiti numerusque lucernis;
Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
pugnis; quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
milia: me pedibus delectat claudere verba
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
credebat libris neque, si male cesserat, usquam
decurrens alio neque, si bene; quo fit ut omnis
votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
vita senis. sequor hunc, Lucanus an Apulus anceps;
nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
missus ad hoc pulsis, vetus est ut fama, Sabellis,
quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
sive quod Apula gens seu quod Lucania bellum
incuteret violenta. sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
quemquam animantem et me veluti custodiet ensis
vagina tectus: quem cur destringere coner
tutus ab infestis latronibus? o pater et rex
Iuppiter, ut pereat positum robigine telum
nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
qui me conmorit — melius non tangere, clamo — ,
flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.
Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam,
Canidia Albuci, quibus est inimica, venenum,
grande malum Turius, siquid se iudice certes.
ut quo quisque valet suspectos terreat utque
imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum:
dente lupus, cornu taurus petit: unde nisi intus

monstratum? Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextera — mirum,
ut neque calce lupus quemquam neque dente petit
bos — ,
sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
exspectat seu mors atris circumvolat alis,
dives, inops, Romae, seu fors ita iusserit, exsul,
quisquis erit vitae scribam color.' 'o puer, ut sis
vitalis metuo et maiorum nequis amicus
frigore te feriat.' 'quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
primus in hunc operis conponere carmina morem
detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
cederet, introrsum turpis: num Laelius aut qui
duxit ab oppressa meritum Karthagine nomen
ingenio offensi aut laeso doluere Metello
famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
primores populi arripuit populumque tributim,
scilicet uni aequos virtuti atque eius amicis.
quin ubi se a volgo et scaena in secreta remorant
virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
decoqueretur holus, soliti. quidquid sum ego,
quamvis
infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
invidia et fragili quaerens inlidere dentem
offendet solido — nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
dissentis.' 'equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.

sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, ius est
iudiciumque.' 'esto, siquis mala; sed bona siquis
iudice condiderit laudatus Caesare? siquis
opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse?'
'solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis.'

2.2

Quae virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo
— nec meus hic sermo est, sed quae praecepit Ofellus
rusticus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva — ,
discite non inter lances mensasque nitentis,
cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus et cum
adclinis falsis animus meliora recusat,
verum hic inpransi mecum disquirite. cur hoc?
dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
corruptus iudex. leporem sectatus equove
lassus ab indomito vel, si Romana fatigat
militia adsuetum graecari — seu pila velox
molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,
seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aera disco:
cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis
sperne cibum vilem; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
ne biberis diluta. foris est promus, et atrum
defendens piscis hiemat mare: cum sale panis
latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas aut
qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
summa, sed in te ipso est. tu pulmentaria quaere
sudando: pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea
nec scarus aut poterit peregrina iuvare lagois.
vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone velis quin
hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
corruptus vanis rerum, quia veneat auro

rara avis et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. num vesceris ista,
quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adest honor idem?
carne tamen quamvis distat nil, hac magis illam
inparibus formis deceptum te petere esto:
unde datum sentis, lupus hic Tiberinus an alto
captus hiet? pontisne inter iactatus an amnis
ostia sub Tusci? laudas, insane, trilibrem
mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
ducit te species, video: quo pertinet ergo
proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
maiorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus:
ieiunus raro stomachus volgaria temnit.
‘porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
vellem’ ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. at vos
praesentes, Austri, coquite horum obsonia. quamquam
putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
aegrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenus
atque acidas mavolt inulas. necdum omnis abacta
pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa
infamis. quid? tunc rhombos minus aequor alebat?
tutus erat rhombus tutoque ciconia nido,
donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo
siquis nunc mergos suavis edixerit assos,

parebit pravi docilis Romana iuventus.
sordidus a tenui victu distabit Ofello
iudice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,
si te alio pravum detorseris. Avidienus,
cui Canis ex vero dictum cognomen adhaeret,
quinquennis oleas est et silvestria corna
ac nisi mutatum parcit defundere vinum et
cuius odorem olei nequeas perferre, licebit
ille repotia, natalis aliosve dierum
festos albatus celebret, cornu ipse bilibri
caulibus instillat, veteris non parcus aceti.
quali igitur victu sapiens utetur et horum
utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus atque
in neutram partem cultus miser. hic neque servis,
Albuci senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
saevus erit, nec sic ut simplex Naevius unctam
convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque
magnum.
accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum
adferat. in primis valeas bene; nam variae res
ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escae,
quae simplex olim tibi sederit. at simul assis
miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis,
dulcia se in bilem vertent stomachoque tumultum
lenta feret pitvita. vides, ut pallidus omnis
cena desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una
atque adfigit humo divinae particulam aurae.

alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori
membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.
hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam,
sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus, ubique
accedent anni, tractari mollius aetas
imbecilla volet: tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
quam puer et validus praesumis mollitiem, seu
dura valetudo inciderit seu tarda senectus?
rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus
illis nullus erat, sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius quam
integrum edax dominus consumeret. hos utinam
inter
heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.
das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem
occupet humanam? grandes rhombi patinaeque
grande ferunt una cum damno dedecus. adde
iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum
et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
as, laquei pretium. ‘iure’ inquit ‘Trausius istis
iurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna
divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus.’ ergo,
quod superat non est melius quo insumere possis?
cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare
templa ruunt antiqua deum? cur, inprobe, carae
non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
uni nimirum recte tibi semper erunt res,

o magnus posthac inimicis risus. uterne
ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic qui
pluribus adsuerit mentem corpusque superbum,
an qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri
in pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
quo magis his credas, puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
integris opibus novi non latius usum
quam nunc accisis. videas metato in agello
cum pecore et gnatis fortem mercede colonum
'non ego' narrantem 'temere edi luce profesta
quicquam praeter holus fumosae cum pede pernae.
ac mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes
sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
vicinus, bene erat non piscibus urbe petitis,
sed pullo atque haedo; tum pensilis uva secundas
et nux ornabat mensas cum duplice ficu.
post hoc ludus erat culpa potare magistra
ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.
saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus:
quantum hinc inminuet? quanto aut ego parcius aut
vos,
o pueri, nituistis, ut huc novus incola venit?
nam propriae telluris erum natura nec illum
nec me nec quemquam statuit: nos expulit ille,
illum aut nequities aut vafri inscitia iuris,
postremum expellet certe vivacior heres.
nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet in usum

nunc mihi, nunc alii. quocirca vivite fortes
fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.’

2.3

‘Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno
membranam poscas, scriptorum quaeque retexens,
iratus tibi, quod vini somnique benignus
nil dignum sermone canas. quid fiet? at ipsis
Saturnalibus huc fugisti sobrius. ergo
dic aliquid dignum promissis. incipe. nil est.
culpantur frustra calami inmeritusque laborat
iratis natus paries dis atque poetis.
atqui voltus erat multa et praeclara minantis,
si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto.
quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin, Archilochum, comites educere tantos?
invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?
contemnere miser. vitanda est inproba Siren
desidia, aut quidquid vita meliore parasti
ponendum aequo animo.’ ‘di te, Damasippe, deaeque
verum ob consilium donent tonsore. sed unde
tam bene me nosti?’ ‘postquam omnis res mea
Ianum
ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo
excussus propriis. olim nam quaerere amabam,
quo vafer ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus aere,
quid scalptum infabre, quid fusum durius esset.
callidus huic signo ponebam milia centum;
hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus
cum lucro noram; unde frequentia Mercuriale

inposuere mihi cognomen compita.' 'novi
et miror morbi purgatum te illius. atqui
emovit veterem mire novus, ut solet, in cor
traiecto lateris miseri capitisve dolore,
ut lethargicus hic cum fit pugil et medicum urget.
dum nequid simile huic, esto ut libet.' 'o bone, ne te
frustrere: insanis et tu stultique prope omnes,
siquid Stertinius veri crepat, unde ego mira
descripsi docilis praecepta haec, tempore quo me
solatus iussit sapientem pascere barbam
atque a Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
nam male re gesta cum vellem mittere operto
me capite in flumen, dexter stetit et "cave faxis
te quicquam indignum. pudor" inquit "te malus
angit,
insanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi.
primum nam inquiram, quid sit furere: hoc si erit in
te
solo, nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
quem mala stultitia et quemcumque inscitia veri
caecum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus et grex
autumat. haec populos, haec magnos formula reges,
excepto sapiente, tenet. nunc accipe, quare
desipiant omnes aeque ac tu, qui tibi nomen
insano posuere. velut silvis, ubi passim
palantis error certo de tramite pellit,
ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit, unus utrique
error, sed variis inludit partibus: hoc te

crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille
qui te deridet caudam trahat. est genus unum
stultitiae nihilum metuenda timentis, ut ignis,
ut rupes fluviosque in campo obstare queratur;
alterum et huic varum et nihilo sapientius ignis
per medios fluviosque ruentis: clamet amica
mater, honesta soror cum cognatis, pater, uxor:
'hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima: serva!'
non magis audierit, quam Fufius ebrius olim,
cum Ilionam edormit, Catienis mille ducentis
'mater, te appello' clamantibus. huic ego volgus
errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.
insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo:
integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? esto.
'accipe quod numquam reddas mihi' si tibi dicam:
tune insanus eris, si acceperis, an magis excors
reiecta praeda, quam praesens Mercurius fert?
scribe decem a Nerio: non est satis; adde Cicutae
nodosi tabulas, centum, mille adde catenas:
effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus.
cum rapies in ius malis ridentem alienis,
fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum et, cum volet,
arbor
si male rem gerere insani est, contra bene sani:
putidius multo cerebrum est, mihi crede, Perelli
dictantis, quod tu numquam rescribere possis.
audire atque togam iubeo conponere, quisquis
ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore,
quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione

aut alio mentis morbo calet: huc propius me,
dum doceo insanire omnis vos, ordine adite.
danda est ellebori multo pars maxima avaris:
nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
heredes Staberi summam incidere sepulcro,
ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum
damnati populo paria atque epulum arbitrio Arri,
frumenti quantum metit Africa. ‘sive ego prave
seu recte hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi’: credo,
hoc Staberi prudentem animum vidisse. quid ergo
sensit, cum summam patrimoni insculpere saxo
heredes voluit? quoad vixit, credidit ingens
pauperiem vitium et cavit nihil acrius, ut, si
forte minus locuples uno quadrante perisset,
ipse videretur sibi nequior. ‘omnis enim res,
virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
clarus erit, fortis, iustus.’ ‘sapiensne?’ ‘etiam, et rex
et quidquid volet.’ hoc veluti virtute paratum
speravit magnae laudi fore. quid simile isti
Graecus Aristippus? qui servos proicere aurum
in media iussit Libya, quia tardius irent
propter onus segnes. uter est insanior horum?
nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.
siquis emat citharas, emptas conportet in unum,
nec studio citharae nec Musae deditus ulli,
si scalpra et formas non sutor, nautica vela
aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
undique dicatur merito. qui discrepat istis,

qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
conpositis metuensque velut contingere sacrum?
siquis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
porrectus vigilet cum longo fuste neque illinc
audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum
ac potius foliis parcus vescatur amaris;
si positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni
mille cadis — nihil est: tercentum milibus, acre
potet acetum; age si et stramentis incubet unde-
octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
blattarum ac tinearum epulae, putrescat in arca:
nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
maxima pars hominum morbo iactatur eodem.
filius aut etiam haec libertus ut ebibat heres,
dis inimice senex custodis? ne tibi desit?
quantulum enim summae curtabit quisque dierum,
unguere si caules oleo meliore caputque
coeperis inpexa foedum porrigine? quare,
si quidvis satis est, peiuras, surripis, aufers
undique? tun sanus? populum si caedere saxis
incipias servosve tuos, quos aere pararis,
insanum te omnes pueri clamentque puellae;
cum laqueo uxorem interimis matremque veneno,
incolumi capite es? quid enim? neque tu hoc facis
Argis
nec ferro ut demens genetricem occidis Orestes.
an tu reris eum occisa insanisse parente
ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis quam
in matris iugulo ferrum tepefecit acutum?

quin, ex quo est habitus male tutae mentis Orestes,
nil sane fecit quod tu reprehendere possis:
non Pyladen ferro violare aususve sororem
Electran, tantum maledicit utrique vocando
hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, iussit quod splendida bilis.
pauper Opimius argenti positi intus et auri,
qui Veientanum festis potare diebus
Campana solitus trulla vappamque profestis,
quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus, ut heres
iam circum loculos et clavis laetus ovansque
curreret. hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis
excitat hoc pacto: mensam poni iubet atque
effundi saccos nummorum, accedere pluris
ad numerandum: hominem sic erigit; addit et illud:
'ni tua custodis, avidus iam haec auferet heres.'
'men vivo?' 'ut vivas igitur, vigila. hoc age.' 'quid vis?'
'deficient inopem venae te, ni cibus atque
ingens accedit stomacho fultura ruenti.
tu cessas? agedum sume hoc tisanarium oryzae.'
'quanti emptae?' 'parvo.' 'quanti ergo?' 'octussibus.'
'eheu,
quid refert, morbo an furtis pereamque rapinis?'
quisnam igitur sanus? qui non stultus. quid avarus?
stultus et insanus. quid, siquis non sit avarus,
continuo sanus? minime. cur, Stoice? dicam.
'non est cardiacus' Craterum dixisse putato
'hic aeger'. recte est igitur surgetque? negabit.

[quod latus aut renes morbo temptentur acuto]
non est periurus neque sordidus: inmolet aequis
hic porcum Laribus; verum ambitiosus et audax:
naviget Anticyram. quid enim differt, barathrone
dones quidquid habes an numquam utare paratis?
Servius Oppidius Canusi duo praedia, dives
antiquo censu, gnatis divisse duobus
fertur et hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis
ad lectum: ‘postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
ferre sinu laxo, donare et ludere vidi,
te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem,
extimui, ne vos ageret vesania discors,
tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.
quare per divos oratus uterque Penatis
tu cave ne minuas, tu ne maius facias id
quod satis esse putat pater et natura coercet.
praeterea ne vos titillet gloria, iure
iurando obstringam ambo: uter aedilis fueritve
vestrum praetor, is intestabilis et sacer esto.’
in cicere atque faba bona tu perdasque lupinis,
latus ut in circo spatiere et aeneus ut stes,
nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis;
scilicet ut plausus quos fert Agrippa feras tu,
astuta ingenuum volpes imitata leonem?
nequis humasse velit Aiacem, Atrida, vetas cur?
‘rex sum— ‘ nil ultra quaero plebeius. ‘ — et
aequam
rem imperito, ac sicui videor non iustus, inulto
dicere quod sentit permitto.’ maxime regum,

di tibi dent capta classem redducere Troia.
ergo consulere et mox respondere licebit?
‘consule.’ cur Aiax, heros ab Achille secundus,
putescit, totiens servatis clarus Achivis,
gaudeat ut populus Priami Priamusque inhumato,
per quem tot iuvenes patrio caruere sepulcro?
‘mille ovium insanus morti dedit, inclitum Ulixen
et Menelaum una mecum se occidere clamans.’
tu cum pro vitula statuis dulcem Aulide natam
ante aras spargisque mola caput, inprobe, salsa,
rectum animi servas? ‘quorsum?’ insanus quid enim Aiax
fecit? cum stravit ferro pecus, abstinuit vim
uxore et gnato; mala multa precatus Atridis
non ille aut Teucrum aut ipsum violavit Ulixen.
‘verum ego, ut haerentis adverso litore navis
eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine divos.’
nempe tuo, furiose? ‘meo, sed non furiosus.’
qui species alias veris scelerisque tumultu
permixtas capiet, commotus habebitur atque
stultitiane erret nihilum distabit an ira.
Aiax inmeritos cum occidit desipit agnos:
cum prudens scelus ob titulos admittis inanis,
stas animo et purum est vitio tibi cum tumidum est cor?
siquis lectica nitidam gestare amet agnam,
huic vestem ut gnatae, paret ancillas, paret aurum,
Rufam aut Pusillam appellet fortique marito

destinet uxorem: interdicto huic omne adimat ius
praetor et ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.
quid, siquis gnatam pro muta devovet agna,
integer est animi? ne dixeris. ergo ubi prava
stultitia, hic summa est insania; qui sceleratus,
et furiosus erit; quem cepit vitrea fama,
hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.
nunc age luxuriam et Nomentanum arripe mecum.
vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes.
hic simul accepit patrimoni mille talenta,
edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,
unguentarius ac Tusci turba inpia vici,
cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum
mane domum veniant. quid tum? venere frequentes,
verba facit leno: ‘quidquid mihi, quidquid et horum
cuique domi est, id crede tuum et vel nunc pete vel
cras.’
accipe quid contra haec iuvenis responderit aequus.
‘in nive Lucana dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
cenem ego; tu piscis hiberno ex aequore verris.
segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam; aufer,
sume tibi deciens; tibi tantundem; tibi triplex,
unde uxor media currit de nocte vocata.’
filius Aesopi detractam ex aure Metellae,
scilicet ut deciens solidum absorberet, aceto
diluit insignem bacam: qui sanior ac si
illud idem in rapidum flumen iaceretve cloacam?
Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum

nequitia et nugis pravorum et amore gemellum
luscinias soliti inpenso prandere coemptas,
quorsum abeant? sani ut creta, an carbone notati?
aedificare casas, plostello adiungere muris,
ludere par inpar, equitare in harundine longa
siquem delectet barbatum, amentia verset.
si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare
nec quicquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
sollicitus plores: quaero, faciasne quod olim
mutatus Polemon? ponas insignia morbi,
fasciolas, cubital, focalia, potus ut ille
dicitur ex collo furtim carpsisse coronas,
postquam est inpransi correptus voce magistri?
porrigis irato puero cum poma, recusat;
'sume, catelle': negat; si non des, optet. amator
exclusus qui distat, agit ubi secum, eat an non,
quo rediturus erat non arcessitus, et haeret
invisis foribus? 'nec nunc, cum me vocet ultro,
accedam? an potius mediter finire dolores?
exclusit; revocat: redeam? non, si obsecret.' ecce
servos, non paulo sapientior 'o ere, quae res
nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
tractari non volt. in amore haec sunt mala, bellum,
pax rursum: haec siquis tempestatis prope ritu
mobilia et caeca fluitantia sorte laboret
reddere certa sibi, nihilo plus explicet ac si
insanire paret certa ratione modoque.'
quid? cum Picenis excerpens semina pomis

gaudes, si cameram percusti forte, penes te es?
quid? cum balba feris annoso verba palato,
aedificante casas qui sanior? adde cruorem
stultitiae atque ignem gladio scrutare. modo,
inquam.
Hellade percussa Marius cum praecipitat se,
cerritus fuit? an commotae crimine mentis
absolves hominem et sceleris damnabis eundem
ex more inponens cognata vocabula rebus?
libertinus erat, qui circum compita siccus
lautis mane senex manibus currebat et ‘unum’,
— ‘quid tam magnum?’ addens — , ‘unum me
surpite morti!
dis etenim facile est’ orabat, sanus utrisque
auribus atque oculis; mentem, nisi litigiosus,
exciperet dominus, cum venderet. hoc quoque
volgus
Chrysippus ponit fecunda in gente Meneni.
‘Iuppiter, ingentis qui das adimisque dolores,’
mater ait pueri mensis iam quinque cubantis,
‘frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo
mane die, quo tu indicis ieiunia, nudus
in Tiberi stabit.’ casus medicusve levarit
aegrum ex praecipiti: mater delira necabit
in gelida fixum ripa febrimque reducet,
quone malo mentem concussa? timore deorum.”
haec mihi Stertinius, sapientum octavos, amico
arma dedit, posthac ne conpellarer inultus.
dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet atque

respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.’
‘Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris,
qua me stultitia, quoniam non est genus unum,
insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.’
‘quid, caput abscissum manibus cum portat Agaue
gnati infelicis, sibi tunc furiosa videtur?’
‘stultum me fateor — liceat concedere veris —
atque etiam insanum; tantum hoc edissere, quo me
aegrotare putes animi vitio.’ ‘accipe: primum
aedificas, hoc est longos imitaris, ab imo
ad summum totus moduli bipedalis, et idem
corpore maiorem rides Turbonis in armis
spiritum et incessum: qui ridiculus minus illo?
an, quodcumque facit Maecenas, te quoque verum
est,
tanto dissimilem et tanto certare minorem?
absentis ranae pullis vituli pede pressis
unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens
belua cognatos eliserit: illa rogare,
quantane? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuisset?
‘maior dimidio.’ ‘num tanto?’ cum magis atque
se magis inflaret, ‘non, si te ruperis,’ inquit,
‘par eris.’ haec a te non multum abludit imago.
adde poemata nunc, hoc est, oleum adde camino,
quae siquis sanus fecit, sanus facis et tu.
non dico horrendam rabiem— ‘ ‘iam desine.’ ‘ —
cultum
maiorem censu— ‘ ‘teneas, Damasippe, tuis te.’

‘ — mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores— ‘
‘o maior tandem parcas, insane, minori.’

2.4

‘Unde et quo Catius?’ ‘non est mihi tempus, aventi
ponere signa novis praeceptis, qualia vincent
Pythagoran Anytique reum doctumque Platona.’
‘peccatum fateor, cum te sic tempore laevo
interpellarim; sed des veniam bonus, oro.
quodsi interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox,
sive est naturae hoc sive artis, mirus utroque.’
‘quin id erat curae, quo pacto cuncta tenerem
utpote res tenuis, tenui sermone peractas.’
‘ede hominis nomen, simul et, Romanus an hospes.’
‘ipsa memor praecepta canam, celabitur auctor.
longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
ut suci melioris et ut magis alba rotundis,
ponere: namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.
cole suburbano qui siccis crevit in agris
dulcior: inriguo nihil est elutius horto.
si vespertinus subito te oppresserit hospes,
ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
doctus eris vivam musto mersare Falerno:
hoc teneram faciet. pratensibus optima fungis
natura est; aliis male creditur. ille salubris
aestates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
finiet, ante gravem quae legerit arbore solem.
Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno:
mendose, quoniam vacuis conmittere venis

nil nisi lene decet: leni praecordia mulso
prolueris melius. si dura morabitur alvus,
mitulus et viles pellent obstantia conchae
et lapathi brevis herba, sed albo non sine Coo.
lubrica nascentes inplent conchylia lunae;
sed non omne mare est generosae fertile testae:
murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,
ostrea Circeis, Miseno oriuntur echini,
pectinibus patulis iactat se molle Tarentum.
nec sibi cenarum quivis temere arroget artem,
non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum.
nec satis est cara piscis averrere mensa
ignarum, quibus est ius aptius et quibus assis
languidus in cubitum iam se conviva reponet.
Umber et iligna nutritus glande rotundas
curvat aper lances carnem vitantis inertem;
nam Laurens malus est, ulvis et harundine pinguis.
vinea submittit capreas non semper edulis.
fecundae leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.
piscibus atque avibus quae natura et foret aetas,
ante meum nulli patuit quaesita palatum.
sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula promit.
nequaquam satis in re una consumere curam,
ut siquis solum hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret,
quali perfundat piscis securus olivo.
Massica si caelo suppones vina sereno,
nocturna siquid crassi est tenuabitur aura
et decedet odor nervis inimicus; at illa
integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem.

Surrentina vafer qui miscet faece Falerna
vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo,
quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
tostis marcentem squillis recreabis et Afra
potorem coclea; nam lactuca innatat acri
post vinum stomacho; perna magis et magis hillis
flagitat inmorsus refici, quin omnia malit
quaecumque inmundis fervent allata popinis.
est operae pretium duplicis pernoscere iuris
naturam. simplex e dulci constat olivo,
quod pingui miscere mero muriaque decebit
non alia quam qua Byzantia putuit orca.
hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis
Corycioque croco sparsum stetit, insuper addes
pressa Venafranae quod baca remisit olivae.
Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia suco:
nam facie praestant, venucula convenit ollis;
rectius Albanam fumo duraveris uvam.
hanc ego cum malis, ego faecem primus et allec,
primus et invenior piper album cum sale nigro
incretum puris circumposuisse catillis.
inmane est vitium dare milia terna macello
angustoque vagos piscis urgere catino.
magna movet stomacho fastidia, seu puer unctis
tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurrit,
sive gravis veteri creterrae limus adhaesit.
vilibus in scopis, in mappis, in scobe quantus
consistit sumptus? neglectis flagitium ingens.
ten lapides varios lutulenta radere palma

et Tyrias dare circum inlota toralia vestis,
oblitum, quanto curam sumptumque minorem
haec habeant, tanto reprehendi iustius illis,
quae nisi divitibus nequeunt contingere mensis?'
'docte Cati, per amicitiam divosque rogatus
ducere me auditum, perges quocumque, memento.
nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cuncta,
non tamen interpres tantundem iuveris. adde
voltum habitumque hominis, quem tu vidisse beatus
non magni pendis, quia contigit; at mihi cura
non mediocris inest, fontis ut adire remotos
atque haurire queam vitae praecepta beatae.'

2.5

‘Hoc quoque, Tiresia, praeter narrata petenti
responde, quibus amissas reparare queam res
artibus atque modis. quid rides?’ ‘iamne doloso
non satis est Ithacam revehi patriosque penatis
adspicere?’ ‘o nulli quicquam mentite, vides ut
nudus inopsque domum redeam te vate, neque illic
aut apotheca procis intacta est aut pecus: atqui
et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.’
quando pauperiem missis ambagibus horres,
accipe qua ratione queas ditescere. turdus
sive aliud privum dabitur tibi, devolet illuc,
res ubi magna nitet domino sene; dulcia poma
et quoscumque feret cultus tibi fundus honores
ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives.
qui quamvis periurus erit, sine gente, cruentus
sanguine fraterno, fugitivus, ne tamen illi
tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.’
‘utne tegam spurco Damae latus? haud ita Troiae
me gessi, certans semper melioribus.’ ‘ergo
pauper eris.’ ‘fortem hoc animum tolerare iubebo;
et quondam maiora tuli. tu protinus, unde
divitias aerisque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.’
‘dixi equidem et dico: captes astutus ubique
testamenta senum neu, si vafer unus et alter
insidiatorem praeroso fugerit hamo,
aut spem deponas aut artem inlusus omittas.

magna minorve foro si res certabitur olim,
vivet uter locuples sine gnatis, inprobus, ultro
qui meliorem audax vocet in ius, illius esto
defensor; fama civem causaque priorem
sperne, domi si gnatus erit fecundave coniux.
“Quinte” puta aut “Publi” — gaudent praenomine molles
auriculae— “tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum.
ius anceps novi, causas defendere possum;
eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi quam te
contemptum cassa nuce pauperet; haec mea cura est,
nequid tu perdas neu sis iocus.” ire domum atque
pelliculam curare iube; fi cognitor ipse,
persta atque obdura: seu rubra Canicula findet
infantis statuas, seu pingui tentus omaso
Furius hibernas cana nive conspuet Alpis.
“nonne vides” aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens
inquiet, “ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?”
plures adnabunt thynni et cetaria crescent.
sicui praeterea validus male filius in re
praeclara sublatus aletur, ne manifestum
caelibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
adrepe officiosus, ut et scribare secundus
heres et, siquis casus puerum egerit Orco,
in vacuom venias: perraro haec alea fallit.
qui testamentum tradet tibi cumque legendum,
abnuere et tabulas a te removere memento,
sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo
cera velit versu; solus multisne coheres,

veloci percurre oculo. plerumque recoctus
scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem
captatorque dabit risus Nasica Corano.'
'num furis? an prudens ludis me obscura canendo?'
'o Laertiade, quidquid dicam, aut erit aut non:
divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.'
'quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, si licet, ede.'
'tempore quo iuvenis Parthis horrendus, ab alto
demissum genus Aenea, tellure marique
magnus erit, forti nubet procera Corano
filia Nasicae, metuentis reddere soldum.
tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas socero dabit atque
ut legat orabit; multum Nasica negatas
accipiet tandem et tacitus leget invenietque
nil sibi legatum praeter plorare suisque.
illud ad haec iubeo: mulier si forte dolosa
libertusve senem delirum temperet, illis
accedas socius: laudes, lauderis ut absens.
adiuvat hoc quoque, sed vincit longe prius ipsum
expugnare caput. scribet mala carmina vecors:
laudato. scortator erit: cave te roget; ultro
Penelopam facilis potiori trade.' 'putasne
perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,
quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu?'
'venit enim magnum donandi parca iuventus
nec tantum veneris quantum studiosa culinae.
sic tibi Penelope frugi est; quae si semel uno
de sene gustarit tecum partita lucellum,
ut canis a corio numquam absterrebitur uncto.

me sene quod dicam factum est. anus inproba Thebis
ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver
unctum oleo largo nudis umeris tulit heres,
scilicet elabi si posset mortua; credo,
quod nimium institerat viventi. cautus adito
neu desis operae neve immoderatus abundes.
difficilem et morosum offendet garrulus: ultra
'non' 'etiam' sileas; Davus sis comicus atque
stes capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti.
obsequio grassare; mone, si increbruit aura,
cautus uti velet carum caput; extrahe turba
oppositis umeris; aurem substringe loquaci.
inportunus amat laudari: donec 'ohe iam'
ad caelum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge:
crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.
cum te servitio longo curaque levarit,
et certum vigilans "quartae sit partis Ulixes"
audieris "heres": "ergo nunc Dama sodalis
nusquam est? unde mihi tam fortem tamque
fidelem?"
sparge subinde et, si paulum potes inlacrimare, est
gaudia prodentem voltum celare. sepulcrum
permissum arbitrio sine sordibus exstrue: funus
egregie factum laudet vicinia. siquis
forte coheredum senior male tussiet, huic tu
dic, ex parte tua seu fundi sive domus sit
emptor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. sed me
imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive valeque.'

2.6

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons
et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius atque
di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
si neque maiorem feci ratione mala rem
nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem,
si veneror stultus nihil horum ‘o si angulus ille
proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!’
‘o si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret, ut illi,
thesauro invento qui mercennarius agrum
illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule!’, si quod adest gratum iuvat, hac prece te
oro:
pingue pecus domino facias et cetera praeter
ingenium, utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
quid prius inlustrem saturis musaque pedestri?
nec mala me ambitio perdit nec plumbeus auster
autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.
Matutine pater, seu Iane libentius audis,
unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
instituunt — sic dis placitum — , tu carminis esto
principium. Romae sponsorem me rapis: ‘eia,
ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge.’

sive aquilo radit terras seu bruma nivalem
interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
postmodo quod mi obsit clare certumque locuto
luctandum in turba et facienda iniuria tardis.
‘quid tibi vis, insane?’ et ‘quam rem agis?’ inprobus urget
iratis precibus, ‘tu pulses omne quod obstat,
ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.’
hoc iuvat et melli est, non mentiar. at simul atras
ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum
per caput et circa saliunt latus. ‘ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.’
‘de re communi scribae magna atque nova te
orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.’
‘inprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.’
dixeris: ‘experiar’: ‘si vis, potes,’ addit et instat.
septimus octavo propior iam fugerit annus,
ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum
in numero, dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere raeda
vellet iter faciens et cui concredere nugas
hoc genus: ‘hora quota est?’ ‘Thraex est Gallina Syro par?’
‘matutina parum cautos iam frigora mordent’,
et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
per totum hoc tempus subiectior in diem et horam
invidiae noster. ludos spectaverat, una
luserat in campo: ‘fortunae filius’ omnes.
frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor:
quicumque obvius est, me consulit: ‘o bone — nam

te
scire, deos quoniam propius contingis oportet — ,
numquid de Dacis audisti?' 'nil equidem.' 'ut tu
semper eris derisor.' 'at omnes di exagitent me,
si quicquam.' 'quid? militibus promissa Triquetra
praedia Caesar an est Itala tellure daturus?'
iurantem me scire nihil mirantur ut unum
scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
perditur haec inter misero lux non sine votis:
o rus, quando ego te adspiciam quandoque licebit
nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
ducere sollicitae iucunda oblivia vitae?
o quando faba Pythagorae cognata simulque
uncta satis pingui ponentur holuscula lardo?
o noctes cenaeque deum, quibus ipse meique
ante Larem proprium vescor vernasque procacis
pasco libatis dapibus. prout cuique libido est,
siccat inaequalis calices conviva solutus
legibus insanis, seu quis capit acria fortis
pocula seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo
sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
nec male necne Lepos saltet; sed, quod magis ad nos
pertinet et nescire malum est, agitamus, utrumne
divitiis homines an sint virtute beati,
quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos
et quae sit natura boni summumque quid eius.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit anilis
ex re fabellas. siquis nam laudat Arelli
sollicitas ignarus opes, sic incipit: 'olim

rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum,
asper et attentus quaesitis, ut tamen artum
solveret hospitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
sepositi ciceris nec longae invidit avenae,
aridum et ore ferens acinum semesaque lardi
frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cena
vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo,
cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
tandem urbanus ad hunc "quid te iuvat" inquit,
"amice,
praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
vis tu homines urbemque feris praeponere silvis?
carpe viam, mihi crede, comes, terrestria quando
mortalis animas vivunt sortita neque ulla est
aut magno aut parvo leti fuga: quo, bone, circa,
dum licet, in rebus iucundis vive beatus,
vive memor, quam sis aevi brevis." haec ubi dicta
agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit; inde
ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
moenia nocturni subrepere. iamque tenebat
nox medium caeli spatium, cum ponit uterque
in locuplete domo vestigia, rubro ubi cocco
tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos
multaque de magna superessent fercula cena,
quae procul exstructis inerant hesterna canistris.
ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
agrestem, veluti succinctus cursitat hospes

continuatque dapes nec non verniliter ipsis
fungitur officiis, praelambens omne quod adfert.
ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte bonisque
rebus agit laetum convivam, cum subito ingens
valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
currere per totum pavidi conclave magisque
exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
personuit canibus. tum rusticus: “haud mihi vita
est opus hac” ait et “valeas: me silva cavosque
tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.”’

2.7

‘Iamdudum ausculto et cupiens tibi dicere servos
pauca reformido.’ ‘Davusne?’ ‘ita, Davus, amicum
mancipium domino et frugi quod sit satis, hoc est,
ut vitale putes.’ ‘age libertate Decembri,
quando ita maiores voluerunt, utere: narra.’
‘pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter et urget
propositum; pars multa natat, modo recta capessens,
interdum pravis obnoxia. saepe notatus
cum tribus anellis, modo laeva Priscus inani
vixit inaequalis, clavum ut mutaret in horas,
aedibus ex magnis subito se conderet unde
mundior exiret vix libertinus honeste;
iam moechus Romae, iam mallet doctus Athenis
vivere, Vortumnis quotquot sunt natus iniquis.
scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta cheragra
contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret atque
mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurna
conductum pavit: quanto constantior isdem
in vitiis, tanto levius miser ac prior illo
qui iam contento, iam laxo fune laborat.’
‘non dices hodie, quorsum haec tam putida tendant,
furcifer?’ ‘ad te, inquam.’ ‘quo pacto, pessime?’
‘laudas
fortunam et mores antiquae plebis, et idem,
siquis ad illa deus subito te agat, usque recuses,
aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse,

aut quia non firmus rectum defendis et haeres
nequiquam caeno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romae rus optas; absentem rusticus urbem
tollis ad astra levis. si nusquam es forte vocatus
ad cenam, laudas securum holus ac, velut usquam
vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis amasque,
quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. iusserit ad se
Maecenas serum sub lumina prima venire
convivam: “nemon oleum fert ocius? ecquis
audit?” cum magno blateras clamore fugisque.
Mulvius et scurrae, tibi non referenda precati,
discedunt. “etenim fateor me” dixerit ille
“duci ventre levem, nasum nidore supinor,
inbecillus, iners, siquid vis, adde, popino.
tu cum sis quod ego et fortassis nequior, ultro
insectere velut melior verbisque decoris
obvolvas vitium?” quid, si me stultior ipso
quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis? aufer
me voltu terrere; manum stomachumque teneto,
dum quae Crispini docuit me ianitor edo.
te coniunx aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius? acris ubi me
natura intendit, sub clara nuda lucerna
quaecumque excepit turgentis verbera caudae
clunibus aut agitavit equum lasciva supinum,
dimittit neque famosum neque sollicitum, ne
ditior aut formae melioris meiat eodem.
tu cum proiectis insignibus, anulo equestri
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex iudice Dama,

turpis odoratum caput obscurante lacerna,
non es quod simulas? metuens induceris atque
altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.
quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
auctoratus eas, an turpi clausus in arca,
quo te demisit peccati conscia erilis,
contractum genibus tangas caput? estne marito
matronae peccantis in ambo iusta potestas,
in corruptorem vel iustior? illa tamen se
non habitu mutatve loco peccatve superne,
cum te formidet mulier neque credat amanti.
ibis sub furcam prudens dominoque furenti
conmittes rem omnem et vitam et cum corpore famam
evasti: credo, metues doctusque cavebis:
quaeres, quando iterum paveas iterumque perire
possis, o totiens servus. quae belua ruptis,
cum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
“non sum moechus” ais. neque ego hercule fur, ubi vasa
praetereo sapiens argentea. tolle periclum:
iam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.
tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
tot tantisque minor, quem ter vindicta quaterque
inposita haud umquam misera formidine privet?
adde super, dictis quod non levius valeat; nam,
sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos
vester ait, seu conservus, tibi quid sum ego? nempe

tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser atque
duceris ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.
quisnam igitur liber? sapiens sibi qui imperiosus,
quem neque pauperies neque mors neque vincula
terrent,
responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
externi nequid valeat per leve morari,
in quem manca ruit semper fortuna. potesne
ex his ut proprium quid noscere? quinque talenta
poscit te mulier, vexat foribusque repulsum
perfundit gelida, rursus vocat: eripe turpi
colla iugo liber, “liber sum” dic age. non quis.
urget enim dominus mentem non lenis et acris
subiectat lasso stimulos versatque negantem.
vel cum Pausiaca torpes, insane, tabella,
qui peccas minus atque ego, cum Fulvi Rutubaeque
aut Pacideiani contento poplite miror
proelia rubrica picta aut carbone, velut si
re vera pugnent, feriant vitentque moventes
arma viri? nequam et cessator Davus; at ipse
subtilis veterum iudex et callidus audis.
nil ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
virtus atque animus cenis responsat opimis?
obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est cur?
tergo plector enim. qui tu inpunitior illa,
quae parvo sumi nequeunt, obsonia captas?
nempe inamarescunt epulae sine fine petitae
inlusique pedes vitiosum ferre recusant

corpus. an hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam
furtiva mutat strigili: qui praedia vendit,
nil servile gulae parens habet? adde, quod idem
non horam tecum esse potes, non otia recte
ponere teque ipsum vitas fugitivus et erro,
iam vino quaerens, iam somno fallere curam,
frustra: nam comes atra premit sequiturque
fugacem.’
‘unde mihi lapidem?’ ‘quorsum est opus?’ ‘unde
sagittas?’
‘aut insanit homo aut versus facit.’ ‘ocius hinc te
ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.’

2.8

‘Ut Nasidieni iuvit te cena beati?
nam mihi quaerenti convivam dictus here illic
de medio potare die.’ ‘sic, ut mihi numquam
in vita fuerit melius.’ ‘da, si grave non est,
quae prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.’
‘in primis Lucanus aper: leni fuit austro
captus, ut aiebat cenae pater: acria circum
rapula, lactucae, radices, qualia lassum
pervellunt stomachum, siser, allec, faecula Coa.
his ut sublatis puer alte cinctus acernam
gausape purpureo mensam pertersit et alter
sublegit quodcumque iaceret inutile quodque
posset cenantis offendere, ut Attica virgo
cum sacris Cereris procedit fuscus Hydaspes
Caecuba vina ferens, Alcon Chium maris expers.
hic erus “Albanum, Maecenas, sive Falernum
te magis adpositis delectat, habemus utrumque.”’
‘divitias miseras! sed quis cenantibus una,
Fundani, pulcre fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.’
‘summus ego et prope me Viscus Thurinus et infra,
si memini, Varius; cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Maecenas adduxerat umbras.
Nomentanus erat super ipsum, Porcius infra,
ridiculus totas semel absorbere placentas;
Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, siquid forte lateret,

indice monstraret digito; nam cetera turba,
nos, inquam, cenamus avis, conchylia, piscis,
longe dissimilem noto celantia sucum,
ut vel continuo patuit, cum passeris atque
ingustata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi.
post hoc me docuit melimela rubere minorem
ad lunam delecta. quid hoc intersit, ab ipso
audieris melius. tum Vibidius Balatroni
“nos nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti,”
et calices poscit maiores. vertere pallor
tum parochi faciem nil sic metuentis ut acris
potores, vel quod maledicunt liberius vel
fervida quod subtile exsurdant vina palatum.
invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota
Vibidius Balatroque secutis omnibus: imi
convivae lecti nihilum nocuere lagoenis.
adfertur squillas inter murena natantis
in patina porrecta. sub hoc erus “haec gravida”
inquit
“capta est, deterior post partum carne futura.
his mixtum ius est: oleo, quod prima Venafri
pressit cella; garo de sucis piscis Hiberi;
vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,
dum coquitur — cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non
hoc magis ullum aliud — ; pipere albo, non sine
aceto,
quod Methymnaeam vitio mutaverit uvam.
erucas viridis, inulas ego primus amaras
monstravi incoquere; inlutos Curtillus echinos,

ut melius muria quod testa marina remittat.”
interea suspensa gravis aulaea ruinas
in patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri
quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
nos maius veriti, postquam nihil esse pericli
sensimus, erigimur; Rufus posito capite, ut si
filius inmaturus obisset, flere. quis esset
finis, ni sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum
tolleret: “heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
te deus? ut semper gaudes inludere rebus
humanis!” Varius mappa conpescere risum
vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso
“haec est condicio vivendi” aiebat, “eoque
responsura tuo numquam est par fama labori.
tene, ut ego accipiar laute, torquerier omni
sollicitudine districtum, ne panis adustus,
ne male conditum ius adponatur, ut omnes
praecincti recte pueri comptique ministrent.
adde hos praeterea casus, aulaea ruant si,
ut modo; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso.
sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
adversae nudare solent, celare secundae.”
Nasidienus ad haec “tibi di, quaecumque preceris,
commoda dent: ita vir bonus es convivaque comis”
et soleas poscit. tum in lecto quoque videres
stridere secreta divisos aure susurros.’
‘nullos his mallem ludos spectasse; sed illa
redde age quae deinceps risisti.’ ‘Vibidius dum
quaerit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagoena,

quod sibi poscenti non dentur pocula, dumque
ridetur fictis rerum Balatrone secundo,
Nasidiene, redis mutatae frontis, ut arte
emendaturus fortunam; deinde secuti
mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes
membra gruis sparsi sale multo non sine farre,
pinguibus et ficis pastum iecur anseris albae
et leporum avolsos, ut multo suavius, armos,
quam si cum lumbis quis edit. tum pectore adusto
vidimus et merulas poni et sine clune palumbis,
suavis res, si non causas narraret earum et
naturas dominus; quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
ut nihil omnino gustaremus, velut illis
Canidia adflasset, peior serpentibus Afris.’

EPODES

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I

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
amice, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
subire, Maecenas, tuo:
quid nos, quibus te vita sit superstite
iucunda, si contra, gravis?
utrumne iussi persequemur otium
non dulce, ni tecum simul,
an hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
qua ferre non mollis viros?
feremus et te vel per Alpium iuga
inhospitalem et Caucasum
vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
forti sequemur pectore.
roges, tuom labore quid iuvem meo,
inbellis ac firmus parum?
comes minore sum futurus in metu,
qui maior absentis habet:
ut adsidens inplumibus pullis avis
serpentium adlapsus timet
magis relictis, non, ut adsit, auxili
latura plus praesentibus.
libenter hoc et omne militabitur
bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
non ut iuvencis inligata pluribus
aratra nitantur meis

pecusve Calabris ante Sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascuis
neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circaea tangat moenia:
satis superque me benignitas tua
ditavit, haud paravero
quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
discinctus aut perdam nepos.

II

‘Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bubus exercet suis
solutus omni faenore
neque excitatur classico miles truci
neque horret iratum mare
forumque vitat et superba civium
potentiorum limina.
ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
altas maritat populos
aut in reducta valle mugientium
prospectat errantis greges
inutilisque falce ramos amputans
feliciores inserit
aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris
aut tondet infirmas ovis.
vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
certantem et uvam purpurae,
qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium.
libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
modo in tenaci gramine:
labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,
queruntur in Silvis aves

frondesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
somnos quod invitet levis.
at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
imbris nivisque conparat,
aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
apros in obstantis plagas
aut amite levi rara tendit retia
turdis edacibus dolos
pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
iucunda captat praemia.
quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
haec inter obliviscitur?
quodsi pudica mulier in partem iuvet
domum atque dulcis liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta Solibus
pernicis uxor Apuli,
sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
lassi Sub adventum viri
claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
distenta siccet ubera
et horna dulci vina promens dolio
dapes inemptas adparet:
non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
magisve rhombus aut scari,
siquos Eois intonata fluctibus
hiems ad hoc vertat mare,
non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
non attagen Ionicus
iucundior quam lecta de pinguissimis

oliva ramis arborum
aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
malvae salubres corpori
vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus
vel haedus ereptus lupo.
has inter epulas ut iuvat pastas ovis
videre properantis domum,
videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
collo trahentis languido
positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
circum renidentis Laris.’
haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
iam iam futurus rusticus,
omnem redegit idibus pecuniam,
quaerit kalendis ponere.

III

Parentis olim siquis inpia manu
senile guttur fregerit,
edit cicutis alium nocentius.
o dura messorum ilia.
quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
num viperinus his cruor
incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
ut Argonautas praeter omnis candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
ignota tauris inligaturum iuga
perunxit hoc Iasonem,
hoc delibutis ulta donis paelicem
serpente fugit alite.
nec tantus umquam Siderum insedit vapor
siticulosae Apuliae
nec munus umeris efficacis Herculis
inarsit aestuosius.
at siquid umquam tale concupiveris,
iocose Maecenas, precor,
manum puella savio opponat tuo,
extrema et in sponda cubet.

IV

Lupis et agnis quanta Sortito obtigit,
tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus
et crura dura compede.
licet superbus ambules pecunia,
fortuna non mutat genus.
videsne, sacram metiente te viam
cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
liberrima indignatio?
‘sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
praeconis ad fastidium
arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
et Appiam mannis terit
sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
Othone contempto sedet.
quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
rostrata duci pondere
contra latrones atque servilem manum
hoc, hoc tribuno militum?’

V

‘At o deorum quidquid in caelo regit
terras et humanum genus,
quid iste fert tumultus aut quid omnium
voltus in unum me truces?
per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris adfuit,
per hoc inane purpurae decus precor,
per inprobaturum haec Iovem,
quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
petita ferro belua?’
ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
insignibus raptis puer,
inpube corpus, quale posset inpia
mollire Thracum pectora:
Canidia, brevibus illigata viperis
crinis et incomptum caput,
iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
iubet cupressos funebris
et uncta turpis ova ranae Sanguine
plumamque nocturnae strigis
herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
mittit venenorum ferax,
et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
flammis aduri Colchicis.
at expedita Sagana, per totam domum
spargens Avernalis aquas,

horret capillis ut marinus asperis
echinus aut Laurens aper.
abacta nulla Veia conscientia
ligonibus duris humum
exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
quo posset infossus puer
longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
inemori spectaculo,
cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
suspensa mento corpora;
exsucta uti medulla et aridum iecur
amoris esset poculum,
interminato cum semel fixae cibo
intabuissent pupulae.
non defuisse masculae libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam
et otiosa credidit Neapolis
et omne vicinum oppidum,
quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
lunamque caelo deripit.
hic inresectum saeva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem
quid dixit aut quid tacuit? ‘o rebus meis
non infideles arbitrae,
Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,
arcana cum fiunt sacra,
nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostilis domos
iram atque numen vertite.
formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae

dulci sopore languidae,
senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
latrent Suburanae canes
nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
meae laborarint manus.
quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
venena Medeae valent,
quibus Superbam fugit ulta paelicem,
magni Creontis filiam,
cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
incendio nuptam abstulit?
atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
radix fefellit me locis.
indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
oblivione paelicum?
a, a, solutus ambulat veneficae
scientioris carmine.
non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
o multa fleturum caput,
ad me recurres nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus.
maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
fastidienti poculum
priusque caelum Sidet inferius mari
tellure porrecta super
quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
bitumen atris ignibus.'
sub haec puer iam non, ut ante, mollibus
lenire verbis inpias,

sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
misit Thyesteas preces:
‘venena maga non fas nefasque, non valent
convertere humanam vicem.
diris agam vos: dira detestatio
nulla expiatur victima.
quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
nocturnus occurram Furor
petamque voltus umbra curvis unguibus,
quae vis deorum est Manium,
et inquietis adsidens praecordiis
pavore somnos auferam.
vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
contundet obscaenas anus;
post insepulta membra different lupi
et Esquilinae alites
neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
effugerit spectaculum.’

VI

Quid inmerentis hospites vexas, canis
ignavos adversum lupos?
quin huc inanis, si potes, vertis minas
et me remorsurum petis?
nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvos Lacon,
amica vis pastoribus,
agam per altas aure sublata nivis
quaecumque praecedet fera;
tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
proiectum odoraris cibum.
cave, cave, namque in malos asperrimus
parata tollo cornua,
qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
aut acer hostis Bupalo.
an si quis atro dente me petiverit,
inultus ut flebo puer?

VII

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
aptantur enses conditi?
parumne campis atque Neptuno super
fusum est Latini sanguinis,
non ut superbas invidae Karthaginis
Romanus arces ureret,
intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
sacra catenatus via,
sed ut Secundum vota Parthorum sua
Vrbs haec periret dextera?
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
umquam nisi in dispar feris.
furorne caecos an rapit vis acrior
an culpa? responsum date.
tacent et albus ora pallor inficit
mentesque perculsae Stupent.
sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
scelusque fraternae necis,
ut inmerentis fluxit in terram Remi
sacer nepotibus cruor.

VIII

Rogare longo putidam te saeculo,
viris quid enervet meas,
cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
frontem senectus exaret
hietque turpis inter aridas natis
podex velut crudae bovis.
sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres
equina quales ubera
venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
exile suris additum.
esto beata, funus atque imagines
ducant triumphales tuom
nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
onusta bacis ambulet.
quid? quod libelli Stoici inter Sericos
iacere pulvillos amant,
inlitterati num minus nervi rigent
minusve languet fascinum?
quod ut superbo povoces ab inguine,
ore adlaborandum est tibi.

IX

Quando repositum Caecubum ad festas dapes
victore laetus Caesare
tecum sub alta — sic Iovi gratum — domo,
beate Maecenas, bibam
sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
dux fugit ustis navibus
minatus Vrbi vincla, quae detraxerat
servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus eheu — posteri negabitis —
emancipatus feminae
fert vallum et arma miles et spadonibus
servire rugosis potest
interque signa turpe militaria
sol adspicit conopium.
ad hunc frementis verterunt bis mille equos
Galli canentes Caesarem
hostiliumque navium portu latent
puppes sinistrorsum citae.
io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos
currus et intactas boves?
io Triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
bello reportasti ducem
neque Africanum, cui super Karthaginem
virtus Sepulcrum condidit.

terra marique victus hostis Punico
    lugubre mutavit sagum.
aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
    ventis iturus non suis
exercitatas aut petit Syrtis noto
    aut fertur incerto mari.
capaciores adfer huc, puer, Scyphos
    et Chia vina aut Lesbia
vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
    metire nobis Caecubum.
curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
    dulci Lyaeo solvere.

X

Mala soluta navis exit alite
ferens olentem Mevium.
ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus;
niger rudentis Eurus inverso mari
fractosque remos differat;
insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
frangit trementis ilics;
nec sidus atra nocte amicum adpareat,
qua tristis Orion cadit;
quietiore nec feratur aequore
quam Graia victorum manus,
cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
in inpiam Aiacis ratem.
o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
tibique pallor luteus
et illa non virilis heiulatio
preces et aversum ad Iovem,
Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
Noto carinam ruperit
opima quodsi praeda curvo litore
porrecta mergos iuverit,
libidinosus immolabitur caper
et agna Tempestatibus.

XI

Petti, nihil me sicut antea iuvat
scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
amore, qui me praeter omnis expetit
mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.
heu me, per Vrbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
fabula quanta fui, conviviorum et paenitet,
in quis amantem languor et silentium
arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
‘contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
pauperis ingenium’ querebar adplorans tibi,
simul calentis inverecundus deus
fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
‘quodsi meis inaestuet praecordiis
libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividat
fomenta volnus nil malum levantia,
desinet inparibus certare submotus pudor.’
ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
vincere mollitia amor Lycisci me tenet;
unde expedire non amicorum queant
libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,

sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

XII

Quid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris?
munera quid mihi quidve tabellas
mittis nec firmo iuveni neque naris obesae?
namque sagacius unus odoror,
polypus an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis
quam canis acer ubi lateat sus.
qui sudor vietis et quam malus undique membris
crescit odor, cum pene Soluto
indomitam properat rabiem sedare, neque illi
iam manet umida creta colorque
stercore fucatus crocodili iamque Subando
tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit.
vel mea cum saevis agitat fastidia verbis:
‘Inachia langues minus ac me;
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi Semper ad unum
mollis opus. pereat male quae te
Lesbia quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem.
cum mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervos
quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret.
muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
ne foret aequalis inter conviva, magis quem
diligeret mulier sua quam te.
o ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acris
agna lupos capreaeque leones!’

XIII

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit et imbres
nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc siluae
Threicio Aquilone sonant. rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die dumque virent genua
et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
reducet in sedem vice. nunc et Achaemenio
perfundi nardo iuvat et fide Cyllenea
levare diris pectora Sollicitudinibus,
nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
‘invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois,
unde tibi reditum certo Subtemine Parcae
rupere, nec mater domum caerula te revehet.
illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus adloquiis.’

XIV

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
oblivionem sensibus,
pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
arente fauce traxerim,
candide Maecenas, occidis Saepe rogando:
deus, deus nam me vetat
inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
ad umbilicum adducere.
non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
non elaboratum ad pedem.
ureris ipse miser: quodsi non pulcrior ignis
accendit obsessam Ilion,
gaude sorte tua; me libertina, nec uno
contenta, Phryne macerat.

XV

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
inter minora sidera,
cum tu, magnorum numen laesura deorum,
in verba iurabas mea,
artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex
lentis adhaerens bracchiis;
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
turbaret hibernum mare
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
fore hunc amorem mutuom,
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera:
nam siquid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes
et quaeret iratus parem
nec semel offensi cedet constantia formae,
si certus intrarit dolor.
et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
superbus incedis malo,
sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
tibique Pactolus fluat
nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati
formaque vincas Nirea,
heu heu, translatos alio maerebis amores,
ast ego vicissim risero.

XVI

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
aemula nec virtus Capuae nec Spartacus acer
novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox
nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube
parentibusque abominatus Hannibal:
inpia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas
ferisque rursus occupabitur solum:
barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et Vrbem
eques sonante verberabit ungula,
quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
(nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars,
malis carere quaeritis laboribus;
nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocaeorum
velut profugit exsecrata civitas
agros atque lares patrios habitandaque fana
apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
Notus vocabit aut protervos Africus.
sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? Secunda
ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
sed iuremus in haec: ‘simul imis saxa renarint
vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;

neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus
novaque monstra iunxerit libidine
mirus amor, iuvet ut tigris subsidere cervis,
adulteretur et columba miluo,
credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones
ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.'
haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulcis
eamus omnis exsecrata civitas
aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
inominata perpremat cubilia.
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
nos manet Oceanus circum vagus: arva beata
petamus, arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi cererem tellus inarata quotannis
et inputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae
suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae
refertque tenta grex amicus ubera
nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile
nec intumescit alta viperis humus;
pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,

utrumque rege temperante caelitum.
non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus
neque inpudica Colchis intulit pedem,
non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
laboriosa nec cohors Vlixei.
nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.
Iuppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,
ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum,
aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

XVII

‘Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae,
supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
per et Dianae non movenda numina,
per atque libros carminum valentium
refixa caelo devocare sidera,
Canidia: parce vocibus tandem sacris
citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
in quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat.
unxere matres Iliae additum feris
alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit
heu pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
saetosa duris exuere pellibus
laboriosi remiges Vlixei
volente Circa membra; tunc mens et sonus
relapsus atque notus in voltus honor.
dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,
amata nautis multum et institoribus.
fugit iuventas et verecundus color
reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida,
tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
nullum a labore me reclinat otium;
urget diem nox et dies noctem neque est
levare tenta spiritu praecordia.

ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina
caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
quid amplius vis? o mare et terra, ardeo,
quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore nec Sicana fervida
virens in Aetna flamma; tu, donec cinis
iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
cales venenis officina Colchicis.
quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium?
effare; iussas cum fide poenas luam,
paratus expiare, seu poposceris
centum iuvencos sive mendaci lyra
voles sonare: ‘‘tu pudica, tu proba
perambulabis astra sidus aureum.’’
infamis Helenae Castor offensus vice
fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
adempta vati reddidere lumina:
et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus
neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
novendialis dissipare pulveres.
tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus
tuosque venter Pactumeius et tuo
cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera.’
‘quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.

inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
volgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
et Esquilini pontifex venefici
inpune ut Vrbem nomine inpleris meo?
quid proderat ditasse Paelignas anus
velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
sed tardiora fata te votis manent:
ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
egens benignae Tantalus semper dapis,
optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
in monte saxum; sed vetant leges Iovis.
voles modo altis desilire turribus,
frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo
modo ense pectus Norico recludere
fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques
meaeque terra cedet insolentiae.
an quae movere cereas imagines,
ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitus?’

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CARMEN SAECVLARE

Liber I

I

Maecenas atauis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo puluerem Olympicum
collegisse iuuat metaque feruidis
euitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos euehit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo
quicquid de Libycis uerritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam demoueas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pauidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec ueteris pocula Massici
nec partem solido demere de die
spernit, nunc uiridi membra sub arbuto
stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
Multos castra iuuant et lituo tubae
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
detestata. Manet sub Ioue frigido
uenator tenerae coniugis inmemor,

seu uisa est catulis cerua fidelibus,
seu rupit teretis Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederae praemia frontium
dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leues cum Satyris chori
secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis uatibus inseres,
sublimi feriam sidera uertice.

II

Iam satis terris niuis atque dirae
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
terruit Vrbem,

terruit gentis, graue ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae noua monstra questae,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
uisere montis,

piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pauidae natarunt
aequore dammae.

Vidimus flauom Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco uiolenter undis
ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestae,

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, uagus et sinistra
labitur ripa Ioue non probante
uxorius amnis.

Audiet ciuis acuisse ferrum,
quo graues Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas uitio parentum
rara iuuentus.

Quem uocet diuum populus ruentis
imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent
uirgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partis scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem uenias precamur,
nube candentis umeros amictus,
augur Apollo,

siue tu mauis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circumuolat et Cupido,
siue neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis, auctor,

heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem iuuat clamor galeaeque leues,
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
uoltus in hostem,

siue mutata iuuenem figura
ales in terris imitaris, almae
filius Maiae, patiens uocari
Caesaris ultor.

Serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neue te nostris vitiis iniquum
    ocior aura

tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
    te duce, Caesar.

III

Sic te diua potens Cypri,
sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
uentorumque regat pater
obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,
nauis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium; finibus Atticis
reddas incolumem precor
et serues animae dimidium meae.
Illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
quo non arbiter Hadriae
maior, tollere seu ponere uolt freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
qui uidit mare turbidum et
infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam deus abscidit
prudens Oceano dissociabili
terras, si tamen impiae
non tangenda rates transiliunt uada.
Audax omnia perpeti
gens humana ruit per uetitum nefas;

audax Iapeti genus
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit;
post ignem aetheria domo
subductum macies et noua febrium
terris incubuit cohors
semotique prius tarda necessitas
leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus uacuum Daedalus aera
pennis non homini datis;
perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est;
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
per nostrum patimur scelus
iracunda Iouem ponere fulmina.

IV

Soluitur acris hiems grata uice ueris et Fauoni
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum grauis Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens uisit officinas.
Nunc decet aut uiridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae;
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna siue malit haedo.
Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turris. O beate Sesti,
uitae summa breuis spem nos uetat inchoare
longam.
Iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes
et domus exilis Plutonia, quo simul mearis,
nec regna uini sortiere talis
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuuentus
nunc omnis et mox uirgines tepebunt.

V

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flauam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? Heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora uentis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper uacuam, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis. Miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. Me tabula sacer
uotiua paries indicat uuida
suspendisse potenti
uestimenta maris deo.

VI

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
uictor, Maeonii carminis alite,
quam rem cumque ferox nauibus aut equis
    miles te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec grauem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii,
nec cursus duplicis per mare Vlixei
    nec saeuam Pelopis domum

conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
inbellisque lyrae Musa potens uetat
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
    culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut puluere Troico
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
    Tydiden superis parem?

Nos conuiuia, nos proelia uirginum
sectis in iuuenes unguibus acrium
cantamus, uacui siue quid urimur
    non praeter solitum leues.

VII

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Ephesum bimarisue Corinthi
moenia uel Baccho Thebas uel Apolline Delphos
insignis aut Thessala Tempe;
sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique decerptam fronti praeponere oliuam;
plurimus in Iunonis honorem
aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas:
me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae
quam domus Albuneae resonantis
et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
mobilibus pomaria riuis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbris
perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam uitaeque labores
molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora populea fertur uinxisse corona,
sic tristis affatus amicos:
‘Quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro:
certus enim promisit Apollo
ambiguam tellure noua Salamina futuram.
O fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe uiri, nunc uino pellite curas;
cras ingens iterabimus aequor.’

VIII

Lydia, dic, per omnis
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere, cur apricum
oderit Campum, patiens pulueris atque solis,
cur neque militaris
inter aequalis equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
temperet ora frenis.
Cur timet flauum Tiberim tangere? Cur oliuum
sanguine uiperino
cautius uitat neque iam liuida gestat armis
bracchia, saepe disco
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?
quid latet, ut marinae
filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troia
funera, ne uirilis
cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet cateruas?

IX

Vides ut alta stet niue candidum
Soracte nec iam sustineant onus
    siluae laborantes geluque
    flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolue frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
    deprome quadrimum Sabina,
    o Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte diuis cetera, qui simul
strauere uentos aequore feruido
    deproeliantis, nec cupressi
    nec ueteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et
quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
     adpone nec dulcis amores
    sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

donec uirenti canities abest
morosa. Nunc et Campus et areae
    lenesque sub noctem susurri
     composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
    pignusque dereptum lacertis
    aut digito male pertinaci.

X

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
uoce formasti catus et decorae
more palaestrae,

te canam, magni Iouis et deorum
nuntium curuaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum quicquid placuit iocoso
condere furto.

Te, boues olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
uoce dum terret, uiduus pharetra
risit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio diues Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae
castra fefellit.

Tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus uirgaque leuem coerces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis.

XI

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. Vt melius quicquid erit pati!
Seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum, sapias, uina liques et spatio breui
spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit inuida
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

XII

Quem uirum aut heroa lyra uel acri
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? Cuius recinet iocosa
nomen imago

aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
aut super Pindo gelidoue in Haemo?
Vnde uocalem temere insecutae
Orphea siluae

arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celerisque uentos,
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare ac terras uariisque mundum
temperat horis?

Vnde nil maius generatur ipso
nec uiget quicquam simile aut secundum;
proximos illi tamen occupabit
Pallas honores.

Proeliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et saeuis inimica uirgo
beluis, nec te, metuende certa
Phoebe sagitta.

Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledae,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt uenti fugiuntque nubes
et minax, quod sic uoluere, ponto
unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
prodigum Paulum superante Poeno
gratus insigni referam Camena
Fabriciumque.

Hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeua paupertas et auitus apto
cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto uelut arbor aeuo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnis
Iulium sidus, uelut inter ignis
luna minores.

Gentis humanae pater atque custos,
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentis
egerit iusto domitos triumpho
siue subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

te minor laetum reget aequus orbem:
tu graui curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
fulmina lucis.

XIII

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
ceruicem roseam, cerea Telephi
laudas bracchia, uae, meum
feruens difficili bile tumet iecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet, umor et in genas
furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Vror, seu tibi candidos
turparunt umeros inmodicae mero
rixae, siue puer furens
inpressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
laedentem oscula, quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et amplius
quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis
diuolsus querimoniis
suprema citius soluet amor die.

XIV

O nauis, referent in mare te noui
fluctus. O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
portum. Nonne uides ut
nudum remigio latus,

et malus celeri saucius Africo
antemnaque gemant ac sine funibus
uix durare carinae
possint imperiosius

aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
non di, quos iterum pressa uoces malo.
Quamuis Pontica pinus,
siluae filia nobilis,

iactes et genus et nomen inutile:
nil pictis timidus nauita puppibus
fidit. Tu, nisi uentis
debes ludibrium, caue.

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non leuis,
interfusa nitentis
uites aequora Cycladas.

XV

Pastor cum traheret per freta nauibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeris obruit otio
    uentos ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: ‘Mala ducis aui domum
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
    et regnum Priami uetus.

Heu, heu, quantus equis, quantus adest uiris
sudor! Quanta moues funera Dardanae
genti! Iam galeam Pallas et aegida
    currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
inbelli cithara carmina diuides;
    nequicquam thalamo grauis

hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
uitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiacem: tamen, heu serus, adulteros
    crines puluere collines.

Non Laertiaden, exitium tuae
gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Vrgent inpauidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens

pugnae, siue opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,

quem tu, ceruus uti uallis in altera
uisum parte lupum graminis inmemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
non hoc pollicitus tuae.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
ignis Iliacas domos.’

XVI

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque uoles modum
pones iambis, siue flamma
siue mari libet Hadriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aeque, non acuta
sic geminant Corybantes aera,

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saeuus ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
desectam et insani leonis
uim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Irae Thyesten exitio graui
strauere et altis urbibus ultimae
stetere causae, cur perirent
funditus inprimeretque muris

hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Conpesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
    temptauit in dulci iuuenta
    feruor et in celeres iambos

misit furentem. Nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
    fias recantatis amica
    opprobriis animumque reddas.

XVII

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluuiosque uentos.

Inpune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentis et thyma deuiae
olentis uxores mariti
nec uiridis metuunt colubras

nec Martialis haediliae lupos,
utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
ualles et Vsticae cubantis
leuia personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
manabit ad plenum benigno
ruris honorum opulenta cornu;

hic in reducta ualle Caniculae
uitabis aestus et fide Teia
dices laborantis in uno
Penelopen uitreamque Circen;

hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra nec Semeleius
    cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
    proelia nec metues proteruum

suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentis iniciat manus
    et scindat haerentem coronam
    crinibus inmeritamque uestem.

XVIII

Nullam, Vare, sacra uite prius seueris arborem
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili;
siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
Quis post uina grauem militiam aut pauperiem
crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque decens
Venus?
Ac ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
debellata, monet Sithoniis non leuis Euhius,
cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
discernunt auidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
inuitum quatiam nec uariis obsita frondibus
sub diuum rapiam. Saeua tene cum Berecyntio
cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus amor sui
et tollens uacuum plus nimio gloria uerticem
arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior uitro.

XIX

Mater saeua Cupidinum
Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
et lasciua Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Vrit me Glycerae nitor
splendentis Pario marmore purius;
urit grata proteruitas
et uoltus nimium lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
aut uersis animosum equis
Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.
Hic uiuum mihi caespitem, hic
uerbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
bimi cum patera meri:
mactata ueniet lenior hostia.

XX

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
conditum leui, datus in theatro
    cum tibi plausus,

care Maecenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
    montis imago.

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
tu bibes uuam; mea nec Falernae
temperant uites neque Formiani
    pocula colles.

XXI

Dianam tenerae dicite uirgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
    Latonamque supremo
    dilectam penitus Ioui;

uos laetam fluuiis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
    nigris aut Erymanthi
    siluis aut uiridis Gragi;

uos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis
    insignemque pharetra
    fraternaque umerum lyra.

Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
     Persas atque Britannos
    uestra motus aget prece.

XXII

Integer uitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec uenenatis grauida sagittis,
    Fusce, pharetra,

siue per Syrtis iter aestuosas
siue facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum uel quae loca fabulosus
    lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silua lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagem et ultra
terminum curis uagor expeditis,
    fugit inermem,

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
    arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiua recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
    Iuppiter urget;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
    dulce loquentem.

XXIII

Vitas inuleo me similis, Chloe,
quaerenti pauidam montibus auiis
matrem non sine uano
aurarum et siluae metu.

Nam seu mobilibus ueris inhorruit
aduentus folliis, seu uirides rubum
dimouere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusue leo, frangere persequor:
tandem desine matrem
tempestiua sequi uiro.

XXIV

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubris
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
    uocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget? Cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
    quando ullum inueniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
nulli flebilior quam tibi, Vergili.
Tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum
    poscis Quintilium deos.

Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo
auditam moderere arboribus fidem?
Num uanae redeat sanguis imagini,
    quam uirga semel horrida,

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
durum: sed leuius fit patientia
    quicquid corrigere est nefas.

XXV

Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
iactibus crebris iuuenes proterui
nec tibi somnos adimunt amatque
ianua limen,

quae prius multum facilis mouebat
cardines. Audis minus et minus iam:
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'

Inuicem moechos anus arrogantis
flebis in solo leuis angiportu
Thracio bacchante magis sub
interlunia uento,

cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
saeuiet circa iecur ulcerosum
non sine questu,

laeta quod pubes hedera uirenti
gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Euro.

XXVI

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam proteruis in mare Creticum
    portare uentis, quis sub Arcto
    rex gelidae metuatur orae,

quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securus. O quae fontibus integris
    gaudes, apricos necte flores,
    necte meo Lamiae coronam,

Piplea dulcis. Nil sine te mei
prosunt honores; hunc fidibus nouis,
    hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
    teque tuasque decet sorores.

XXVII

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
pugnare Thracum est; tollite barbarum
morem uerecundumque Bacchum
sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
immane quantum discrepat; impium
lenite clamorem, sodales,
et cubito remanete presso.

Voltis seueri me quoque sumere
partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae
frater Megyllae quo beatus
uolnere, qua pereat sagitta.

Cessat uoluntas? Non alia bibam
mercede. Quae te cumque domat Venus
non erubescendis adurit
ignibus ingenuoque semper

amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
depone tutis auribus. A! miser,
quanta laborabas Charybdi,
digne puer meliore flamma.

Quae saga, quis te soluere Thessalis
magus uenenis, quis poterit deus?
uix inligatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

XXVIII

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
pulueris exigui prope latum parua Matinum
munera nec quicquam tibi prodest
aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
percurrisse polum morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conuiua deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras
et Iouis arcanis Minos admissus habentque
Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
demissum, quamuis clipeo Troiana refixo
tempora testatus nihil ultra
neruos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
iudice te non sordidus auctor
naturae uerique. Sed omnis una manet nox
et calcanda semel uia leti.
Dant alios Furiae toruo spectacula Marti,
exitio est auidum mare nautis;
mixta senum ac iuuenum densentur funera, nullum
saeua caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque deuexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, uagae ne parce malignus harenae
ossibus et capiti inhumato
particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus

fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae
plectantur siluae te sospite multaque merces,
unde potest, tibi defluat aequo
ab Ioue Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Neglegis inmeritis nocituram
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et
debita iura uicesque superbae
te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis
teque piacula nulla resoluent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
iniecto ter puluere curras.

XXIX

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum inuides
gazis et acrem militiam paras
non ante deuictis Sabaeae
regibus horribilique Medo

nectis catenas? Quae tibi uirginum
sponso necato barbara seruiet?
puer quis ex aula capillis
ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
pronos relabi posse riuos
montibus et Tiberim reuerti,

cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
mutare loricis Hiberis,
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

XXX

O Venus regina Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cypron et uocantis
ture te multo Glycerae decoram
transfer in aedem.

Feruidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
et parum comis sine te Iuuentas
Mercuriusque.

XXXI

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
uates? Quid orat, de patera nouum
fundens liquorem? Non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
non rura, quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calena falce quibus dedit
Fortuna uitem, diues et aureis
mercator exsiccet culillis
uina Syra reparata merce,

dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
anno reuisens aequor Atlanticum
inpune: me pascust oliuae,
me cichorea leuesque maluae.

Frui paratis et ualido mihi,
Latoe, dones, at, precor, integra
cum mente, nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

XXXII

Poscimur. Si quid uacui sub umbra
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
uiuat et pluris, age, dic Latinum,
barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate ciui,
qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
siue iactatam religarat udo
litore nauem,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
semper haerentem puerum canebat
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
crine decorum.

O decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
grata testudo Iouis, o laborum
dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salue
rite uocanti.

XXXIII

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor
inmitis Glycerae neu miserabilis
descantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
    laesa praeniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoen: sed prius Apulis
    iungentur capreae lupis

quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.
Sic uisum Veneri, cui placet imparis
formas atque animos sub iuga aenea
    saeuo mittere cum ioco.

Ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
    curuantis Calabros sinus.

XXXIV

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,
insanientis dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
uela dare atque iterare cursus

cogor relictos: namque Diespiter
igni corusco nubila diuidens
plerumque, per purum tonantis
egit equos uolucremque currum,

quo bruta tellus et uaga flumina,
quo Styx et inuisi horrida Taenari
sedes Atlanteusque finis
concutitur. Valet ima summis

mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

XXXV

O diua, gratum quae regis Antium,
praesens uel imo tollere de gradu
    mortale corpus uel superbos
    uertere funeribus triumphos,

te pauper ambit sollicita prece
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris
    quicumque Bythyna lacessit
    Carpathium pelagus carina.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
    regumque matres barbarorum et
    purpurei metuunt tyranni,

iniurioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
    ad arma cessantis, ad arma
    concitet imperiumque frangat.

Te semper anteit serua Necessitas,
clauos trabalis et cuneos manu
    gestans aena nec seuerus
    uncus abest liquidumque plumbum;

te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
uelata panno nec comitem abnegat,
    utcumque mutata potentis
    ueste domos inimica linquis;

at uolgus infidum et meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
    cum faece siccatis amici,
    ferre iugum pariter dolosi.

Serues iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuuenum recens
    examen Eois timendum
    partibus Oceanoque rubro.

Heu heu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet
fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
    aetas, quid intactum nefasti
    liquimus? Vnde manum iuuentus

metu deorum continuit? Quibus
pepercit aris? O utinam noua
    incude diffingas retusum in
    Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

XXXVI

Et ture et fidibus iuuat
placare et uituli sanguini debito
custodes Numidae deos,
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
caris multa sodalibus,
nulli plura tamen diuidit oscula
quam dulci Lamiae, memor
actae non alio rege puertiae
mutataeque simul togae.
Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota
neu promptae modus amphorae
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum
neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia uincat amystide
neu desint epulis rosae
neu uiuax apium neu breue lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
deponent oculos nec Damalis nouo
diuelletur adultero
lasciuis hederis ambitiosior.

XXXVII

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
ornare puluinar deorum
tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
cellis auitis, dum Capitolio
regina dementis ruinas
funus et imperio parabat

contaminato cum grege turpium
morbo uirorum, quidlibet impotens
sperare fortunaque dulci
ebria. Sed minuit furorem

uix una sospes nauis ab ignibus,
mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
redegit in ueros timores
Caesar, ab Italia uolantem

remis adurgens, accipiter uelut
mollis columbas aut leporem citus
uenator in campis niualis
Haemoniae, daret ut catenis

fatale monstrum. Quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
    expauit ensem nec latentis
    classe cita reparauit oras,

ausa et iacentem uisere regiam
uoltu sereno, fortis et asperas
    tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    corpore conbiberet uenenum,

deliberata morte ferocior:
saeuis Liburnis scilicet inuidens
    priuata deduci superbo,
    non humilis mulier, triumpho.

XXXVIII

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae,
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
    sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
    uite bibentem.

Liber II

I

Motum ex Metello consule ciuicum
bellique causas et uitia et modos
    ludumque Fortunae grauisque
    principum amicitias et arma

nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
    tractas et incedis per ignis
    suppositos cineri doloso.

Paulum seuerae Musa tragoediae
desit theatris; mox, ubi publicas
    res ordinaris, grande munus
    Cecropio repetes coturno,

insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
    cui laurus aeternos honores
    Delmatico peperit triumpho.

Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,
    iam fulgor armorum fugacis
    terret equos equitumque uoltus.

Audire magnos iam uideor duces
non indecoro puluere sordidos
    et cuncta terrarum subacta
    praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
    tellure, uictorum nepotes
    rettulit inferias Iugurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia
    testatur auditumque Medis
    Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
ignara belli? Quod mare Dauniae
    non decolorauere caedes?
    Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceae retractes munera Neniae,
    mecum Dionaeo sub antro
    quaere modos leuiore plectro.

II

Nullus argento color est auaris
abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendeat usu.

Viuet extento Proculeius aeuo,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
illum aget pinna metuente solui
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes auidum domando
spiritum quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
seruiat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops
nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
fugerit uenis et aquosus albo
corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Prahaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit Virtus populumque falsis
dedocet uti

uocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum
quisquis ingentis oculo inretorto
spectat aceruos.

III

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
seruare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

seu maestus omni tempore uixeris
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare riuo?

Huc uina et unguenta et nimium breuis
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et Sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
uillaque, flauus quam Tiberis lauit,
cedes, et exstructis in altum
diuitiis potietur heres.

Diuesne prisco natus ab Inacho
nil interest an pauper et infima
    de gente sub diuo moreris,
    uictima nil miserantis Orci;

omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
uersatur urna serius ocius
    sors exitura et nos in aeternum
    exilium impositura cumbae.

IV

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu: prius insolentem
serua Briseis niueo colore
    mouit Anchillem;

mouit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captiuae dominum Tecmessae;
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
    uirgine rapta,

barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo uictore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leuiora tolli
    Pergama Grais.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flauae decorent parentes;
regium certe genus et penatis
    maeret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
plebe delectam, neque sic fidelem,
sic lucro auersam potuisse nasci
    matre pudenda.

Bracchia et uoltum teretisque suras
integer laudo: fuge suspicari
cuius octauum trepidauit aetas
    claudere lustrum.

V

Nondum subacta ferre iugum ualet
ceruice, nondum munia comparis
    aequare nec tauri ruentis
    in uenerem tolerare pondus.

Circa uirentis est animus tuae
campos iuuencae, nunc fluuiis grauem
    solantis aestum, nunc in udo
    ludere cum uitulis salicto

praegestientis. Tolle cupidinem
immitis uuae: iam tibi liuidos
    distinguet autumnus racemos
    purpureo uarius colore;

iam te sequetur; currit enim ferox
aetas et illi quos tibi dempserit
    adponet annos; iam proterua
    fronte petet Lalage maritum,

dilecta, quantum non Pholoe fugax,
non Chloris albo sic umero nitens
    ut pura nocturno renidet
    luna mari Cnidiusue Gyges,

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
mire sagacis falleret hospites
    discrimen obscurum solutis
    crinibus ambiguoque uoltu.

VI

Septimi, Gadis aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper
aestuat unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
sit modus lasso maris et uiarum
militiaeque.

Vnde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
dulce pellitis ouibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decedunt uiridique certat
baca Venafro,

uer ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
inuidet uuis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatae
postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
debita sparges lacrima fauillam
uatis amici.

VII

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
    quis te redonauit Quiritem
    dis patriis Italoque caelo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium,
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
    fregi, coronatus nitentis
    malobathro Syrio capillos?

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
    cum fracta uirtus et minaces
    turpe solum tetigere mento;

sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
denso pauentem sustulit aere,
    te rursus in bellum resorbens
    unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Ioui dapem
longaque fessum militia latus
    depone sub lauru mea, nec
    parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Obliuioso leuia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
    unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
    deproperare apio coronas

curatue myrto? Quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
    bacchabor Edonis: recepto
    dulce mihi furere est amico.

VIII

Vlla si iuris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres uel uno
turpior ungui,

crederem; sed tu simul obligasti
perfidum uotis caput, enitescis
pulchrior multo iuuenumque prodis
publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
fallere et toto taciturna noctis
signa cum caelo gelidaque diuos
morte carentis.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
semper ardentis acuens sagittas
cote cruenta.

Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
seruitus crescit noua nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquont
saepe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt iuuencis,
te senes parci miseraeque nuper
uirgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
aura maritos.

IX

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
manant in agros aut mare Caspium
    uexant inaequales procellae
    usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
mensis per omnis aut Aquilonibus
    querqueta Gargani laborant
    et foliis uiduantur orni:

tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
    surgente decedunt amores
    nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter aeuo functus amabilem
plorauit omnis Antilochum senex
    annos nec inpubem parentes
    Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

fleuere semper. Desine mollium
tandem querellarum et potius noua
    cantemus Augusti tropaea
    Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
uictis minores uoluere uertices
    intraque praescriptum Gelonos
    exiguis equitare campis.

X

Rectius uiues, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquom.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret inuidenda
sobrius aula.

Saepius uentis agitatur ingens
pinus et celsae grauiore casu
decidunt turres feriuntque summos
fulgura montis.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
alteram sortem bene praeparatum
pectus. Informis hiemes reducit
Iuppiter, idem

summouet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare; sapienter idem
contrahes uento nimium secundo
turgida uela.

XI

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
    diuisus obiecto, remittas
    quaerere nec trepides in usum

poscentis aeui pauca: fugit retro
leuis iuuentas et decor, arida
    pellente lasciuos amores
    canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
uernis neque uno luna rubens nitet
    uoltu: quid aeternis minorem
    consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta uel platano uel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
    canos odorati capillos,
    dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius
curas edacis. Quis puer ocius
    restinguet ardentis Falerni
    pocula praetereunte lympha?

Quis deuium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna dic, age, cum lyra
maturet, in comptum Lacaenae
more comas religata nodum.

XII

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae,
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptari citharae modis,

nec saeuos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris iuuenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni ueteris; tuque pedestribus
dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per uias
regum colla minacium.

Me dulcis dominae Musa Licymniae
cantus, me uoluit dicere lucidum
fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus;

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
ludentem nitidis uirginibus sacro
Dianae celebris die.

Num tu quae tenuit diues Achaemenes
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare uelis crine Licymniae,
    plenas aut Arabum domos

cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
ceruicem aut facili saeuitia negat
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
    interdum rapere occupet?

XIII

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
    produxit, arbos, in nepotum
    perniciem obprobriumque pagi;

illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse ceruicem et penetralia
    sparsisse nocturno cruore
    hospitis, ille uenena Colcha

et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractauit, agro qui statuit meo
    te, triste lignum, te, caducum
    in domini caput inmerentis.

Quid quisque uitet, nunquam homini satis
cautum est in horas: nauita Bosphorum
    Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
    caeca timet aliunde fata,

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
    robur; sed inprouisa leti
    uis rapuit rapietque gentis.

Quam paene furuae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem uidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaee, plectro dura nauis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli.

Vtrumque sacro digna silentio
mirantur umbrae dicere, sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure uolgus.

Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
auris et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborum decipitur sono
nec curat Orion leones
aut timidos agitare lyncas.

XIV

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pietas moram
    rugis et instanti senectae
    adferet indomitaeque morti,

non, si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
    Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
    Geryonen Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus
quicumque terrae munere uescimur
    enauiganda, siue reges
    siue inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
    frustra per autumnos nocentem
    corporibus metuemus Austrum:

uisendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
    infame damnatusque longi
    Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
te praeter inuisas cupressos
ulla breuem dominum sequetur;

absumet heres Caecuba dignior
seruata centum clauibus et mero
tinguet pauimentum superbo,
pontificum potiore cenis.

XV

Iam pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
    extenta uisentur Lucrino
    stagna lacu platanusque caelebs

euincet ulmos; tum uiolaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
    spargent oliuetis odorem
    fertilibus domino priori;

tum spissa ramis laurea feruidos
excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
    praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
    auspiciis ueterumque norma.

Priuatus illis census erat breuis,
commune magnum; nulla decempedis
    metata priuatis opacam
    porticus excipiebat Arcton,

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
    sumptu iubentes et deorum
    templa nouo decorare saxo.

XVI

Otium diuos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
sidera nautis;

otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura
uenale neque auro.

Non enim gazae neque consularis
summouet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tecta uolantis.

Viuitur paruo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum
nec leuis somnos timor aut cupido
sordidus aufert.

Quid breui fortes iaculamur aeuo
multa? Quid terras alio calentis
sole mutamus? Patriae quis exul
se quoque fugit?

Scandit aeratas uitiosa nauis
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior ceruis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.

Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
oderit curare et amara lento
temperet risu: nihil est ab omni
parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
mugiunt uaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
murice tinctae

uestiunt lanae; mihi parua rura et
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
spernere uolgus.

XVII

Cur me querellis exanimas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
obire, Maecenas, mearum
grande decus columenque rerum.

A! te meae si partem animae rapit
maturior uis, quid moror altera,
nec carus aeque nec superstes
integer? Ille dies utramque

ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
dixit sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
utcumque praecedes, supremum
carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec, si resurgat centimanus gigas,
diuellet umquam: sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

Seu Libra seu me Scorpios aspicit
formidolosus, pars uiolentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum; te Iouis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit uolucrisque Fati

tardauit alas, cum populus frequens
laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum;
me truncus inlapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

dextra leuasset, Mercurialium
custos uirorum. Reddere uictimas
aedemque uotiuam memento;
non humilem feriemus agnam.

XVIII

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar;
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupaui,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.
At fides et ingeni
benigna uena est pauperemque dues
me petit; nihil supra
deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
largiora flagito,
satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die
nouaeque pergunt interire lunae;
tu secanda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
inmemor struis domos
marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
summouere litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid quod usque proximos
reuellis agri terminos et ultra
limites clientium
salis auarus? Pellitur paternos

in sinu ferens deos
et uxor et uir sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula diuitem manet
erum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus
pauperi recluditur
regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
callidum Promethea
reuexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coercet, hic leuare functum
pauperem laboribus
uocatus atque non uocatus audit.

XIX

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
uidi docentem, credite posteri,
    Nymphasque discentis et auris
    capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Euhoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
    laetatur. Euhoe, parce Liber,
    parce, graui metuende thyrso.

Fas peruicacis est mihi Thyiadas
uinique fontem lactis et uberes
    cantare riuos atque truncis
    lapsa cauis iterare mella;

fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
    disiecta non leni ruina,
    Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uuidus in iugis
    nodo coerces uiperino
    Bistonidum sine fraude crinis.

Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet inpia,
    Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
    unguibus horribilique mala;

quamquam, choreis aptior et iocis
ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
    pugnae ferebaris; sed idem
    pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te uidit insons Cerberus aureo
cornu decorum leniter atterens
    caudam et recedentis trilingui
    ore pedes tetigitque crura.

XX

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
    uates neque in terris morabor
    longius inuidiaque maior

urbis relinquam. Non ego pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego quem uocas,
    dilecte Maecenas, obibo
    nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles et album mutor in alitem
    superne nascunturque leues
    per digitos umerosque plumae.

Iam Daedaleo ocior Icaro
uisam gementis litora Bosphori
    Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus
    ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus et ultimi
    noscent Geloni, me peritus
    discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
conpesce clamorem ac sepulcri
mitte superuacuos honores.

Liber III

I

Odi profanum uolgus et arceo.
Fauete linguis: carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
uirginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iouis,
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio mouentis.

Est ut uiro uir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior: aequa lege Necessitas
sortitur insignis et imos,
omne capax mouet urna nomen.

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
ceruice pendet, non Siculae dapes
dulcem elaboratum saporem,
non auium citharaequecantus

Somnum reducent: somnus agrestium
lenis uirorum non humilis domos
    fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
    non Zephyris agitata tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
    nec saeuus Arcturi cadentis
    impetus aut orientis Haedi,

non uerberatae grandine uineae
fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
    culpante, nunc torrentia agros
    sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
iactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
    caementa demittit redemptor
    cum famulis dominusque terrae

fastidiosus: sed Timor et Minae
scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
    decedit aerata triremi et
    post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
nec purpurarum sidere clarior
    delenit usus nec Falerna
    uitis Achaemeniumque costum,

cur inuidendis postibus et nouo
sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur ualle permutem Sabina
diuitias operosiores?

II

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
    condiscat et Parthos ferocis
    uexet eques metuendus hasta

uitamque sub diuo et trepidis agat
in rebus. Illum ex moenibus hosticis
    matrona bellantis tyranni
    prospiciens et adulta uirgo

suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
sponsus lacessat regius asperum
    tactu leonem, quem cruenta
    per medias rapit ira caedes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persequitur uirum
    nec parcit inbellis iuuentae
    poplitibus timidoue tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus
    nec sumit aut ponit securis
    arbitrio popularis aurae.

Virtus, recludens inmeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter uia
    coetusque uolgaris et udam
    spernit humum fugiente pinna.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
merces: uetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
    uolgarit arcanae, sub isdem
    sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

soluat phaselon; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
    raro antecedentem scelestum
    deseruit pede Poena claudo.

III

Iustum et tenacem propositi uirum
non ciuium ardor praua iubentium,
    non uoltus instantis tyranni
    mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iouis:
    si fractus inlabatur orbis,
    inpauidum ferient ruinae.

Hac arte Pollux et uagus Hercules
enisus arces attigit igneas,
    quos inter Augustus recumbens
    purpureo bibet ore nectar;

hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
uexere tigres indocili iugum
    collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
    Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Ionone diuis: ‘Ilion, Ilion
    fatalis incestusque iudex
    et mulier peregrina uertit

in puluerem, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
    castaeque damnatum Mineruae
    cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
    periura pugnaces Achiuos
    Hectoreis opibus refringit

nostrisque ductum seditionibus
bellum resedit. Protinus et grauis
    irae et inuisum nepotem,
    Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, discere nectaris
    sucos et adscribi quietis
    ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter saeuiat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exules
    in parte regnato beati;
    dum Priami Paridisque busto

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celae inultae, stet Capitolium
    fulgens triumphatisque possit
    Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
    secernit Europen ab Afro,
    qua tumidus rigat arua Nilus;

aurum inrepertum et sic melius situm,
cum terra celat, spernere fortior
    quam cogere humanos in usus
    omne sacrum rapiente dextra,

quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tanget armis, uisere gestiens,
    qua parte debacchentur ignes,
    qua nebulae pluuiique rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
    rebusque fidentes auitae
    tecta uelint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
    ducente uictrices cateruas
    coniuge me Iouis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aeneus
auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis
    excisus Argiuis, ter uxor
    capta uirum puerosque ploret.’

Non hoc iocosae conueniet lyrae;
quo, Musa, tendis? Desine peruicax
    referre sermones deorum et
    magna modis tenuare paruis.

IV

Descende caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
    seu uoce nunc mauis acuta
    seu fidibus citharaue Phoebi.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
insania? Audire et uideor pios
    errare per lucos, amoenae
    quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

Me fabulosae Volture in Apulo
nutricis extra limina Pulliae
    ludo fatigatumque somno
    fronde noua puerum palumbes

texere, mirum quod foret omnibus
quicumque celsae nidum Aceruntiae
    saltusque Bantinos et aruum
    pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore uiperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
    lauroque conlataque myrto,
    non sine dis animosus infans.

Vester, Camenae, uester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
    Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
    seu liquidae placuere Baiae;

uestris amicum fontibus et choris
non me Philippis uersa acies retro,
    deuota non extinxit arbor
    nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Vtcumque mecum uos eritis, libens
insanientem nauita Bosphorum
    temptabo et urentis harenas
    litoris Assyrii uiator,

uisam Britannos hospitibus feros
et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
    uisam pharetratos Gelonos
    et Scythicum inuiolatus amnem.

Vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
    finire quaerentem labores
    Pierio recreatis antro;

uos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almae. Scimus ut impios
    Titanas imnanemque turbam
    fulmine sustulerit caduco,

qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
uentosum et urbes regnaque tristia
    diuosque mortalisque turmas
    imperio regit unus aequo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Ioui
fidens iuuentus horrida bracchiis
    fratresque tendentes opaco
    Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Typhoeus et ualidus Mimas
aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
    quid Rhoetus euolsisque truncis
    Enceladus iaculator audax

contra sonantem Palladis aegida
possent ruentes? Hinc auidus stetit
    Volcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et
    nunquam umeris positurus arcum,

qui rore puro Castaliae lauit
crinis solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
    dumeta natalemque siluam,
    Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua;
uim temperatam di quoque prouehunt
    in maius; idem odere uires
    omne nefas animo mouentis.

Testis mearum centimanus gigas
sententiarum, notus et integrae
    temptator Orion Dianae,
    uirginea domitus sagitta.

Iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis
maeretque partus fulmine luridum
    missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
    impositam celer ignis Aetnen,

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
    custos; amatorem trecentae
    Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

V

Caelo tonantem credidimus Iouem
regnare: praesens diuus habebitur
    Augustus adiectis Britannis
    imperio grauibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
turpis maritus uixit et hostium,
    pro curia inuersique mores!
    consenuit socerorum in armis

sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus
anciliorum et nominis et togae
    oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
    incolumi Ioue et urbe Roma?

Hoc cauerat mens prouida Reguli
dissentientis condicionibus
    foedis et exemplo trahenti
    perniciem ueniens in aeuum,

si non periret inmiserabilis
captius pubes: ‘Signa ego Punicis
    adfixa delubris et arma
    militibus sine caede’ dixit

‘derepta uidi; uidi ego ciuium
retorta tergo bracchia libero
portasque non clausas et arua
Marte coli populata nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
miles redibit. Flagitio additis
damnum. Neque amissos colores
lana refert medicata fuco,

nec uera uirtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
cerua plagis, erit ille fortis,

qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
qui lora restrictis lacertis
sensit iners timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde uitam sumeret inscius,
pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
o magna Carthago, probrosis
altior Italiae ruinis!’

Fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
paruosque natos ut capitis minor
ab se remouisse et uirilem
toruus humi posuisse uoltum,

donec labantis consilio patres
firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato
interque maerentis amicos
egregius properaret exul.

Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
dimouit obstantis propinquos
et populum reditus morantem

quam si clientum longa negotia
diiudicata lite relinqueret,
tendens Venafranos in agros
aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

VI

Delicta maiorum inmeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
aedisque labentis deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

Iam bis Monaeses et Pacori manus
non auspicatos contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse praedam
torquibus exiguis renidet.

Paene occupatam seditionibus
deleuit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missilibus melior sagittis.

Fecunda culpae saecula nuptias
primum inquinauere et genus et domos:
hoc fonte deriuata clades
in patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura uirgo et fingitur artibus,
    iam nunc et incestos amores
    de tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti uina, neque eligit
    cui donet inpermissa raptim
    gaudia luminibus remotis,

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu uocat institor
    seu nauis Hispanae magister,
    dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his iuuentus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico
    Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
    Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
    uersare glaebas et seuerae
    matris ad arbitrium recisos

portare fustis, sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
    bobus fatigatis, amicum
    tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non inminuit dies?
aetas parentum, peior auis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem uitiosiorem.

VII

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent uere Fauonii
    Thyna merce beatum,
    constantis iuuenem fide

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
    noctes non sine multis
    insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloen et miseram tuis
    dicens ignibus uri,
    temptat mille uafer modis.

Vt Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis inpulerit criminibus nimis
    casto Bellerophontae
    maturare necem, refert;

narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens,
    et peccare docentis
    fallax historias monet.

Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
uocis audit adhuc integer. At tibi
    ne uicinus Enipeus
    plus iusto placeat caue;

quamuis non alius flectere equum sciens
aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
    nec quisquam citus aeque
    Tusco denatat alueo,

prima nocte domum claude neque in uias
sub cantu querulae despice tibiae
    et te saepe uocanti
    duram difficilis mane.

VIII

Martis caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid uelint flores et acerra turis
plena miraris positusque carbo in
caespite uiuo,

docte sermones utriusque linguae.
Voueram dulcis epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice dimouebit
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et uigilis lucernas
perfer in lucem; procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

Mitte ciuilis super urbe curas.
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
dissidet armis,

seruit Hispanae uetus hostis orae
Cantaber sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
    cedere campis.

Neglegens ne qua populus laboret,
parce priuatus nimium cauere et
dona praesentis cape laetus horae,
    linque severa.

IX

‘Donec gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
ceruici iuuenis dabat,
Persarum uigui rege beatior.’
‘Donec non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
multi Lydia nominis,
Romana uigui clarior Ilia.’
‘Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
pro qua non metuam mori,
si parcent animae fata superstiti.’
‘Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
pro quo bis patiar mori,
si parcent puero fata superstiti.’
‘Quid si prisca redit Venus
diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
si flaua excutitur Chloe
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?’
‘Quamquam sidere pulchrior
ille est, tu leuior cortice et inprobo
iracundior Hadria,
tecum uiuere amem, tecum obeam lubens.’

X

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
saeuo nupta uiro, me tamen asperas
porrectum ante foris obicere incolis
    plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
uentis, et positas ut glaciet niues
    puro numine Iuppiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
ne currente retro funis eat rota:
non te Penelopen difficilem procis
    Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O quamuis neque te munera nec preces
nec tinctus uiola pallor amantium
nec uir Pieria paelice saucius
    curuat, supplicibus tuis

parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus:
non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
    caelestis patiens latus.

XI

Mercuri, — nam te docilis magistro
mouit Amphion lapides canendo, —
tuque testudo resonare septem
callida neruis,

nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
diuitum mensis et amica templis,
dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
applicet auris,

quae uelut latis equa trima campis
ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
nuptiarum expers et adhuc proteruo
cruda marito.

Tu potes tigris comitesque siluas
ducere et riuos celeres morari;
cessit inmanis tibi blandienti
ianitor aulae

Cerberus, quamuis furiale centum
muniant angues caput eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque uoltu
risit inuito, stetit urna paulum
sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
uirginum poenas et inane lymphae
dolium fundo pereuntis imo
seraque fata,

quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiae (nam quid potuere maius?)
impiae sponsos potuere duro
perdere ferro.

Vna de multis face nuptiali
digna periurum fuit in parentem
splendide mendax et in omne uirgo
nobilis aeuom,

‘Surge’, quae dixit iuueni marito,
‘surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
falle sorores,

quae uelut nactae uitulos leaenae
singulos eheu lacerant. Ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
claustra tenebo.

Me pater saeuis oneret catenis,
quod uiro clemens misero peperci,
me uel extremos Numidarum in agros
classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum fauet Nox et Venus, i secundo
omine et nostri memorem sepulcro
scalpe querellam.'

XII

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
mala uino lauere aut exanimari
metuentis patruae uerbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
operosaeque Mineruae studium aufert,
Neobule, Liparaei nitor Hebri,

simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lauit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte,
neque pugno neque segni pede uictus;

catus idem per apertum fugientis agitato
grege ceruos iaculari et celer arto
latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

XIII

O fons Bandusiae splendidior uitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
    cras donaberis haedo,
    cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et uenerem et proelia destinat.
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
    rubro sanguine riuos
    lasciui suboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
    fessis uomere tauris
    praebes et pecori uago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
me dicente cauis impositam ilicem
    saxis, unde loquaces
    lymphae desiliunt tuae.

XIV

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
morte uenalem petiisse laurum,
Caesar Hispana repetit penatis
victor ab ora.

Vnico gaudens mulier marito
prodeat iustis operata sacris
et soror clari ducis et decorae
supplice uitta

uirginum matres iuuenumque nuper
sospitum. Vos, o pueri et puellae ac
iam uirum expertae, male nominatis
parcite uerbis.

Hic dies uere mihi festus atras
eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
nec mori per uim metuam tenente
Caesare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit uagantem
fallere testa.

Dic et argutae properet Neaerae
murreum nodo cohibere crinem;
si per inuisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
litium et rixae cupidos proteruae;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuuenta
consule Planco.

XV

Vxor pauperis Ibyci,
tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
famosisque laboribus;
maturo propior desine funeri
inter ludere uirgines
et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoen satis,
et te, Chlori, decet. Filia rectius
expugnat iuuenum domos,
pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
lasciua similem ludere capreae:
te lanae prope nobilem
tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
nec flos purpureus rosae
nec poti uetulam faece tenus cadi.

XVI

Inclusam Danaen turris aenea
robustaeque fores et uigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
    nocturnis ab adulteris,

si non Acrisium, uirginis abditae
custodem pauidum, Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
    conuerso in pretium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites
et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
ictu fulmineo; concidit auguris
    Argiui domus ob lucrum

demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
portas uir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges muneribus; munera nauium
    saeuos inlaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. Iure perhorrui
late conspicuum tollere uerticem,
    Maecenas, equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negauerit,
ab dis plura feret; nil cupientium
nudus castra peto et transfuga diuitum
partis linquere gestio,

contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
quam si quicquid arat inpiger Apulus
occultare meis dicerer horreis,
magnas inter opes inops.

Purae riuus aquae siluaque iugerum
paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
fallit sorte beatior.

Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
languescit mihi nec pinguia Gallicis
crescunt uellera pascuis,

inportuna tamen pauperies abest,
nec, si plura uelim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parua cupidine
uectigalia porrigam

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
campis continuem. Multa petentibus
desunt multa; bene est cui deus obtulit
parca quod satis est manu.

XVII

Aeli uetusto nobilis ab Lamo —
quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
    denominatos et nepotum
    per memores genus omne fastos,

auctore ab illo ducis originem,
qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
    princeps et innantem Maricae
    litoribus tenuisse Lirim,

late tyrannus, — cras foliis nemus
multis et alga litus inutili
    demissa tempestas ab Euro
    sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur

annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
conpone lignum; cras Genium mero
    curabis et porco bimenstri
    cum famulis operum solutis.

XVIII

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos finis et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque paruis
    aequus alumnis,

si tener pleno cadit haedus anno
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
uina craterae, uetus ara multo
    fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres,
festus in pratis uacat otioso
    cum boue pagus;

inter audacis lupus errat agnos,
spargit agrestis tibi silua frondes,
gaudet inuisam pepulisse fossor
    ter pede terram.

XIX

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
narras, et genus Aeaci,
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio.
Quo Chium pretio cadum
mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
quo praebente domum et quota
Paelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da lunae propere nouae,
da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae. Tribus aut nouem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis?
Qui Musas amat imparis,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
uates, tris prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
nudis iuncat sororibus.
Insanire iuuat... Cur Berecyntiae
cessant flamina tibiae?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentis ego dexteras
odi: sparge rosas; audiat inuidus
dementem strepitum Lycus,
et uicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissa te nitidum coma,
puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero

tempestiua petit Rhode:
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

XX

Non uides quanto moueas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae?
Dura post paulo fugies inaudax
    proelia raptor,

cum per obstantis iuuenum cateruas
ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:
grande certamen tibi praeda cedat
    maior, an illi.

Interim, dum tu celeris sagittas
promis, haec dentes acuit timendos,
arbiter pugnae prosuisse nudo
    sub pede palmam

fertur, et leni recreare uento
sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
    raptus ab Ida.

XXI

O nata mecum consule Manlio,
seu tu querellas siue geris iocos
    seu rixam et insanos amores
    seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,

quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
seruas, moueri digna bono die,
    descende, Coruino iubente
    promere languidiora uina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
    narratur et prisci Catonis
    saepe mero caluisse uirtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoues
plerumque duro; tu sapientium
    curas et arcanum iocoso
    consilium retegis Lycaeo.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
uiresque et addis cornua pauperi,
    post te neque iratos trementi
    regum apices neque militum arma.

Te Liber et si laeta aderit Venus
segnesque nodum soluere Gratiae
    uiuaeque procucent lucernae,
    dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

XXII

Montium custos nemorumque uirgo,
quae laborantis utero puellas
ter uocata audis adimisque leto,
    diua triformis,

inminens uillae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
uerris obliquom meditantis ictum
    sanguine donem.

XXIII

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
nascente luna, rustica Phidyle,
si ture placaris et horna
fruge Lares auidaque porca

nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda uitis nec sterilem seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero graue tempus anno.

Nam quae niuali pascitur Algido
deuota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
uictima, pontificum securis

ceruice tinguet; te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
paruos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.

Inmunis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia
molliuit auersos Penatis
farre pio et saliente mica.

XXIV

Intactis opulentior
thesauris Arabum et diuitis Indiae
caementis licet occupes
terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum:
si figit adamantinos
summis uerticibus dira Necessitas
clauos, non animum metu,
non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythae,
quorum plaustra uagas rite trahunt domos,
uiuunt et rigidi Getae
inmetata quibus iugera liberas
fruges et Cererem ferunt
nec cultura placet longior annua
defunctumque laboribus
aequali recreat sorte uicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
priuignis mulier temperat innocens
nec dotata regit uirum
coniunx nec nitido fidit adultero;
dos est magna parentium
uirtus et metuens alterius uiri
certo foedere castitas,
et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis uolet impias
caedis et rabiem tollere ciuicam,

si quaeret Pater Vrbium
suscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
refrenare licentiam,
clarus postgenitis; quatenus, heu nefas!
uirtutem incolumem odimus,
sublatam ex oculis quaerimus inuidi.
Quid tristes querimoniae
si non supplicio culpa reciditur,
quid leges sine moribus
uanae proficiunt, si neque feruidis
pars inclusa caloribus
mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
durataeque solo niues
mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi
uincunt aequora nauitae?
Magnum pauperies obprobrium iubet
quiduis et facere et pati
uirtutisque uiam deserit arduae.
Vel non in Capitolium
quo clamor uocat et turba fauentium
uel non in mare proximum
gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
summi materiem mali,
mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.
Eradenda cupidinis
praui sunt elementa et tenerae nimis
mentes asperioribus
formandae studiis. Nescit equo rudis
haerere ingenuus puer

uenarique timet, ludere doctior
    seu Graeco iubeas trocho
seu malis uetita legibus alea,
    cum periura patris fides
consortem socium fallat et hospites,
    indignoque pecuniam
haredi properet. Scilicet inprobae
    crescunt diuitiae, tamen
curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

XXV

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
plenum? Quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
uelox mente noua? Quibus
antrum egregii Caesaris audiar
aeternum meditans decus
stellis inserere et consilio Iouis?
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
indictum ore alio. Non secus in iugis
exsomnis stupet Euhias,
Hebrum prospiciens et niue candidam
Thracen ac pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi deuio
ripas et uacuum nemus
mirari libet. O Naiadum potens
Baccharumque ualentium
proceras manibus uertere fraxinos,
nil paruum aut humili modo,
nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
o Lenaee, sequi deum
cingentem uiridi tempora pampino.

XXVI

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
et militaui non sine gloria;
    nunc arma defunctumque bello
    barbiton hic paries habebit,

laeuom marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
    funalia et uectis et arcus
    oppositis foribus minacis.

O quae beatum diua tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia niue
    regina, sublimi flagello
    tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

XXVII

Impios parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
raua decurrens lupa Lanuuino
fetaque uolpes;

umpat et serpens iter institutum,
si per obliquom similis sagittae
terruit mannos: ego cui timebo
prouidus auspex,

antequam stantis repetat paludes
imbrium diuina auis inminentum,
oscinem coruum prece suscitabo
solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix, ubicumque mauis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, uiuas,
teque nec laeuus uetet ire picus
nec uaga cornix.

Sed uides quanto trepidet tumultu
pronus Orion? Ego quid sit ater
Hadriae noui sinus et quid albus
peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique caecos
sentiant motus orientis Austri et
aequoris nigri fremitum et trementis
uerbere ripas.

Sic et Europe niueum doloso
credidit tauro latus et scatentem
beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
debitae Nymphis opifex coronae
nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
uidit et undas.

Quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten: ‘Pater, o relictum
filiae nomen pietasque’ dixit
‘uicta furore!

Vnde quo ueni? Leuis una mors est
uirginum culpae. Vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum an uitiis carentem
ludit imago

uana quae porta fugiens eburna
somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit an recentis
carpere flores?

Si quis infamen mihi nunc iuuencum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
    cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
    nuda leones.

Antequam turpis macies decentis
occupet malas teneraeque sucus
defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
    pascere tigris.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens:
quid mori cessas? Potes hac ab orno
pendulum zona bene te secuta
    laedere collum.

Siue te rupes et acuta leto
saxa delectant, age te procellae
crede ueloci, nisi erile mauis
    carpere pensum

regius sanguis dominaeque tradi
barbarae paelex.' Aderat querenti
perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
    filius arcu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis: ‘Abstineto’
dixit ‘irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi inuisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

Vxor inuicti Iouis esse nescis.
Mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet’.

XXVIII

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,
Lyde, strenua Caecubum
munitaeque adhibe uim sapientiae.
Inclinare meridiem
sentis ac, ueluti stet uolucris dies,
parcis deripere horreo
cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram?
Nos cantabimus inuicem
Neptunum et uiridis Nereidum comas,
tu curua recines lyra
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;
summo carmine, quae Cnidon
fulgentisque tenet Cycladas et Paphum
iunctis uisit oloribus;
dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

XXIX

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
non ante uerso lene merum cado
    cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
    pressa tuis balanus capillis

amdudum apud me est: eripe te morae
nec semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
    decliue contempleris aruom et
    Telegoni iuga parricidae.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis,
    omitte mirari beatae
    fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

Plerumque gratae diuitibus uices
mundaeque paruo sub lare pauperum
    cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
    sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
    et stella uesani Leonis
    sole dies referente siccos;

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
riuomque fessus quaerit et horridi
    dumeta Siluani caretque
    ripa uagis taciturna uentis.

Tu ciuitatem quis deceat status
curas et urbi sollicitus times
    quid Seres et regnata Cyro
    Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus
    ridetque, si mortalis ultra
    fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

componere aequus; cetera fluminis
ritu feruntur, nunc medio aequore
    cum pace delabentis Etruscum
    in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpisque raptas et pecus et domos
uolentis una, non sine montium
    clamore uicinaeque siluae,
    cum fera diluuies quietos

inritat amnis. Ille potens sui
laetusque deget cui licet in diem
    dixisse: ‘Vixi’: cras uel atra
    nube polum Pater occupato

uel sole puro; non tamen inritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
diffinget infectumque reddet
quod fugiens semel hora uexit.

Fortuna saeuo laeta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeris quatit
pinnas, resigno quae dedit et mea
uirtute me inuoluo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseras preces
decurrere et uotis pacisci,
ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces

addant auaro diuitias mari;
tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae
tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux.

XXX

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non Aquilo inpotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar multaque pars mei
uitabit Libitinam; usque ego postera
crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita uirgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua uiolens obstrepit Aufidus
et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
regnauit populorum, ex humili potens
princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
lauro cinge uolens, Melpomene, comam.

Liber IV

I

Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moues? Parce precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
mater saeua Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi,
quo blandae iuuenum te reuocant preces.
Tempestiuius in domum
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum;
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
duces tura, lyraque et Berecyntia
delectabere tibia
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula;
illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris uirginibus tuum

laudantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina nec puer
iam nec spes animi credula mutui
nec certare iuuat mero
nec uincire nouis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
inter uerba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam uolucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
campi, te per aquas, dure, uolubilis.

II

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari,
Iulle, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pinnis, uitreo daturus
nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens uelut amnis, imbres
quem super notas aluere ripas,
feruet inmensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,

laurea donandus Apollinari,
seu per audacis noua dithyrambos
uerba deuoluit numerisque fertur
lege solutis,

seu deos regesque canit, deorum
sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
flamma Chimaerae,

siue quos Elea domum reducit
palma caelestis pugilemue equomue
dicit et centum potiore signis
munere donat,

flebili sponsae iuuenemue raptum
plorat et uiris animumque moresque
aureos educit in astra nigroque
inuidet Orco.

Multa Dircaeum leuat aura cycnum,
tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
nubium tractus; ego apis Matinae
more modoque

grata carpentis thyma per laborem
plurimum circa nemus uuidique
Tiburis ripas operosa paruus
carmina fingo.

Concines maiore poeta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet ferocis
per sacrum cliuum merita decorus
fronde Sygambros;

quo nihil maius meliusue terris
fata donauere bonique diui
nec dabunt, quamuis redeant in aurum
tempora priscum.

Concines laetosque dies et urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reditu forumque
litibus orbum.

Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
uocis accedet bona pars, et: ‘O sol
pulcher, o laudande!’ canam recepto
Caesare felix;

teque, dum procedis, io Triumphe!
non semel dicemus, io Triumphe!
ciuitas omnis, dabimusque diuis
tura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque uaccae,
me tener soluet uitulus, relicta
matre qui largis iuuenescit herbis
in mea uota,

fronte curuatos imitatus ignis
tertius lunae referentis ortum,
qua notam duxit niueus uideri,
cetera fuluus.

III

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
nascentem placido lumine uideris,
illum non labor Isthmius
clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
curru ducet Achaico
uictorem, neque res bellica Deliis
ornatum foliis ducem,
quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
ostendet Capitolio;
sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
et spissae nemorum comae
fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
Romae principis urbium
dignatur suboles inter amabilis
uatum ponere me choros,
et iam dente minus mordeor inuido.
O testudinis aureae
dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
o mutis quoque piscibus
donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
totum muneris hoc tui est,
quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae;
quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

IV

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
cui rex deorum regnum in auis uagas
    permisit expertus fidelem
    Iuppiter in Ganymede flauo,

olim iuuentas et patrius uigor
nido laborum protulit inscium
    uernique iam nimbis remotis
    insolitos docuere nisus

uenti pauentem, mox in ouilia
demisit hostem uiuidus impetus,
    nunc in reluctantis dracones
    egit amor dapis atque pugnae;

qualemue laetis caprea pascuis
intenta fuluae matris ab ubere
    iam lacte depulsum leonem
    dente nouo peritura uidit:

uidere Raeti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem; Vindelici — quibus
    mos unde deductus per omne
    tempus Amazonia securi

dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
nec scire fas est omnia — sed diu
    lateque uictrices cateruae
    consiliis iuuenis reuictae

sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
    posset, quid Augusti paternus
    in pueros animus Nerones.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
est in iuuencis, est in equis patrum
    uirtus neque inbellem feroces
    progenerant aquilae columbam;

doctrina sed uim promouet insitam
rectique cultus pectora roborant;
    utcumque defecere mores,
    indecorant bene nata culpae.

Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
    deuictus et pulcher fugatis
    ille dies Latio tenebris,

qui primus alma risit adorea,
dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
    ceu flamma per taedas uel Eurus
    per Siculas equitauit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes creuit et impio
    uastata Poenorum tumultu
    fana deos habuere rectos;

dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
‘Cerui, luporum praeda rapacium,
    sectamur ultro, quos opimus
    fallere et effugere est triumphus.

Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
    natosque maturosque patres
    pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
    per damna, per caedes ab ipso
    ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non hydra secto corpore firmior
uinci dolentem creuit in Herculem,
    monstrumue submisere Colchi
    maius Echioniaeue Thebae.

Merses profundo, pulchrior euenit;
luctere, multa proruet integrum
    cum laude uictorem geretque
    proelia coniugibus loquenda.

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos; occidit, occidit
    spes omnis et fortuna nostri
    nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiae non perficient manus,
quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
    defendit et curae sagaces
    expediunt per acuta belli'.

V

Diuis orte bonis, optume Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
sancto consilio redi.

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae;
instar ueris enim uoltus ubi tuus
adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.

Vt mater iuuenem, quem Notus inuido
flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulci distinet a domo,

uotis ominibusque et precibus uocat,
curuo nec faciem litore dimouet,
sic desideriis icta fedelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
pacatum uolitant per mare nauitae,
culpari metuit fides,

nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
laudantur simili prole puerperae,
culpam poena premit comes.

Quis Parthum paueat, quis gelidum Scythen,
quis Germania quos horrida parturit
fetus incolumi Caesare? Quis ferae
bellum curet Hiberiae?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis
et uitem uiduas ducit ad arbores;
hinc ad uina redit laetus et alteris
te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
defuso pateris et Laribus tuum
miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
et magni memor Herculis.

‘Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
praestes Hesperiae!’ dicimus integro
sicco mane die, dicimus uuidi,
cum sol Oceano subest.

VI

Diue, quem proles Niobea magnae
uindicem linguae Tityosque raptor
sensit et Troiae prope uictor altae
    Pthius Achilles,

ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamuis Thetidis marinae
Dardanas turris quateret tremenda
    cuspide pugnax.

Ille mordaci uelut icta ferro
pinus aut inpulsa cupressus Euro
procidit late posuitque collum in
    puluere Teucro;

ille non inclusus equo Mineruae
sacra mentito male feriatos
troas et laetam Priami choreis
    falletet aulam;

sed palam captis grauis, heu nefas, heu!
nescios fari pueros Achiuis
ureret flammis, etiam latentem
    matris in aluo,

ni tuis flexus Venerisque gratae
uocibus diuom pater adnuisset
rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
    alite muros.

Doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
Phoebe, qui Xantho lauis amne crinis,
Dauniae defende decus Camenae,
    leuis Agyieu.

Spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
carminis nomenque dedit poetae.
Virginum primae puerique claris
    patribus orti,

Deliae tutela deae, fugacis
lyncas et ceruos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium seruate pedem meique
    pollicis ictum,

rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
    uoluere mensis.

Nupta iam dices: ‘Ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen docilis modorum
    uatis Horati.’

VII

Diffugere niues, redeunt iam gramina campis
arboribus comae;
mutat terra uices et decrescentia ripas
flumina praetereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
ducere nuda chorus.
Inmortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
quae rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, uer proterit aestas,
interitura simul
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
nos ubi decidimus
quo pater Aeneas, quo diues Tullus et Ancus,
puluis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
tempora di superi?
Cuncta manus auidas fugient heredis, amico
quae dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituet pietas;
infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,

nec Lethaea ualet Theseus abrumpere caro
uincula Pirithoo.

VIII

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
Graiorum neque tu pessuma munerum
ferres, diuite me scilicet artium
quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non haec mihi uis, non tibi talium
res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
donare et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
per quae spiritus et uita redit bonis
post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
non incendia Carthaginis impiae
eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
laudes quam Calabrae Pierides, neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliae
Mauortisque puer, si taciturnitas
obstaret meritis inuida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
uirtus et fauor et lingua potentium

uatum diuitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude uirum Musa uetat mori,
caelo Musa beat. Sic Iouis interest
optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates,
ornatus uiridi tempora pampino
Liber uota bonos ducit ad exitus.

IX

Ne forte credas interitura quae
longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
non ante uolgatas per artis
uerba loquor socianda chordis:

non, si priores Maeonius tenet
sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque et Alcaei minaces
Stesichoriue graues Camenae;

nec siquid olim lusit Anacreon,
deleuit aetas; spirat adhuc amor
uiuuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Non sola comptos arsit adulteri.
crines et aurum uestibus inlitum
mirata regalisque cultus
et comites Helene Lacaena

primusue Teucer tela Cydonio
direxit arcu; non semel Ilios
uexata; non pugnauit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusue solus

dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
Hector uel acer Deiphobus grauis
excepit ictus pro pudicis
coniugibus puerisque primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi; sed omnes inlacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia uate sacro.

Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
celata uirtus. Non ego te meis
chartis inornatum silebo
totue tuos patiar labores

impune, Lolli, carpere liuidas
obliuiones. Est animus tibi
rerumque prudens et secundis
temporibus dubiisque rectus,

uindex auarae fraudis et abstinens
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
consulque non unius anni,
sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reiecit alto dona nocentium
uoltu, per obstantis cateruas
explicuit sua uictor arma.

Non possidentem multa uocaueris
recte beatum; rectius occupat
    nomen beati, qui deorum
    muneribus sapienter uti

duramque callet pauperiem pati
peiusque leto flagitium timet,
    non ille pro caris amicis
    aut patria timidus perire.

X

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
insperata tuae cum ueniet pluma superbiae
et, quae nunc umeris inuolitant, deciderint comae,
nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae
mutatus Ligurinum in faciem uerterit hispidam,
dices, heu, quotiens te speculo uideris alterum:
‘Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
uel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?’

XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus, est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis,
    est hederae uis

multa, qua crinis religata fulges,
ridet argento domus, ara castis
uincta uerbenis auet immolato
    spargier agno;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
cursitant mixtae pueris puellae,
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes
    uertice fumum.

Vt tamen noris quibus aduoceris
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,
qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
    findit Aprilem,

iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus affluentis
    ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupauit
non tuae sortis iuuenem puella
diues et lasciua tenetque grata
compede uinctum.

Terret ambustus Phaethon auaras
spes et exemplum graue praebet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem grauatus
Bellerophontem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
quam licet sperare nefas putando
disparem uites. Age iam, meorum
finis amorum

(non enim posthac alia calebo
femina), condisce modos, amanda
uoce quos reddas; minuentur atrae
carmine curae.

XII

Iam ueris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lintea Thraciae,
iam nec prata rigent, nec fluuii strepunt
hiberna niue turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
infelix auis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum obprobrium, quod male barbaras
regum est ulta libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
custodes ouium carmina fistula
delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
colles Arcadiae placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
si gestis, iuuenum nobilium cliens,
nardo uina merebere.

Nardi paruus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
spes donare nouas largus amaraque
curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
uelox merce ueni; non ego te meis
inmunem meditor tinguere poculis,
    plena diues ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri,
nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis breuem:
    dulce est desipere in loco.

XIII

Audiuere, Lyce, di mea uota, di
audiuere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
    uis formosa uideri
    ludisque et bibis impudens

et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
lentum sollicitas. Ille uirentis et
    doctae psallere Chiae
    pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transuolat aridas
quercus et refugit te quia luridi
    dentes, te quia rugae
    turpant et capitis niues.

Nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
    notis condita fastis
    inclusit uolucris dies.

Quo fugit Venus, heu, quoue color, decens
quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius,
    quae spirabat amores,
    quae me surpuerat mihi,

felix post Cinaram notaque et artium
gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breuis
annos fata dederunt,
seruatura diu parem

cornicis uetulae temporibus Lycen,
possent ut iuuenes uisere feruidi
multo non sine risu
dilapsam in cineres facem.

XIV

Quae cura patrum quaeue Quiritium
plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
    Auguste, uirtutes in aeuum
    per titulos memoresque fastus

aeternet, o qua sol habitabilis
inlustrat oras maxime principum?
    quem legis expertes Latinae
    Vindelici didicere nuper

quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, inplacidum genus,
    Breunosque uelocis et arces
    Alpibus impositas tremendis

deiecit acer plus uice simplici.
Maior Neronum mox graue proelium
    commisit immanisque Raetos
    auspiciis pepulit secundis,

spectandus in certamine Martio,
deuota morti pectora liberae
    quanti fatigaret ruinis,
    indomitas prope qualis undas

exercet Auster Pleiadum choro
scindente nubes, impiger hostium
uexare turmas et frementem
mittere equum medios per ignis.

Sic tauriformis uoluitur Aufidus,
qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
cum saeuit horrendamque cultis
diluuiem meditatur agris,

ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
ferrata uasto diruit impetu
primosque et extremos metendo
strauit humum sine clade uictor,

te copias, te consilium et tuos
praebente diuos. Nam tibi quo die
portus Alexandrea supplex
et uacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
belli secundos reddidit exitus
laudemque et optatum peractis
imperiis decus arrogauit.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae;

te fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
    te beluosus qui remotis
    obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,

te non pauentis funera Galliae
duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae,
    te caede gaudentes Sygambri
    compositis uenerantur armis.

XV

Phoebus uolentem proelia me loqui
uictas et urbes increpuit lyra,
    ne parua Tyrrhenum per aequor
    uela darem. Tua, Caesar, aetas

fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Ioui
    derepta Parthorum superbis
    postibus et uacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
rectum euaganti frena licentiae
    iniecit emouitque culpas
    et ueteres reuocauit artes

per quas Latinum nomen et Italae
creuere uires famaque et imperi
    porrecta maiestas ad ortus
    solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Caesare non furor
ciuilis aut uis exiget otium,
    non ira, quae procudit enses
    et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non qui profundum Danuuium bibunt
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
non Seres infidique Persae,
non Tanain prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosi munera Liberi
cum prole matronisque nostris
rite deos prius adprecati,

uirtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
progeniem Veneris canemus.

CARMEN SAECVLARE

Phoebe siluarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,

quo Sibyllini monuere uersus
uirgines lectas puerosque castos
dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas aliusque et idem
nasceris, possis nihil urbe Roma
uisere maius.

Rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
siue tu Lucina probas uocari
seu Genitalis:

diua, producas subolem patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque nouae feraci
lege marita,

certus undenos deciens per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentis.

Vosque ueraces cecinisse, Parcae,
quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum
terminus seruet, bona iam peractis
iungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iouis aurae.

Condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas.

Roma si uestrum est opus Iliaque
litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
sospite cursu,

cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum muniuit iter, daturus
plura relictis:

di, probos mores docili iuuentae,
di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne;

quaeque uos bobus ueneratur albis
clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
lenis in hostem.

Iam mari terraque manus potentis
Medus Albanasque timet securis;
iam Scythae responsa petunt, superbi
nuper et Indi;

iam Fides et Pax et Honor Pudorque
priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
audet apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu;

augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus acceptusque nouem Camenis,
qui salutari leuat arte fessos
corporis artus,

si Palatinas uidet aequus arces,
remque Romanam Latiumque felix
alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
prorogat aeuum;

quaeque Auentinum tenet Algidumque,
quidecim Diana preces uirorum
curat et uotis puerorum amicas
applicat auris.

Haec Iouem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

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Liber II

I

II

Liber I

I

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camena,
spectatum satis et donatum iam rude quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est aetas, non mens. Veianius armis
Herculis ad postem fixis latet abditus agro,
ne populum extrema totiens exoret harena.
Est mihi purgatum crebro qui personet aurem:
‘Solue senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
peccet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat.’
Nunc itaque et uersus et cetera ludicra pono,
quid uerum atque decens, curo et rogo et omnis in
hoc sum;
condo et compono quae mox depromere possim.
Ac ne forte roges quo me duce, quo Lare tuter;
nullius addictus iurare in uerba magistri,
quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio et mersor ciuilibus undis,
uirtutis uerae custos rigidusque satelles;
nunc in Aristippi furtim praecepta relabor
et mihi res, non me rebus subiungere conor.
Vt nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
longa uidetur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
pupillis quos dura premit custodia matrum,
sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora quae spem
consiliumque morantur agendi nauiter id quod
aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque,

aeque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.
Restat ut his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis.
Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungui;
nec, quia desperes inuicti membra Glyconis,
nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.
Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.
Feruet auaritia miseroque cupidine pectus:
sunt uerba et uoces quibus hunc lenire dolorem
possis et magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes: sunt certa piacula quae te
ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Inuidus, iracundus, iners, uinosus, amator,
nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.
Virtus est uitium fugere et sapientia prima
stultitia caruisse. Vides, quae maxima credis
esse mala, exiguum censum turpemque repulsam,
quanto deuites animi capitisque labore;
impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes;
ne cures ea quae stulte miraris et optas,
discere et audire et meliori credere non uis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
cui sit condicio dulcis sine puluere palmae?
Vilius argentum est auro, uirtutibus aurum.
‘O ciues, ciues, quaerenda pecunia primum est;
uirtus post nummos!’ Haec Ianus summus ab imo

prodocet, haec recinunt iuuenes dictata senesque
laeuo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque,
sed quadringentis sex septem milia desunt:
plebs eris. At pueri ludentes: ‘Rex eris’ aiunt,
‘si recte facies’: hic murus aeneus esto
nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex an puerorum est
nenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
et maribus Curiis et decantata Camillis?
Isne tibi melius suadet, qui ‘rem facias, rem,
si possis, recte, si non, quocumque modo rem,’
ut propius spectes lacrimosa poemata Pupi,
an qui Fortunae te responsare subperbae
liberum et erectum praesens hortatur et aptat?
Quodsi me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
non ut porticibus sic iudiciis fruar isdem,
nec sequar aut fugiam quae diligit ipse uel odit,
olim quod uolpes aegroto cauta leoni
respondit, referam: ‘Quia me uestigia terrent,
omnia te aduersum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.’
Belua multorum es capitum. Nam quid sequar aut
quem?
Pars hominum gestit conducere publica; sunt qui
frustis et pomis uiduas uenentur auaras
excipiantque senes, quos in uiuaria mittant;
multis occulto crescit res fenore. Verum
esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

‘Nullus in orbe sinus Bais praelucet amoenis’,
si dixit diues, lacus et mare sentit amorem
festinantis eri; cui si uitiosa libido
fecerit auspicium, cras ferramenta Teanum
tolletis, fabri. Lectus genialis in aula est:
nil ait esse prius, melius nil caelibe uita;
si non est, iurat bene solis esse maritis.
Quo teneam uoltus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid pauper? Ride: mutat cenacula, lectos,
balnea, tonsores, conducto nauigio aeque
nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priua triremis.
Si curatus inaequali tonsore capillos
occurri, rides; si forte subucula pexae
trita subest tunicae, uel si toga dissidet impar,
rides: quid, mea cum pugnat sententia secum,
quod petiit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit,
aestuat et uitae disconuenit ordine toto,
diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
Insanire putas sollemnia me neque rides
nec medici credis nec curatoris egere
a praetore dati, rerum tutela mearum
cum sis et praue sectum stomacheris ob unguem
de te pendentis, te respicientis amici.
Ad summam: sapiens uno minor est Ioue, diues,
liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
praecipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.

II

Troiani belli scriptorem, Maxime Lolli,
dum tu declamas Romae, Praeneste relegi;
qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te distinet, audi.
Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem
Graecia barbariae lento conlisa duello,
stultorum regum et populorum continet aestum.
Antenor censet belli praecidere causam;
quid Paris? Vt saluus regnet uiuatque beatus
cogi posse negat. Nestor componere litis
inter Pelidem festinat et inter Atriden;
hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Qucquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiui.
Seditione, dolis, scelere atque libidine et ira
Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.
Rursus, quid uirtus et quid sapientia possit,
utile proposuit nobis exemplar Vlixen,
qui domitor Troiae multorum prouidus urbes,
et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per aequor,
dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
pertulit, aduersis rerum inmersabilis undis.
Sirenum uoces et Circae pocula nosti;
quae si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis et excors,

uixisset canis inmundus uel amica luto sus.
Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati,
sponsi Penelopae nebulones Alcinoique
in cute curanda plus aequo operata iuuentus,
cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies et
ad strepitum citharae cessatum ducere curam.
Vt iugulent hominem surgunt de nocte latrones;
ut te ipsum serues, non expergisceris? Atqui
si noles sanus, curres hydropicus; et ni
posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
inuidia uel amore uigil torquebere. Nam cur,
quae laedunt oculum, festinas demere, siquid
est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui coepit, habet; sapere aude,
incipe. Viuendi qui recte prorogat horam,
rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
labitur et labetur in omne uolubilis aeuum.
Quaeritur argentum puerisque beata creandis
uxor, et incultae pacantur uomere siluae;
quod satis est cui contingit, nil amplius optet.
Non domus et fundus, non aeris aceruus et auri
aegroto domini deduxit corpore febris,
non animo curas; ualeat possessor oportet,
si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit, iuuat illum sic domus et res
ut lippum pictae tabulae, fomenta podagram,
auriculas citharae collecta sorde dolentis.
Sincerum est nisi uas, quodcumque infundis acescit.

Sperne uoluptates; nocet empta dolore uoluptas.
Semper auarus eget; certum uoto pete finem.
Inuidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;
inuidia Siculi non inuenere tyranni
maius tormentum. Qui non moderabitur irae,
infectum uolet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
dum poenas odio per uim festinat inulto.
Ira furor breuis est; animum rege, qui nisi paret,
imperat, hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.
Fingit equum tenera docilem ceruice magister
ire uiam qua monstret eques; uenaticus, ex quo
tempore ceruinam pellem latrauit in aula,
militat in siluis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro
pectore uerba puer, nunc te melioribus offer;
quo semel est imbuta recens, seruabit odorem
testa diu. Quodsi cessas aut strenuus anteis,
nec tardum opperior nec praecedentibus insto.

III

Iule Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Augusti priuignus, scire laboro.
Thracane uos Hebrusque niuali compede uinctus,
an freta uicinas inter currentia turris,
an pingues Asiae campi collesque morantur?
Quid studiosa cohors operum struit? Hoc quoque curo.
Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?
Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in aeuum?
Quid Titius, Romana breui uenturus in ora,
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
fastidire lacus et riuos ausus apertos?
Vt ualet? Vt meminit nostri? Fidibusne Latinis
Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice Musa,
an tragica desaeuit et ampullatur in arte?
Quid mihi Celsus agit? Monitus multumque monendus,
priuatas ut quaeret opes et tangere uitet
scripta, Palatinus quaecumque recepit Apollo,
ne, si forte suas repetitum uenerit olim
grex auium plumas, moueat cornicula risum
furtiuis nudata coloribus. Ipse quid audes?
Quae circumuolitas agilis thyma? Non tibi paruom
ingenium, non incultum est et turpiter hirtum;
seu linguam causis acuis seu ciuica iura
respondere paras seu condis amabile carmen,

prima feres hederae uictricis praemia. Quod si
frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses,
quo te caelestis sapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc studium parui properemus et ampli,
si patriae uolumus, si nobis uiuere cari.
Debes hoc etiam rescribere, sit tibi curae
quantae conueniat Munatius? An male sarta
gratia nequiquam coit et rescinditur, ac uos
seu calidus sanguis seu rerum inscitia uexat
indomita ceruice feros? Vbicumque locorum
uiuitis, indigni fraternum rumpere foedus,
pascitur in uestrum reditum uotiua iuuenca.

IV

Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula uincat,
an tacitum siluas inter reptare salubris,
curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore; di tibi formam,
di tibi diuitias dederunt artemque fruendi.
Quid uoueat dulci nutricula maius alumno,
qui sapere et fari possit quae sentiat, et cui
gratia, fama, ualetudo contingat abunde,
et mundus uictus non deficiente crumina?
Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras
omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum;
grata superueniet quae non sperabitur hora.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute uises,
cum ridere uoles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

V

Si potes Archiacis conuiua recumbere lectis
nec modica cenare times holus omne patella,
supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa palustris
inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.
Si melius quid habes, arcesse uel imperium fer.
Iamdudum splendet focus et tibi munda supellex.
Mitte leuis spes et certamina diuitiarum
et Moschi causam; cras nato Caesare festus
dat ueniam somnumque dies; impune licebit
aestiuam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?
Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque seuerus
adsidet insano; potare et spargere flores
incipiam patiarque uel inconsultus haberi.
Quid non ebrietas dissignat? Operta recludit,
spes iubet esse ratas, ad proelia trudit inertem,
sollicitis animis onus eximit, addocet artis.
Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum,
contracta quem non in parpertate solutum?
Haec ego procurare et idoneus imperor et non
inuitus, ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
conruget naris, ne non et cantharus et lanx
ostendat tibi te, ne fidos inter amicos
sit qui dicta foras eliminet, ut coeat par
iungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,

et nisi cena prior potiorque puella Sabinum
detinet, adsumam. Locus est et pluribus umbris,
sed nimis arta premunt olidae conuiuia caprae.
Tu quotus esse uelis rescribe, et rebus omissis
atria seruantem postico falle clientem.

VI

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
solaque quae possit facere et seruare beatum.
Hunc solem et stellas et decedentia certis
tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
imbuti spectent. Quid censes munera terrae,
quid maris extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra quid, plausus et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis et ore?
Qui timet his aduersa, fere miratur eodem
quo cupiens pacto; pauor est utrubique molestus,
inprouisa simul species exterret utrumque.
Gaudeat an doleat, cupiat metuatne, quid ad rem,
si, quicquid uidit melius peiusue sua spe,
defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui,
ultra quam satis est uirtutem si petat ipsam.
I nunc, argentum et marmor uetus aeraque et artis
suspice, cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores;
gaude quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem;
nauus mane forum et uespertinus pete tectum,
ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum, quod sit peioribus ortus)
hic tibi sit potius quam tu mirabilis illi.
Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas,
defodiet condetque nitentia. Cum bene notum
porticus Agrippae et uia te conspexerit Appi,

ire tamen restat, Numa quo deuenit et Ancus.
Si latus aut renes morbo temptantur acuto,
quaere fugam morbi. Vis recte uiuere (quis non?):
si uirtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
hoc age deliciis. Virtutem uerba putas et
lucum ligna: caue ne portus occupet alter,
ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas;
mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
tertia succedant et quae pars quadret aceruum.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote fidemque et amicos
et genus et formam regina Pecunia donat,
ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.
Mancupiis locuples eget aeris Cappadocum rex;
ne fueris hic tu. Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
si posset centum scaenae praebere rogatus,
'Qui possum tot?' ait; 'tamen et quaeram et quot habebo
mittam'; post paulo scribit sibi milia quinque
esse domi chlamydum; partem uel tolleret omnis.
Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt
et dominum fallunt et prosunt furibus. Ergo
si res sola potest facere et seruare beatum,
hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
Si fortunatum species et gratia parestat,
mercemur seruum, qui dictet nomina, laeuum
qui fodicet latus et cogat trans pondera dextram
porrigere: 'Hic multum in Fabia ualet, ille Velina;
cui libet hic fascis dabit eripietque curule
cui uolet inportunus ebur. 'Frater', 'Pater' adde;

ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque facetus adopta.
Si bene qui cenat bene uiuit, lucet, eamus
quo ducit gula, piscemur, uenemur, ut olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, uenabula, seruos
differtum transire forum populumque iubebat,
unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
emptum mulus aprum. Crudi tumidique lauemur,
quid deceat, quid non obliti, Caerite cera
digni, remigium uitiosum Ithacensis Vlixei,
cui potior patria fuit interdicta uoluptas.
Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore iocisque
nil est iucundum, uiuas in amore iocisque.
Viue, uale. Siquid nouisti rectius istis,
candidus inperti; si nil, his utere mecum.

VII

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. Atqui,
si me uiuere uis sanum recteque ualentem,
quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, ueniam, dum ficus prima calorque
dissignatorem decorat lictoribus atris,
dum pueris omnis pater et matercula pallet.
Officiosaque sedulitas et opella forensis
adducit febris et testamenta resignat.
Quodsi bruma niues Albanis inlinet agris,
ad mare descendet uates tuus et sibi parcet
contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reuiset
cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non quo more piris uesci Calaber iubet hospes
tu me fecisti locupletem. ‘Vescere, sodes.’
‘Iam satis est.’ ‘At tu, quantum uis, tolle.’ ‘Benigne.’
‘Non inuisa feres pueris munuscula paruis.’
‘Tam teneor dono quam si dimittar onustus.’
‘Vt libet; haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.’
Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit;
haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens dignis ait esse paratus,
nec tamen ignorat quid distent aera lupinis;
dignum praestabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quodsi me noles usquam discedere, reddes
forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos,

reddes dulce loqui, reddes ridere decorum et
inter uina fugam Cinarae maerere proteruae.
Forte per angustam tenuis uolpecula rimam
repserat in cumeram frumenti, pastaque rursus
ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra;
cui mustela procul: ‘Si uis’ ait ‘effugere istinc,
macra cauum repetes artum, quem macra subisti.’
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;
nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium nec
otia diuitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe uerecundum laudasti rexque paterque
audisti coram nec uerbo parcius absens;
inspice si possum donata reponere laetus.
Haud male Telemachus, proles patientis Vlixei:
‘Non est aptus equis Ithace locus, ut neque planis
porrectus spatiis nec multae prodigus herbae;
Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.’
Paruum parua decent; mihi iam non regia Roma,
sed uacuum Tibur placet aut inbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis causisque Philippus agendis
clarus, ab officiis octauam circite horam
dum redit atque foro nimium distare Carinas
iam grandis natu queritur, conspexit, ut aiunt,
adrasum quendam uacua tonsoris in umbra
cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.
‘Demetri’, (puer hic non laeue iussa Philippi
accipiebat) ‘abi, quaere et refer, unde domo, quis,
cuius fortunae, quo sit patre quoue patrono.’
It, redit et narrat Volteium nomine Menam,

praeconem, tenui censu, sine crimine, notum
et properare loco et cessare, et quaerere et uti,
gaudentem paruisque sodalibus et lare certo
et ludis et post decisa negotia Campo.
'Scitari libet ex ipso quodcumque refers; dic
ad cenam ueniat.' Non sane credere Mena,
mirari secum tacitus. Quid multa? 'Benigne,'
respondet. 'Neget ille mihi?' 'Negat improbus et te
neglegit aut horret.' Volteium mane Philippus
uilia uendentem tunicato scruta popello
occupat et saluere iubet prior; ille Philippo
excusare laborem et mercennaria uincla,
quod non mane domum uenisset, denique quod non
prouidisset eum. 'Sic ignouisse putato
me tibi, si cenas hodie mecum.' 'Vt libet.' 'Ergo
post nonam uenies; nunc i, rem strenuus auge.'
Vt uentum ad cenam est, dicenda tacenda locutus
tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi saepe
occultum uisus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
mane cliens et iam certus conuiua, iubetur
rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impositus mannis aruum caelumque Sabinum
non cessat laudare. Videt ridetque Philippus,
et sibi dum requiem, dum risus undique quaerit,
dum septem donat sestertia, mutua septem
promittit, persuadet uti mercetur agellum.
Mercatur. Ne te longis ambagibus ultra
quam satis est morer, ex nitido fit rusticus atque
sulcos et uineta crepat mera, praeparat ulmos,

inmoritur studiis et amore senescit habendi.
Verum ubi oues furto, morbo periere capellae,
spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando,
offensu damnis media de nocte caballum
arripit iratusque Philippi tendit ad aedis.
Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque
Philippus:
‘Durus’ ait, ‘Voltei, nimis attentusque uideris
esse mihi.’ ‘Pol, me miserum, patrone, uocares,
si uelles’ inquit ‘uerum mihi ponere nomen.
Quod te per Genium dextramque deosque Penatis
obsecro et obtestor, uitae me redde priori.’
Qui semel aspexit quantum dimissa petitis
praestent, mature redeat repetatque relicta.
Metiri se quemque suo modulo ad pede uerum est.

VIII

Celso gaudere et bene rem gerere Albinouano
Musa rogata refer, comiti scribaeque Neronis.
Si quaeret quid agam, dic multa et pulchra minantem
uiuere nec recte nec suauiter, haud quia grando
contunderit uitis oleamque momorderit aestus,
nec quia longinquis armentum aegrotet in agris,
sed quia mente minus ualidus quam corpore toto
nil audire uelim, nil discere, quod leuet aegrum,
fidis offendar medicis, irascar amicis,
cur me funesto properent arcere ueterno,
quae nocuere sequar, fugiam quae profore credam,
Romae Tibur amem, uentosus Tibure Romam.
Post haec, ut ualeat, quo pacto rem gerat et se,
ut placeat iuueni, percontare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet ‘recte’, primum gaudere, subinde
praeceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento:
‘Vt tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.’

IX

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intellegit unus,
quanti me facias; nam cum rogat et prece cogit,
scilicet ut tibi se laudare et tradere coner,
dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis,
munere cum fungi propioris censet amici,
quid possim uidet ac nouit me ualdius ipso.
Multa quidem dixi cur excusatus abirem,
sed timui mea ne finxisse minora putarer,
dissimulator opis propriae, mihi commodus uni.
Sic ego, maioris fugiens opprobria culpae,
frontis ad urbanae descendi praemia. Quodsi
depositum laudas ob amici iussa pudorem,
scribe tui gregis hunc et fortem crede bonumque.

X

Vrbis amatorem Fuscum saluere iubemus
ruris amatores, hac in re scilicet una
multum dissimiles, ad cetera paene gemelli
fraternis animis, quicquid negat alter, et alter,
adnuimus pariter, uetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum seruas, ego laudo ruris amoeni
riuos et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.
Quid quaeris? Viuo et regno, simul ista reliqui
quae uos ad caelum fertis rumore secundo,
utque sacerdotis fugitiuus liba recuso,
pane egeo iam mellitis potiore placentis.
Viuere naturae si conuenienter oportet,
ponendaeque domo quaerenda est area primum,
nouistine locum potiorem rure beato?
Est ubi plus tepeant hiemes, ubi gratior aura
leniat et rabiem Canis et momenta Leonis,
cum semel accepit Solem furibundus acutum?
Est ubi diuellat somnos minus inuida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in uicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum
quam quae per pronum trepidat cum murmure
riuum?
Nempe inter uarias nutritur silua columnas,
laudaturque domus longos quae prospicit agros.
Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret
et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia uictrix.

Non qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
nescit Aquinatem potantia uellera fucum
certius accipiet damnum propiusue medullis
quam qui non poterit uero distinguere falsum.
Quem res plus nimio delectauere secundae,
mutatae quatient. Siquid mirabere, pones
inuitus. Fuge magna; licet sub paupere tecto
reges et regum uita praecurrere amicos.
Ceruus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
implorauit opes hominis frenumque recepit;
sed postquam uictor uiolens discessit ab hoste,
non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
Sic, qui pauperiem ueritus potiore metallis
libertate caret, dominum uehet improbus atque
seruiet aeternum, quia paruo nesciet uti.
Cui non conueniet sua res, ut calceus olim
si pede maior erit, subuertet, si minor, uret.
Laetus sorte tua uiues sapienter, Aristi,
nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
cogere quam satis est ac non cessare uidebor.
Imperat aut seruit collecta pecunia cuique,
tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.
Haec tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunae,
excepto quod non simul esses cetera laetus.

XI

Quid tibi uisa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos,
quid concinna Samos, quid Croesi regia Sardis,
Zmyrna quid et Colophon? Maiora minoraue fama,
cunctane prae Campo et Tiberino flumine sordent?
An uenit in uotum Attalicis ex urbibus una?
An Lebedum laudas odio maris atque uiarum?
Scis Lebedus quid sit: Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis uicus; tamen illic uiuere uellem,
oblitusque meorum, obliuiscendus et illis,
Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem.
Sed neque qui Capua Romam petit, imbre lutoque
aspersus uolet in caupona uiuere; nec qui
frigus collegit, furnos et balnea laudat
ut fortunatam plene praestantia uitam;
nec si te ualidus iactauerit Auster in alto,
idcirco nauem trans Aegaeum mare uendas.
Incolumi Rhodos et Mytilene pulchra facit quod
paenula solstitio, campestre niualibus auris,
per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
Dum licet ac uoltum seruat Fortuna benignum,
Romae laudetur Samos et Chios et Rhodos absens.
Tu quamcumque deus tibi fortunauerit horam
grata sume manu neu dulcia differ in annum,
ut quocumque loco fueris uixisse libenter
te dicas; nam si ratio et prudentia curas,
non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert,

caelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua non exercet inertia; nauibus atque
quadrigis petimus bene uiuere. Quod petis, hic est,
est Vlubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.

XII

Fructibus Agrippae Siculis quos colligis, Icci,
si recte frueris, non est ut copia maior
ab Ioue donari possit tibi; tolle querellas;
pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus.
Si uentri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis, nil
diuitiae poterunt regales addere maius.
Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis
uiuis et urtica, sic uiues protinus, ut te
confestim liquidus Fortunae riuus inauret,
uel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit
uel quia cuncta putas una uirtute minora.
Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos
cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore uelox,
cum tu inter scabiem tantam et contagia lucri
nil paruum sapias et adhuc sublimia cures;
quae mare compescant causae, quid temperet annum,
stellae sponte sua iussaene uagentur et errent,
quid premat obscurum lunae, quid proferat orbem,
quid uelit et possit rerum concordia discors,
Empedocles an Stertinium deliret acumen?
Verum, seu piscis seu porrum et caepe trucidas,
utere Pompeio Grospho et, siquid petet, ultro
defer; nil Grosphus nisi uerum orabit et aequum.
Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid dest.

Ne tamen ignores quo sit Romana loco res,
Cantaber Agrippae, Claudi uirtute Neronis
Armenius cecidit; ius imperiumque Prahates
Caesaris accepit genibus minor; aurea fruges
Italiae pleno defundit Copia cornu.

XIII

Vt proficiscentem docui te saepe diuque,
Augusto reddes signata uolumina, Vinni,
si ualidus, si laetus erit, si denique poscet;
ne studio nostri pecces odiumque libellis
sedulus inportes opera uehemente minister.
Si te forte meae grauis uret sarcina chartae,
abicito potius quam quo perferre iuberis
clitellas ferus inpingas Asinaeque paternum
cognomen uertas in risum et fabula fias.
Viribus uteris per cliuos, flumina, lamas.
Victor propositi simul ac perueneris illuc,
sic positum seruabis onus, ne forte sub ala
fasciculum portes librorum, ut rusticus agnum,
ut uinosa glomus furtiuae Pyrria lanae,
ut cum pilleolo soleas conuiua tribulis.
Ne uolgo narres te sudauisse ferendo
carmina quae possint oculos aurisque morari
Caesaris; oratus multa prece, nitere porro.
Vade, uale, caue ne titubes mandataque frangas.

XIV

Vilice siluarum et mihi me reddentis agelli,
quem tu fastidis habitatum quinque focis et
quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres,
certemus spinas animone ego fortius an tu
euellas agro, et melior sit Horatius an res.
Me quamuis Lamiae pietas et cura moratur,
fratrem maerentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
insolabiliter, tamen istuc mens animusque
fert et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego uiuentem, tu dicis in urbe beatum;
cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors,
stultus uterque locum inmeritum causatur inique;
in culpa est animus, qui se non effugit umquam.
Tu mediastinus tacita prece rura petebas,
nunc urbem et ludos et balnea uilicus optas;
me constare mihi scis et discedere tristem,
quandocumque trahunt inuisa negotia Romam.
Non eadem miramur; eo disconuenit inter
meque et te; nam quae deserta et inhospita tesqua
credis, amoena uocat mecum qui sentit, et odit
quae te pulchra putas. Fornix tibi et uncta popina
incutiunt urbis desiderium, uideo, et quod
angulus iste feret piper et tus ocius uua,
nec uicina subest uinum praebere taberna
quae possit tibi, nec meretrix tibicina, cuius
ad strepitum salias terrae grauis; et tamen urges

iampridem non tacta ligonibus arua bouemque
disiunctum curas et strictis frondibus exples;
addit opus pigro riuus, si decidit imber,
multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
Nunc age, quid nostrum concentum diuidat, audi.
Quem tenues decuere togae nitidique capilli,
quem scis immunem Cinarae placuisse rapaci,
quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
cena breuis iuuat et prope riuum somnus in herba;
nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
limat, non odio obscuro morsuque uenenat;
rident uicini glaebas et saxa mouentem.
Cum seruis urbana diaria rodere mauis;
horum tu in numerum uoto ruis, inuidet usum
lignorum et pecoris tibi calo argutus et horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus;
quam scit uterque, libens, censebo, exerceat artem.

XV

Quae sit hiems Veliae, quod caelum, Vala, Salerni,
quorum hominum regio et qualis uia (nam mihi Baias
Musa superuacuas Antonius, et tamen illis
me facit inuisum, gelida cum perluor unda
per medium frigus; sane murteta relinqui
dictaque cessantem neruis elidere morbum
sulpura contemni uicus gemit, inuidus aegris
qui caput et stomachum supponere fontibus audent
Clusinis Gabiosque petunt et frigida rura.
Mutandus locus est et deuersoria nota
praeteragendus equus. ‘Quo tendis? Non mihi Cumas
est iter aut Baias’, laeua stomachosus habena
dicet eques; sed equi frenato est auris in ore);
maior utrum populum frumenti copia pascat,
collectosne bibant imbres puteosne perennis
iugis aquae (nam uina nihil moror illius orae;
rure meo possum quiduis perferre patique;
ad mare cum ueni, generosum et lene requiro,
quod curas abigat, quod cum spe diuite manet
in uenas animumque meum, quod uerba ministret,
quod me Lucanae iuuenem commendet amicae);
tractus uter pluris lepores, uter educet apros,
utra magis piscis et echinos aequora celent,
pinguis ut inde domum possim Phaeaxque reuerti,

scribere te nobis, tibi nos adcredere par est.
Maenius, ut tebus maternis atque paternis
fortiter absumptis urbanus coepit haberi
scurra, uagus non qui certum praesepe teneret,
inpransus non qui ciuem dinosceret hoste,
quaelibet in quemuis opprobria fingere saeuus,
pernicies et tempestas barathrumque macelli,
quicquid quaesierat, uentri donabat auaro.
Hic ubi nequitiae fautoribus et timidis nil
aut paulum abstulerat, patinas cenabat omasi,
uilis et agninae, tribus ursis quod satis esset,
scilicet ut uentres lamna candente nepotum
diceret urendos correctus Bestius. Idem,
quicquid erat nactus praedae maioris, ubi omne
uerterat in fumum et cinerem: ‘Non hercule miror’,
aiebat, ‘si qui comedunt bona, cum sit obeso
nil melius turdo, nil uolua pulchrius ampla’.
Nimirum hic ego sum; nam tuta et paruola laudo,
cum res deficiunt, satis inter uilia fortis;
uerum ubi quid melius contingit et unctius, idem
uos sapere et solos aio bene uiuere, quorum
conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia uillis.

XVI

Ne perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quincti,
aruo pascat erum an bacis opulentet oliuae,
pomisne et pratis an amicta uitibus ulmo,
scribetur tibi forma loquaciter et situs agri.
Continui montes, ni dissocientur opaca
ualle, sed ut ueniens dextrum latus aspiciat sol,
laeuum discedens curru fugiente uaporet.
Temperiem laudes. Quid, si rubicunda benigni
corna uepres et pruna ferant, si quercus et ilex
multa fruge pecus, multa dominum iuuet umbra?
Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum.
Fons etiam riuo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
frigidior Thraecam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis aluo.
Hae latebrae dulces et, iam si credis, amoenae
incolumem tibi me praestant septembribus horis.
Tu recte uiuis, si curas esse quod audis.
Iactamus iampridem omnis te Roma beatum;
sed uereor, ne cui de te plus quam tibi credas
neue putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum,
neu, si te populus sanum recteque ualentem
dictitet, occultam febrem sub tempus edendi
dissimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Siquis bella tibi terra pugnata marique
dicat et his uerbis uacuas permulceat auris:

‘Tene magis saluum populus uelit an populum tu,
seruet in ambiguo qui consulit et tibi et urbi
Iuppiter’, Augusti laudes adgnoscere possis;
cum pateris sapiens emendatusque uocari,
respondesne tuo, dic sodes, nomine? ‘Nempe
uir bonus et prudens dici delector ego ac tu.’
Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras si uolet auferet, ut, si
detulerit fasces indigno, detrahet idem.
Pone, meum est,’ inquit; pono tristisque recedo.’
Idem si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum,
contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum,
mordear opprobriis falsis mutemque colores?
Falsus honor iuuat et mendax infamia terret
quem nisi mendosum et medicandum? Vir bonus est
quis?
‘Qui consulta patrum, qui leges iuraque seruat,
quo multae magnaeque secantur iudice lites,
quo res sponsore et quo causae teste tenentur.’
Sed uidet hunc omnis domus et uicinia tota
introrsum turpem, speciosum pelle decora.
‘Nec furtum feci nec fugi,’ si mihi dicat
seruos: ‘Habes pretium, loris non ureris’, aio.
‘Non hominem occidi.’ ‘Non pasces in cruce
coruos.’
‘Sum bonus et frugi.’ Renuit negitatque Sabellus.
Cautus enim metuit foueam lupus accipiterque
suspectos laqueos et opertum miluus hamum.
Oderunt peccare boni uirtutis amore;
tu nihil admittes in te formidine poenae;

sit spes fallendi, miscebis sacra profanis.
Nam de mille fabae modiis cum subripis unum,
damnum est, non facinus mihi pacto lenius isto.
Vir bonus, omne forum quem spectat et omne tribunal,
quandocumque deos uel porco uel boue placat:
'Iane pater!' clare, clare cum dixit: 'Apollo!'
labra mouet, metuens audiri: 'Pulchra Lauerna,
da mihi fallere, da iusto sanctoque uideri,
noctem peccatis et fraudibus obice nubem.'
Qui melior seruo, qui liberior sit auarus,
in triuiis fixum cum se demittit ob assem,
non uideo; nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque, porro
qui metuens uiuet, liber mihi non erit umquam.
Perdidit arma, locum uirtutis deseruit, qui
semper in augenda festinat et obruitur re.
Vendere cum possis captiuum, occidere noli;
seruiet utiliter; sine pascat durus aretque,
nauiget ac mediis hiemet mercator in undis,
annonae prosit, portet frumenta penusque.
Vir bonus et sapiens audebit dicere: 'Pentheu,
rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique
indignum coges?' 'Adimam bona.' 'Nempe pecus, rem,
lectos, argentum; tollas licet.' 'In manicis et
compedibus saeuo te sub custode tenebo.'
'Ipse deus, simul atque uolam, me soluet.' Opinor,
hoc sentit: 'Moriar'. Mors ultima linea rerum est.

XVII

Quamuis, Scaeua, satis per te tibi consulis et scis,
quo tandem pacto deceat maioribus uti,
disce, docendus adhuc quae censet amiculus, ut si
caecus iter monstrare uelit; tamen aspice, siquid
et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.
Si te grata quies et primam somnus in horam
delectat, si te puluis strepitusque rotarum,
si laedit caupona, Ferentinum ire iubebo;
nam neque diuitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
nec uixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.
Si prodesse tuis pauloque benignus ipsum
te tractare uoles, accedes siccus ad unctum.
'Si pranderet holus patienter, regibus uti,
nollet Aristippus.' 'Si sciret regibus uti,
fastidiret holus qui me notat.' Vtrius horum
uerba probes et facta, doce, uel iunior audi
cur sit Aristippi potior sententia. Namque
mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt:
'Scurror ego ipse mihi,populo tu; rectius hoc et
splendidius multo est. Equus ut me portet, alat rex,
officium facio; tu poscis uilia, uerum
dante minor, quamuis fers te nullius egentem.'
Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res,
temptantem maiora fere, praesentibus aequum,
contra, quem duplici panno patientia uelat,

mirabor, uitae uia si conuersa decebit.
Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum;
quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca uadet
personamque feret, non inconcinnus utramque;
alter Mileti textam cane peius et angui
uitabit chlanidem, morietur frigore, si non
rettuleris pannum; refer et sine uiuat ineptus.
Res gerere et captos ostendere ciuibus hostis
attingit solium Iouis et caelestia temptat;
principibus placuisse uiris non ultima laus est.
Non cuiuis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit qui timuit ne non succederet; esto;
quid? Qui peruenit, fecitne uiriliter? Atqui
hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus. Hic onus
horret,
ut paruis animis et paruo corpore maius;
hic subit et perfert. Aut uirtus nomen inane est,
aut decus et pretium recte petit experiens uir.
Coram rege suo de paupertate tacentes
plus poscente ferent; distat, sumasne prudenter
an rapias; atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
‘Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,
et fundus nec uendibilis nec pascere firmus’,
qui dicit, clamat: ‘Victum date!’; succinit alter:
‘Et mihi’; diuiduo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus pasci si posset coruus, haberet
plus dapis et rixae multo minus inuidiaeque.
Brundisium comes aut Surrentum ductus amoenum
qui queritur salebras et acerbum frigus et imbres,

aut cistam effractam et subducta uiatica plorat,
nota refert meretricis acumina, saepe catellam,
saepe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis, uti mox
nulla fides damnis uerisque doloribus adsit.
Nec semel inrisus triuiis attollere curat
fracto crure planum, licet illi plurima manet
lacrima, per sanctum iuratus dicat Osirim:
‘Credite, non ludo; crudeles, tollite claudum.’
‘Quaere peregrinum’, uicinia rauca reclamat.

XVIII

Si bene te noui, metues, liberrime Lolli,
scurrantis speciem praebere, professus amicum.
Vt matrona meretrici dispar erit atque
discolor, infido scurrae distabit amicus.
Est huic diuersum uitio uitium prope maius,
asperitas agrestis et inconcinna grauisque,
quae se commendat tonsa cute, dentibus atris,
dum uolt libertas dici mera ueraque uirtus.
Virtus est medium uitiorum et utrimque reductum.
Alter in obsequium plus aequo pronus et imi
derisor lecti sic nutum diuitis horret,
sic iterat uoces et uerba cadentia tollit,
ut puerum saeuo credas dictata magistro
reddere uel partis mimum tractare secundas;
alter rixatur de lana saepe caprina,
propugnat nugis armatus: ‘Scilicet, ut non
sit mihi prima fides et, uere quod placet, ut non
acriter elatrem? Pretium aetas altera sordet.’
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus,
Brundisium Minuci melius uia ducat an Appi.
Quem damnosa Venus, quem praeceps alea nudat,
gloria quem supra uires et uestit et unguit,
quem tenet argenti sitis inportuna famesque,
quem paupertatis pudor et fuga, diues amicus,
saepe decem uitiis instructior, odit et horret,
aut, si non odit, regit ac ueluti pia mater

plus quam se sapere et uirtutibus esse priorem
uolt et ait prope uera: ‘Meae (contendere noli)
stultitiam patiuntur opes; tibi paruola res est;
arta decet sanum comitem toga; desine mecum
certare.’ Eutrapelus cuicumque nocere uolebat
uestimenta dabat pretiosa; beatus enim iam
cum pulchris tunicis sumet noua consilia et spes,
dormiet in lucem, scorto postponet honestum
officium, nummos alienos pascet, ad imum
Thraex erit aut holitoris aget mercede caballum.
Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius umquam,
commissumque teges et uino tortus et ira;
nec tua laudabis studia aut aliena reprendes,
nec, cum uenari uolet ille, poemata panges.
Gratia sic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque
Zethi dissiluit, donec suspecta seuero
conticuit lyra. Fraternis cessisse putatur
moribus Amphion; tu cede potentis amici
lenibus imperiis, quotiensque educet in agros
Aetolis onerata plagis iumenta canesque,
surge et inhumanae senium depone Camenae,
cenes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus empta;
Romanis sollemne uiris opus, utile famae
uitaeque et membris, praesertim cum ualeas et
uel cursu superare canem uel uiribus aprum
possis. Adde, uirilia quod speciosius arma
non est qui tractet; scis quo clamore coronae
proelia sustineas campestria. Denique saeuam
militiam puer et Cantabrica bella tulisti

sub duce qui templis Parthorum signa refigit
nunc et, siquid abest, Italis adiudicat armis.
Ac ne te retrahas et inexcusabilis absis,
quamuis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque
curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno:
partitur lintres exercitus, Actia pugna
te duce per pueros hostili more refertur;
aduersarius est frater, lacus Hadria, donec
alterutrum uelox Victoria fronde coronet.
Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te,
fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protinus ut moneam, siquid monitoris eges tu,
quid de quoque uiro et cui dicas, saepe uideto.
Percontatorem fugito; nam garrulus idem est,
nec retinent patulae commissa fideliter aures,
et semel emissum uolat inreuocabile uerbum.
Non ancilla tuum iecur ulceret ulla puerue
intra marmoreum uenerandi limen amici,
ne dominus pueri pulchri caraeue puellae
munere te paruo beet aut incommodus angat.
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice, ne mox
incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur et quondam non dignum tradimus; ergo
quem sua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri,
ut penitus notum, si temptent crimina, serues
tuterisque tuo fidentem praesidio; qui
dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
ad te post paulo uentura pericula sentis?

Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet,
et neglecta solent incendia sumere uires.
Dulcia inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
expertus metuit. Tu, dum tua nauis in alto est,
hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura.
Oderunt hilarem tristes tristemque iocosi,
sedatum celeres, agilem nauumque remissi;
. . . . . .
oderunt porrecta negantem pocula, quamuis
nocturnos iures te formidare tepores;
deme supercilio nubem; plerumque modestus
occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi.
Inter cuncta leges et percontabere doctos,
qua ratione queas traducere leniter aeuum,
num te semper inops agitet uexetque cupido,
num pauor et rerum mediocriter utilium spes,
uirtutem doctrina paret naturane donet,
quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum,
quid pure tanquillet, honos an dulce lucellum,
an secretum iter et fallentis semita uitae.
Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia riuus,
quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus
quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
‘Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus, et mihi uiuam
quod superest aeui, siquid superesse uolunt di;
sit bona librorum et prouisae frugis in annum
copia, neu fluitem dubiae spe pendulus horae.’
Sed satis est orare Iouem quae ponit et aufert;
det uitam, det opes; aequum mi animum ipse parabo.

XIX

Prisco si credis, Maecenas docte, Cratino,
nulla placere diu nec uiuere carmina possunt
quae scribuntur aquae potoribus; ut male sanos
adscripsit Liber Satyris Faunisque poetas,
uina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camenae;
laudibus arguitur uini uinosus Homerus;
Ennius ipse pater numquam nisi potus ad arma
prosiluit dicenda. ‘Forum putealque Libonis
mandabo siccis, adimam cantare seueris’:
hoc simul edixi, non cessuere poetae
nocturno certare mero, putere diurno.
Quid? Siquis uoltu toruo ferus et pede nudo
exiguaeque togae simulet textore Catonem,
uirtutemne repraesentet moresque Catonis?
Rupit Iarbitam Timagenis aemula lingua
dum studet urbanus tenditque disertus haberi.
Decipit exemplar uitiis imitabile; quodsi
pallere casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.
O imatatores, seruom pecus, ut mihi saepe
bilem, saepe iocum uestri mouere tumultus!
Libera per uacuum posui uestigia princeps,
non aliena meo pressi pede. Qui sibi fidet,
dux reget examen. Parios ego primus iambos
ostendi Latio, numeros animosque secutus
Archilochi, non res et agentia uerba Lycamben;
ac ne me foliis ideo breuioribus ornes

quod timui mutare modos et carminis artem,
temperat Archilochi Musam pede mascula Sappho,
temperat Alcaeus, sed rebus et ordine dispar,
nec socerum quaerit, quem uersibus oblinat atris,
nec sponsae laqueum famoso carmine nectit.
Hunc ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus
uolgaui fidicen; iuuat inmemorata ferentem
ingenuis oculisque legi manibusque teneri.
Scire uelis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector
laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus;
non ego uentosae plebis suffragia uenor
inpensis cenarum et tritae munere uestis;
non ego nobilium scriptorum auditor et ultor
grammaticas ambire tribus et pulpita dignor.
Hinc illae lacrimae... ‘Spissis indigna theatris
scripta pudet recitare et nugis addere pondus,’
si dixi: ‘Rides’ ait, ‘et Iouis auribus ista
seruas; fidis enim manare poetica mella
te solum, tibi pulcher.’ Ad haec ego naribus uti
formido et, luctantis acuto ne secer ungui,
‘Displicet iste locus’ clamo et diludia posco.
Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen et iram,
ira truces inimicitias et funebre bellum.

XX

Vortumnum Ianumque, liber, spectare uideris,
scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.
Odisti clauis et grata sigilla pudico,
paucis ostendi gemis et communia laudas,
non ita nutritus. Fuge quo descendere gestis;
non erit emisso reditus tibi: ‘Quid miser egi?
Quid uolui?’ dices, ubi quid te laeserit; et scis
in breue te cogi, cum plenus languet amator.
Quodsi non odio peccantis desipit augur,
carus eris Romae donec te deserat aetas;
contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere uolgi
coeperis, aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertis
aut fugies Vticam aut uinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille
qui male parentem in rupes protrusit asellum
iratus; quis enim inuitum seruare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
occupet extremis in uicis balba senectus.
Cum tibi sol tepidus pluris admouerit auris,
me libertino natum patre et in tenui re
maiores pinnas nido extendisse loqueris,
ut quantum generi demas, uirtutibus addas;
me primis urbis belli placuisse domique,
corporis exigui, praecanum, solibus aptum,
irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.
Forte meum siquis te percontabitur aeuum,

me quater undenos sciat impleuisse Decembris
collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

Liber II

I

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem
si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.
Romulus et Liber pater et cum Castore Pollux,
post ingentia facta deorum in templa recepti,
dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt,
plorauere suis non respondere fauorem
speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit hydram
notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
comperit inuidiam supremo fine domari.
Vrit enim fulgore suo qui praegrauat artes
infra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.
Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores
iurandasque tuom per numen ponimus aras,
nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hic populus sapiens et iustus in uno
te nostris ducibus, te Grais anteferendo
cetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
aestimat et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
temporibus defuncta uidet, fastidit et odit,
sic fautor ueterum ut tabulas peccare uetantis,
quas bis quinque uiri sanxerunt, foedera regum
uel Gabiis uel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
pontificum libros, annosa uolumina uatum

dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
scripta uel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
scriptores trutina, non est quod multa loquamur:
nihil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri;
uenimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus atque
psallimus et luctamur Achiuis doctius unctis.
Si meliora dies, ut uina, poemata reddit,
scire uelim chartis pretium quotus adroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
perfectos ueteresque referri debet an inter
uilis atque nouos? Excludat iurgia finis.
'Est uetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.'
Quid? Qui deperiit minor uno mense uel anno,
inter quos referendus erit? Veteresne poetas
an quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?
'Iste quidem ueteres inter ponetur honeste
qui uel mense breui uel toto est iunior anno.'
Vtor permisso caudaeque pilos ut equinae
paulatim uello et demo unum, demo etiam unum,
dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acerui
qui redit in fastos et uirtutem aestimat annis
miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacrauit.
Ennius, et sapiens et fortis et alter Homerus,
ut critici dicunt, leuiter curare uidetur
quo promissa cadant et somnia Pythagorea.
Naeuius in manibus non est et mentibus haeret
paene recens? Adeo sanctum est uetus omne poema.
Ambigitur quotiens uter utro sit prior, aufert

Paccuuius docti famam senis, Accius alti,
dicitur Afrani toga conuenisse Menandro,
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,
uincere Caecilius grauitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediscit et hos arto stipata theatro
spectat Roma potens; habet hos numeratque poetas
ad nostrum tempus Liui scriptoris ab aeuo.
Interdum uolgus rectum uidet, est ubi peccat.
Si ueteres ita miratur laudatque poetas
ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat;
si quaedam nimis antique, si pleraque dure
dicere credit eos, ignaue multa fatetur,
et sapit et mecum facit et Ioue iudicat aequo.
Non equidem insector delendaue carmina Liui
esse reor, memini quae plagosum mihi paruo
Orbilium dictare; sed emendata uideri
pulchraque et exactis minimum distantia miror.
Inter quae uerbum emicuit si forte decorum,
si uersus paulo concinnior unus et alter,
iniuste totum ducit uenditque poema.
Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
compositum inlepideue putetur, sed quia nuper,
nec ueniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.
Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attae
fabula si dubitem, clament periisse pudorem
cuncti paene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner
quae grauis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit,
uel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
uel quia turpe putant parere minoribus et, quae

inberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Iam Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud
quod mecum ignorat solus uolt scire uideri,
ingeniis non ille fauet plauditque sepultis,
nostra sed inpugnat, nos nostraque liuidus odit.
Quodsi tam Graecis nouitas inuisa fuisset
quam nobis, quid nunc esset uetus? Aut quid haberet
quod legeret tereretque uiritim publicus usus?
Vt primum positis nugari Graecia bellis
coepit et in uitium fortuna labier aequa,
nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum,
marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amauit,
suspendit picta uoltum mentemque tabella,
nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gauisa tragoedis;
sub nutrice puella uelut si luderet infans,
quod cupide petiit mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae uentique secundi.
Romae dulce diu fuit et sollemne reclusa
mane domo uigilare, clienti promere iura,
cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,
maiores audire, minori dicere per quae
crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutauit mentem populus leuis et calet uno
scribendi studio; pueri patresque seueri
fronde comas uincti cenant et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me adfirmo scribere uersus,
inuenior Parthis mendacior et prius orto
sole uigil calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

Nauim agere ignarus nauis timet; habrotonum aegro
non audet nisi qui didicit dare; quod medicorum est
promittunt medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:
scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
Hic error tamen et leuis haec insania quantas
uirtutes habeat, sic collige: uatis auarus
non temere est animus; uersus amat, hoc studet
unum;
detrimenta, fugas seruorum, incendia ridet;
non fraudem socio pueroue incogitat ullam
pupillo; uiuit siliquis et pane secundo;
militiae quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi,
si das hoc, paruis quoque rebus magna iuuari.
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat,
torquet ab obscenis iam nunc sermonibus aurem,
mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
asperitatis et inuidiae corrector et irae,
recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis
instruit exemplis, inopem solatur et aegrum.
Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
disceret unde preces, uatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus et praesentia numina sentit,
caelestis implorat aquas docta prece blandus,
auertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit,
impetrat et pacem et locupletem frugibus annum;
carmine di superi placantur, carmine Manes.
Agricolae prisci, fortes paruoque beati,
condita post frumenta leuantes tempore festo

corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
cum sociis operum pueris et coniuge fida
Tellurem porco, Siluanum lacte piabant,
floribus et uino Genium memorem breuis aeui.
Fescennina per hunc inuenta licentia morem
uersibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit,
libertasque recurrentis accepta per annos
lusit amabiliter, donec iam saeuos apertam
in rabiem coepit uerti iocus et per honestas
ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
dente lacessiti, fuit intactis quoque cura
condicione super communi; quin etiam lex
poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
describi; uertere modum, formidine fustis
ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.
Graecia capta ferum uictorem cepit et artes
intulit agresti Latio; sic horridus ille
defluxit numerus Saturnius, et graue uirus
munditiae pepulere; sed in longum tamen aeuum
manserunt hodieque manent uestigia ruris.
Serus enim Graecis admouit acumina chartis
et post Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
quid Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylos utile ferrent.
Temptauit quoque rem si digne uertere posset,
et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer;
nam spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet,
sed turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
sudoris minimum, sed habet comoedia tanto

plus oneris, quanto ueniae minus. Aspice, Plautus
quo pacto partis tutetur amantis ephebi,
ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi,
quantus sit Dossennus edacibus in parasitis,
quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco;
gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere, post hoc
securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scaenam uentoso Gloria curru
exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat;
sic leue, sic paruum est animum quod laudis auarum
subruit aut reficit. Valeat res ludicra, si me
palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
quod numero plures, uirtute et honore minores,
indocti stolidique et depugnare parati
si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
aut ursum aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum equitis quoque iam migrauit ab aure uoluptas
omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia uana.
Quattuor aut pluris aulaea premuntur in horas
dum fugiunt equitum turmae peditumque cateruae;
mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naues,
captiuum portatur ebur, captiua Corinthus.
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, seu
diuersum confusa genus panthera camelo
siue elephans albus uolgi conuerteret ora;

spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis
ut sibi praebentem nimio spectacula plura;
scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
fabellam surdo. Nam quae peruincere uoces
eualuere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuscum,
tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur et artes
diuitiaeque peregrinae, quibus oblitus actor
cum stetit in scaena, concurrit dextera laeuae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino uiolas imitata ueneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,
cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne,
ille per extentum funem mihi posse uidetur
ire poeta meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
inritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
Verum age et his, qui se lectori credere malunt
quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
curam redde breuem, si munus Apolline dignum
uis complere libris et uatibus addere calcar,
ut studio maiore petant Helicona uirentem.
Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae
(ut uineta egomet caedam mea), cum tibi librum
sollicito damus aut fesso; cum laedimur, unum
si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere uersum;
cum loca iam recitata reuoluimus inreuocati;
cum lamentamur non apparere labores
nostros et tenui deducta poemata filo;

cum speramus eo rem uenturam ut, simul atque
carmina rescieris non fingere, commodus ultro
arcessas et egere uetes et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est operae pretium cognoscere qualis
aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
uirtus, indigno non committenda poetae.
Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilos, incultis qui uersibus et male natis
rettulit acceptos, regale nomisma, Philippos.
Sed ueluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
attramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poema
qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
edicto uetuit nequis se praeter Apellen
pingeret aut alius Lysippo duceret aera
fortis Alexandri uoltum simulantia. Quodsi
iudicium subtile uidendis artibus illud
ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona uocares,
Boeotum in crasso iurares aere natum.
At neque dedecorant tua de se iudicia atque
munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt
dilecti tibi Vergilius Variusque poetae,
nec magis expressi uoltus per aenea signa
quam per uatis opus mores animique uirorum
clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallem
repentis per humum quam res componere gestas
terrarumque situs et flumina dicere et arces
montibus impositas et barbara regna tuisque
auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,

claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Ianum
et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam,
si, quantum cuperem, possem quoque; sed neque paruom
carmen maiestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
rem temptare pudor, quam uires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem stulte quem diligit urget,
praecipue cum se numeris commendat et arte;
discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud
quod quis deridet quam quod probat et ueneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me grauat, ac neque ficto
in peius uoltu proponi cereus usquam
nec praue factis decorari uersibus opto,
ne rubeam pingui donatus munere et una
cum scriptore meo capsa porrectus operta
deferar in uicum uendentem tus et odores
et piper et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

II

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
siquis forte uelit puerum tibi uendere natum
Tibure uel Gabiis et tecum sic agat: ‘Hic et
candidus et talos a uertice pulcher ad imos
fiet eritque tuus nummorum milibus octo,
uerna ministeriis ad nutus aptus erilis,
litterulis Graecis inbutus, idoneus arti
cuilibet; argilla quiduis imitaberis uda;
quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promissa leuant, ubi plenius aequo
laudat uenalis qui uolt extrudere merces.
Res urget me nulla; meo sum pauper in aere.
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi; non temere a me
quiuis ferret idem. Semel hic cessauit et, ut fit,
in scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae’;
des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit,
ille ferat pretium poenae securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti uitiosum, dicta tibi est lex;
insequeris tamen hunc et lite moraris iniqua?
Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
talibus officiis prope mancum, ne mea saeuos
iurgares ad te quod epistula nulla rediret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia iura
si tamen adtemptas? Quereris super hoc etiam quod
expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
Luculli miles collecta uiatica multis

aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
perdiderat; post hoc uehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
iratus pariter, ieiunis dentibus acer,
praesidium regale loco deiecit, ut aiunt,
summe munito et multarum diuite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum donis ornatur honestis,
accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
Forte sub hoc tempus castellum euertere praetor
nescio quod cupiens hortari coepit eundem
uerbis quae timido quoque possent addere mentem;
'I, bone, quo uirtus tua te uocat, i pede fausto,
grandia laturus meritorum praemia. Quid stas?'
Post haec ille catus, quantumuis rusticus: 'Ibit,
ibit eo, quo uis, qui zonam perdidit' inquit.
Romae nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri
iratus Grais quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adiecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae,
scilicet ut uellem curuo dinoscere rectum
atque inter siluas Academi quaerere uerum.
Dura sed emouere loco me tempora grato
ciuilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma
Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Vnde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
decisis humilem pinnis inopemque paterni
et laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax
ut uersus facerem; sed quod non desit habentem
quae poterunt umquam satis expurgare cicutae,
ni melius dormire putem quam scribere uersus?
Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;

eripuere iocos, uenerem, conuiuia, ludum;
tendunt extorquere poemata; quid faciam uis?
Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque;
carmine tu gaudes, hic delectatur iambis,
ille Bioneis sermonibus et sale nigro.
Tres mihi conuiuae prope dissentire uidentur,
poscentes uario multum diuersa palato.
Quis dem? Quid non dem? Renuis quod tu, iubet alter;
quod petis, id sane est inuisum acidumque duobus.
Praeter cetera me Romaene poemata censes
scribere posse inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum uocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
omnibus officiis; cubat hic in colle Quirini,
hic extremo in Auentino, uisendus uterque;
interualla uides humane commoda. 'Verum
purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.'
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor,
torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum,
tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris,
hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus;
i nunc et uersus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbem,
rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis et umbra;
tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
uis canere et contracta sequi uestigia uatum?
Ingenium, sibi quod uacuas desumpsit Athenas
et studiis annos septem dedit insenuitque

libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
plerumque et risu populum quatit: hic ego, rerum
fluctibus in mediis et tempestatibus urbis,
uerba lyrae motura sonum conectere digner?
Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor, ut alter
alterius sermone meros audiret honores,
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Qui minus argutos uexat furor iste poetas?
Carmina compono, hic elegos, 'mirabile uisu
caelatumque nouem Musis opus.' Aspice primum
quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum
spectemus uacuam Romanis uatibus aedem;
mox etiam, si forte uacas, sequere et procul audi
quid ferat et qua re sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis nisi Callimachus? Si plus adposcere uisus,
fit Mimnermus et optiuo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero ut placem genus inritabile uatum,
cum scribo et supplex populi suffragia capto;
idem finitis studiis et mente recepta
opturem patulas impune legentibus auris.
Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina; uerum
gaudent scribentes et se uenerantur et ultro,
si taceas, laudant quicquid scripsere beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;
audebit, quaecumque parum splendoris habebunt

et sine pondere erunt et honore indigna ferentur,
uerba mouere loco, quamuis inuita recedant
et uersentur adhuc inter penetralia Vestae;
obscurata diu populo bonus eruet atque
proferet in lucem speciosa uocabula rerum,
quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
nunc situs informis premit et deserta uetustas;
adsciscet noua, quae genitor produxerit usus.
Vehemens et liquidus puroque simillimus amni
fundet opes Latiumque beabit diuite lingua;
luxuriantia compescet, nimis aspera sano
leuabit cultu, uirtute carentia tollet,
ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur, ut qui
nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa mouetur.
Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque uideri,
dum mea delectent mala me uel denique fallant,
quam sapere et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos
in uacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro,
cetera qui uitae seruaret munia recto
more, bonus sane uicinus, amabilis hospes,
comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere seruis
et signo laeso non insanire lagoenae,
posset qui rupem et puteum uitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco
et redit ad sese: ‘Pol, me occidistis, amici,
non seruastis’ ait, ‘cui sic extorta uoluptas
et demptus per uim mentis gratissimus error.’

Nimirum sapere est abiectis utile nugis,
et tempestiuum pueris concedere ludum,
ac non uerba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
sed uerae numerosque modosque ediscere uitae.
Quocirca mecum loquor haec tacitusque recordor:
‘Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,
narrares medicis; quod, quanto plura parasti,
tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
Si uolnus tibi monstrata radice uel herba
non fieret leuius, fugeres radice uel herba
proficiente nihil curarier; audieras, cui
rem di donarent, illi decedere prauam
stultitiam, et cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?
At si diuitiae prudentem reddere possent,
si cupidum timidumque minus te, nempe ruberes,
uiueret in terris te siquis auarior uno.
Si proprium est quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,
quaedam, si credis consultis, mancipat usus,
qui te pascit ager, tuus est, et uilicus Orbi,
cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
te dominum sentit. Das nummos, accipis uuam,
pullos, oua, cadum temeti; nempe modo isto
paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis
aut etiam supra nummorum milibus emptum.
Quid refert, uiuas numerato nuper an olim?
Emptor Aricini quoniam Veientis et arui
emptum cenat holus, quamuis aliter putat, emptis

sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat aenum,
sed uocat usque suum, qua populus adsita certis
limitibus uicina refugit iurgia; tamquam
sit proprium quicquam, puncto quod mobilis horae
nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc ui, nunc morte suprema
permutet dominos et cedat in altera iura.
Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus et heres
heredem alterius uelut unda superuenit undam,
quid uici prosunt aut horrea? Quid Calabris
saltibus adiecti Lucani, si metit Orcus
grandia cum paruis, non exorabilis auro?
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
argentum, uestes Gaetulo murice tinctas
sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.
Cur alter fratrum cessare et ludere et ungui
praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus, alter
diues et inportunus ad umbram lucis ab ortu
siluestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum,
scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
naturae deus humanae, mortalis in unum
quodque caput, uoltu mutabilis, albus et ater.
Vtar et ex modico, quantum res poscet, aceruo
tollam, nec metuam quid de me iudicet heres,
quod non plura datis inuenerit; et tamen idem
scire uolam quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
discrepet et quantum discordet parcus auaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus an neque

sumptum
inuitus facias neque plura parare labores,
ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies inmunda domus procul absit; ego utrum
naue ferar magna an parua, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis uelis Aquilone secundo;
non tamen aduersis aetatem ducimus Austris,
uiribus, ingenio, specie, uirtute, loco, re
extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
Non es auarus: abi. Quid? Cetera iam simul isto
cum uitio fugere? Caret tibi pectus inani
ambitione? Caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides?
Natalis grate numeras? Ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta iuuat spinis de pluribus una?
Viuere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
rideat et pulset lasciua decentius aetas.’

CARMEN SAECULARE

Phoebe silvarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,
quo Sibyllini monuere versus
virgines lectas puerosque castos
dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
dicere carmen.
alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas aliusque et idem
nasceris, possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius.
Rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
sive tu Lucina probas vocari
seu Genitalis:
diva, producas subolem patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque novae feraci
lege marita,
certus undenos deciens per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentis.
Vosque, veraces cecinisse Parcae,
quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum

terminus servet, bona iam peractis
iungite fata.
fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iovis aurae.
condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas.
Roma si vestrum est opus Iliaeque
litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare lares et urbem
sospite cursu,
cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum munivit iter, daturus
plura relictis:
di, probos mores docili iuventae,
di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne.
Quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
lenis in hostem.
iam mari terraque manus potentis
Medus Albanasque timet securis,
iam Scythae responsa petunt, superbi

nuper et Indi.
iam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
audet adparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.
Augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
qui salutari levat arte fessos
corporis artus,
si Palatinas videt aequos aras,
remque Romanam Latiumque felix
alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
prorogat aevum,
quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
quindecim Diana preces virorum
curat et votis puerorum amicas
adplicat auris.
Haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

ARS POETICA

Humano capiti ceruicem pictor equinam
iungere si uelit et uarias inducere plumas
undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
persimilem, cuius, uelut aegri somnia, uanae
fingentur species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
reddatur formae. “Pictoribus atque poetis
quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.”
Scimus, et hanc ueniam petimusque damusque uicissim,
sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
serpentes auibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis grauibus plerumque et magna professis
purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
adsuitur pannus, cum lucus et ara Dianae
et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros
aut flumen Rhenum aut pluuius describitur arcus;
sed nunc non erat his locus. Et fortasse cupressum
scis simulare; quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
nauibus, aere dato qui pingitur? Amphora coepit
institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quod uis, simplex dumtaxat et unum.

Maxima pars uatum, pater et iuuenes patre digni,
decipimur specie recti. Breuis esse laboro,

obscurus fio; sectantem leuia nerui
deficiunt animique; professus grandia turget;
serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellae;
qui uariare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
delphinum siluis adpingit, fluctibus aprum.
In uitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.
Aemilium circa ludum faber imus et unguis
exprimet et mollis imitabitur aere capillos,
infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
nesciet. Hunc ego me, siquid componere curem,
non magis esse uelim quam naso uiuere prauo
spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam uestris, qui scribitis, aequam
uiribus et uersate diu quid ferre recusent,
quid ualeant umeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis haec uirtus erit et uenus, aut ego fallor,
ut iam nunc dicat iam nunc debentia dici,
pleraque differat et praesens in tempus omittat,
hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.

In uerbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis
dixeris egregie, notum si callida uerbum
reddiderit iunctura nouum. Si forte necesse est
indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum, et
fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
continget dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter,
et noua fictaque nuper habebunt uerba fidem, si
Graeco fonte cadent parce detorta. Quid autem
Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum

Vergilio Varioque? Ego cur, adquirere pauca
si possum, inuideor, cum lingua Catonis et Enni
sermonem patrium ditauerit et noua rerum
nomina protulerit? Licuit semperque licebit
signatum praesente nota producere nomen.
Vt siluae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
prima cadunt, ita uerborum uetus interit aetas,
et iuuenum ritu florent modo nata uigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque. Siue receptus
terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
regis opus, sterilisue diu palus aptaque remis
uicinas urbes alit et graue sentit aratrum,
seu cursum mutauit iniquom frugibus amnis,
doctus iter melius, mortalia facta peribunt,
nedum sermonem stet honos et gratia uiuax.
Multa renascentur quae iam cecidere, cadentque
quae nunc sunt in honore uocabula, si uolet usus,
quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi.

Res gestae regumque ducumque et tristia bella
quo scribi possent numero, monstrauit Homerus.
Versibus impariter iunctis querimonia primum,
post etiam inclusa est uoti sententia compos;
quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
grammatici certant et adhuc sub iudice lis est.
Archilochum proprio rabies armauit iambo;
hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque coturni,
alternis aptum sermonibus et popularis
uincentem strepitus et natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus diuos puerosque deorum

et pugilem uictorem et equom certamine primum
et iuuenum curas et libera uina referre.
Discriptas seruare uices operumque colores
cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire pudens praue quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non uult;
indignatur item priuatis ac prope socco
dignis carminibus narrari cena Thyestae.
Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decentem.
Interdum tamen et uocem comoedia tollit,
iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque
proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia uerba,
si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querella.
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto
et, quocumque uolent, animum auditoris agunto.
Vt ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adsunt
humani uoltus; si uis me flere, dolendum est
primum ipsi tibi; tum tua me infortunia laedent,
Telephe uel Peleu; male si mandata loqueris,
aut dormitabo aut ridebo. Tristia maestum
uoltum uerba decent, iratum plena minarum,
ludentem lasciua, seuerum seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius non intus ad omnem
fortunarum habitum; iuuat aut impellit ad iram,
aut ad humum maerore graui deducit et angit;
post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,

Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, diuosne loquatur an heros,
maturusne senex an adhuc florente iuuenta
feruidus, et matrona potens an sedula nutrix,
mercatorne uagus cultorne uirentis agelli,
Colchus an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis.
Aut famam sequere aut sibi conuenientia finge
scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer
iura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox inuictaque, flebilis Ino,
perfidus Ixion, Io uaga, tristis Orestes.
Siquid inexpertum scaenae committis et audes
personam formare nouam, seruetur ad imum
qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.
Difficile est proprie communia dicere, tuque
rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies priuati iuris erit, si
non circa uilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
nec uerbo uerbum curabis reddere fidus
interpres nec desilies imitator in artum,
unde pedem proferre pudor uetet aut operis lex.
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
“Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum”.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte:
“Dic mihi, Musa, uirum, captae post tempora Troiae

qui mores hominum multorum uidit et urbes".
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten Scyllamque et cum Cyclope Charybdim.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
nec gemino bellum Troianum orditur ab ouo;
semper ad euentum festinat et in medias res
non secus ac notas auditorem rapit, et quae
desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit,
atque ita mentitur, sic ueris falsa remiscet,
primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu quid ego et populus mecum desideret audi,
si plosoris eges aulaea manentis et usque
sessuri donec cantor. "Vos plaudite" dicat.
Aetatis cuiusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.
Reddere qui uoces iam scit puer et pede certo
signat humum, gestit paribus conludere et iram
colligit ac ponit temere et mutatur in horas.
inberbus iuuenis tandem custode remoto
gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine Campi,
cereus in uitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
utilium tardus prouisor, prodigus aeris,
sublimis cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix.
Conuersis studiis aetas animusque uirilis
quaerit opes et amicitias, inseruit honori,
commisisse cauet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumueniunt incommoda, uel quod

quaerit et inuentis miser abstinet ac timet uti,
uel quod res omnis timide gelideque ministrat,
dilator, spe longus, iners auidusque futuri,
difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
se puero, castigator censorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni uenientes commoda secum,
multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
mandentur iuueni partes pueroque uiriles;
semper in adiunctis aeuoque morabitur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scaenis aut acta refertur.
Segnius inritant animos demissa per aurem
quam quae sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus et quae
ipse sibi tradit spectator; non tamen intus
digna geri promes in scaenam multaque tolles
ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praesens.
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
aut in auem Procne uertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neue minor neu sit quinto productior actu
fabula, quae posci uolt et spectanda reponi;
nec deus intersit, nisi dignus uindice nodus
inciderit; nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partis chorus officiumque uirile
defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus,
quod non proposito conducat et haereat apte.
Ille bonis faueatque et consilietur amice
et regat iratos et amet peccare timentis;
ille dapes laudet mensae breuis, ille salubrem

iustitiam legesque et apertis otia portis;
ille tegat commissa deosque precetur et oret,
ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco uincta tubaeque
aemula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco
adspirare et adesse choris erat utilis atque
nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote paruos,
et frugi castusque uerecundusque coibat.
Postquam coepit agros extendere uictor et urbes
latior amplecti murus uinoque diurno
placari Genius festis impune diebus,
accessit numerisque modisque licentia maior.
Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum
rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscae motumque et luxuriem addidit arti
tibicen traxitque uagus per pulpita uestem;
sic etiam fidibus uoces creuere seueris
et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps,
utiliumque sagax rerum et diuina futuri
sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
Carmine qui tragico uilem certauit ob hircum,
mox etiam agrestis Satyros nudauit et asper
incolumi grauitate iocum temptauit eo quod
inlecebris erat et grata nouitate morandus
spectator functusque sacris et potus et exlex.
Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicacis
conueniet Satyros, ita uertere seria ludo,
ne quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,

regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas,
aut, dum uitat humum, nubes et inania captet.
Effutire leuis indigna tragoedia uersus,
ut festis matrona moueri iussa diebus,
intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda proteruis.
Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum
uerbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo,
nec sic enitar tragico diferre colori
ut nihil intersit Dauusne loquatur et audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
an custos famulusque dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quiuis
speret idem, sudet multum frustraque laboret
ausus idem; tantum series iuncturaque pollet,
tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
Siluis deducti caueant me iudice Fauni
ne, uelut innati triuiis ac paene forenses,
aut nimium teneris iuuenentur uersibus unquam
aut inmunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta;
offenduntur enim quibus est equos et pater et res,
nec, siquid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emptor,
aequis accipiunt animis donantue corona.

Syllaba longa breui subiecta uocatur iambus,
pes citus; unde etiam trimetris adcrescere iussit
nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
primus ad extremum similis sibi; non ita pridem,
tardior ut paulo grauiorque ueniret ad auris,
spondeos stabilis in iura paterna recepit

commodus et patiens, non ut de sede secunda
cederet aut quarta socialiter. Hic et in Acci
nobilibus trimetris adparet rarus, et Enni
in scaenam missos cum magno pondere uersus
aut operae celeris nimium curaque carentis
aut ignoratae premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quiuis uidet inmodulata poemata iudex,
et data Romanis uenia est indigna poetis.
Idcircone uager scribamque licenter? An omnis
uisuros peccata putem mea, tutus et intra
spem ueniae cautus? Vitaui denique culpam,
non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Graeca
nocturna uersate manu, uersate diurna.
At uestri proaui Plautinos et numeros et
laudauere sales, nimium patienter utrumque,
ne dicam stulte, mirati, si modo ego et uos
scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto
legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
Ignotum tragicae genus inuenisse Camenae
dicitur et plaustris uexisse poemata Thespis
quae canerent agerentque peruncti faecibus ora.
Post hunc personae pallaeque repertor honestae
Aeschylus et modicis instrauit pulpita tignis
et docuit magnumque loqui nitique coturno.
Successit uetus his comoedia, non sine multa
laude; sed in uitium libertas excidit et uim
dignam lege regi; lex est accepta chorusque
turpiter obticuit sublato iure nocendi.
Nil intemptatum nostri liquere poetae,

nec minimum meruere decus uestigia Graeca
ausi deserere et celebrare domestica facta,
uel qui praetextas uel qui docuere togatas.
Nec uirtute foret clarisue potentius armis
quam lingua Latium, si non offenderet unum
quemque poetarum limae labor et mora. Vos, o
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
multa dies et multa litura coercuit atque
praesectum deciens non castigauit ad unguem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
credit et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea uitat;
nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetae,
si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego laeuus
qui purgor bilem sub uerni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata; uerum
nil tanti est. Ergo fungar uice cotis, acutum
reddere quae ferrum ualet exsors ipsa secandi;
munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo,
unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque poetam,
quid deceat, quid non, quo uirtus, quo ferat error.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae,
uerbaque prouisam rem non inuita sequentur.
Qui didicit, patriae quid debeat et quid amicis,
quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes,
quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium, quae

partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profecto
reddere personae scit conuenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar uitae morumque iubebo
doctum imitatorem et uiuas hinc ducere uoces.
Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte
fabula nullius ueneris, sine pondere et arte,
ualdius oblectat populum meliusque moratur
quam uersus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae.
Grais ingenium, Grais dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, praeter laudem nullius auaris;
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
discunt in partis centum diducere. “Dicat
filius Albini: si de quincunce remota est
uncia, quid superat?. . . Poteras dixisse. — Triens. — Eu!
Rem poteris seruare tuam. Redit uncia, quid fit? “
Semis”. An, haec animos aerugo et cura peculi
cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
posse linenda cedro et leui seruanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse uolunt aut delectare poetae
aut simul et iucunda et idonea dicere uitae.
Quicquid praecipies, esto breuis, ut cito dicta
percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles.
Omne superuacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta uoluptatis causa sint proxima ueris,
ne quodcumque uolet poscat sibi fabula credi,
neu pransae Lamiae uiuum puerum extrahat aluo.
Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
celsi praetereunt austera poemata Ramnes.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
lectorem delectando pariterque monendo;
hic meret aera liber Sosiis, hic et mare transit
et longum noto scriptori prorogat aeuum.
Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignouisse uelimus;
nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem uolt manus et mens,
poscentique grauem persaepe remittit acutum,
nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
aut humana parum cauit natura. Quid ergo est?
Vt scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
quamuis est monitus, uenia caret, et Citharoedus
ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem,
sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,
quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror; et idem
indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
uerum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Vt pictura poesis; erit quae, si propius stes,
te capiat magis, et quaedam, si longius abstes;
haec amat obscurum, uolet haec sub luce uideri,
iudicis argutum quae non formidat acumen;
haec placuit semel, haec deciens repetita placebit.
O maior iuuenum, quamuis et uoce paterna
fingeris ad rectum et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
tolle memor, certis medium et tolerabile rebus
recte concedi; consultus iuris et actor
causarum mediocris abest uirtute diserti

Messallae nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus,
sed tamen in pretio est; mediocribus esse poetis
non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.
Vt gratas inter mensas symphonia discors
et crassum unguentum et Sardo cum melle papauer
offendunt, poterat duci quia cena sine istis,
sic animis natum inuentumque poema iuuandis,
si paulum summo decessit, uergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
indoctusque pilae discriue trochiue quiescit,
ne spissae risum tollant impune coronae;
qui nescit, uersus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
Liber et ingenuus, praesertim census equestrem
summam nummorum uitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil inuita dices faciesue Minerua;
id tibi iudicium est, ea mens. Siquid tamen olim
scripseris, in Maeci descendat iudicis auris
et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum
membranis intus positis; delere licebit
quod non edideris; nescit uox missa reuerti.

Siluestris homines sacer interpresque deorum
caedibus et uictu foedo deterruit Orpheus,
dictus ob hoc lenire tigris rabidosque leones;
dictus et Amphion, Thebanae conditor urbis,
saxa mouere sono testudinis et prece blanda
ducere quo uellet. Fuit haec sapientia quondam,
publica priuatis secernere, sacra profanis,
concubitu prohibere uago, dare iura maritis,

oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen diuinis uatibus atque
carminibus uenit. Post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella
uersibus exacuit, dictae per carmina sortes,
et uitae monstrata uia est et gratia regum
Pieriis temptata modis ludusque repertus
et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori
sit tibi Musa lyrae sollers et cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen an arte,
quaesitum est; ego nec studium sine diuite uena
nec rude quid prosit uideo ingenium; alterius sic
altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
multa tulit fecitque puer, sudauit et alsit,
abstinuit uenere et uino; qui Pythia cantat
tibicen, didicit prius extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse: “Ego mira poemata pango;
occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est
et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.”

Vt praeco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
adsentatores iubet ad lucrum ire poeta
diues agris, diues positis in fenore nummis.
Si uero est unctum qui recte ponere possit
et spondere leui pro paupere et eripere atris
litibus implicitum, mirabor si sciet inter
noscere mendacem uerumque beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris seu quid donare uoles cui,
nolito ad uersus tibi factos ducere plenum

laetitiae; clamabit enim: “Pulchre, bene, recte”,
pallescet super his, etiam stillabit amicis
ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.
Vt qui conducti plorant in funere dicunt
et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo, sic
derisor uero plus laudatore mouetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culillis
et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent
an sit amicitia dignus; si carmina condes,
numquam te fallent animi sub uolpe latentes.
Quintilio siquid recitares: “Corrige, sodes,
hoc” aiebat “et hoc”; melius te posse negares,
bis terque expertum frustra; delere iubebat
et male tornatos incudi reddere uersus.
Si defendere delictum quam uertere malles,
nullum ultra uerbum aut operam insumebat inanem,
quin sine riuali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens uersus reprehendet inertis,
culpabit duros, incomptis adlinet atrum
transuorso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,
arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit,
fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet: “Cur ego amicum
offendam in nugis?” Hae nugae seria ducent
in mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Vt mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget
aut fanaticus error et iracunda Diana,
uesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
qui sapiunt; agitant pueri incautique sequuntur.

Hic dum sublimis uersus ructatur et errat,
si ueluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
in puteum foueamue, licet “succurrite” longum
clamet “io ciues”, non sit qui tollere curet.
Si curet quis opem ferre et demittere funem,
“qui scis an prudens huc se deiecerit atque
seruari nolit?” dicam, Siculique poetae
narrabo interitum. Deus inmortalis haberi
dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam
insiluit. Sit ius liceatque perire poetis;
inuitum qui seruat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit nec, si retractus erit, iam
fiet homo et ponet famosae mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet cur uersus factitet, utrum
minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
mouerit incestus; certe furit, ac uelut ursus,
obiectos caueae ualuit si frangere clatros,
indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus;
quem uero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo,
non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Dual Texts

The city Brindisi in the Apulia region of Italy. In 37 BC, Horace accompanied Maecenas on a journey to Brundisium, as famously described in one of his satires, narrating a series of amusing incidents with other friends, including Virgil, along the way. The journey was actually political in its motivation, with Maecenas en route to negotiate the Treaty of Tarentum with Antony, a fact Horace artfully keeps from the reader.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXTS

Translated by C. Smart

In this section readers can view a ‘poem by poem’ text, alternating between Horace’s Latin and Smart’s English translation of the Odes and Epodes.

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ODES

Liber I

I

Maecenas atauis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo puluerem Olympicum
collegisse iuuat metaque feruidis
euitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos euehit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo
quicquid de Libycis uerritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam demoueas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pauidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec ueteris pocula Massici
nec partem solido demere de die
spernit, nunc uiridi membra sub arbuto
stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
Multos castra iuuant et lituo tubae
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
detestata. Manet sub Ioue frigido
uenator tenerae coniugis inmemor,

seu uisa est catulis cerua fidelibus,
seu rupit teretis Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederae praemia frontium
dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leues cum Satyris chori
secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis uatibus inseres,
sublimi feriam sidera uertice.

ODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, descended from royal ancestors, O both my protection and my darling honor! There are those whom it delights to have collected Olympic dust in the chariot race; and *[whom]* the goal nicely avoided by the glowing wheels, and the noble palm, exalts, lords of the earth, to the gods.

This man, if a crowd of the capricious Quirites strive to raise him to the highest dignities; another, if he has stored up in his own granary whatsoever is swept from the Libyan thrashing floors: him who delights to cut with the hoe his patrimonial fields, you could never tempt, for all the wealth of Attalus, *[to become]* a timorous sailor and cross the Myrtoan sea in a Cyprian bark. The merchant, dreading the

south-west wind contending with the Icarian waves, commends tranquility and the rural retirement of his village; but soon after, incapable of being taught to bear poverty, he refits his shattered vessel. There is another, who despises not cups of old Massic, taking a part from the entire day, one while stretched under the green arbute, another at the placid head of some sacred stream.

The camp, and the sound of the trumpet mingled with that of the clarion, and wars detested by mothers, rejoice many.

The huntsman, unmindful of his tender spouse, remains in the cold air, whether a hart is held in view by his faithful hounds, or a Marsian boar has broken the fine-wrought toils.

Ivy, the reward of learned brows, equals me with the gods above: the cool grove, and the light dances of nymphs and satyrs, distinguish me from the crowd; if neither Euterpe withholds her pipe, nor Polyhymnia disdains to tune the Lesbian lyre. But, if you rank me among the lyric poets, I shall tower to the stars with my exalted head.

II

Iam satis terris niuis atque dirae
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
terruit Vrbem,

terruit gentis, graue ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae noua monstra questae,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
uisere montis,

piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pauidae natarunt
aequore dammae.

Vidimus flauom Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco uiolenter undis
ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestae,

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, uagus et sinistra
labitur ripa Ioue non probante
uxorius amnis.

Audiet ciuis acuisse ferrum,
quo graues Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas uitio parentum
rara iuuentus.

Quem uocet diuum populus ruentis
imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent
uirgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partis scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem uenias precamur,
nube candentis umeros amictus,
augur Apollo,

siue tu mauis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circumuolat et Cupido,
siue neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis, auctor,

heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem iuuat clamor galeaeque leues,
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
uoltus in hostem,

siue mutata iuuenem figura
ales in terris imitaris, almae
filius Maiae, patiens uocari
Caesaris ultor.

Serus in caelum redeas diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neue te nostris vitiis iniquum
ocior aura

tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
te duce, Caesar.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CAESAR

Enough of snow and dreadful hail has the Sire now sent upon the earth, and having hurled *[his thunderbolts]* with his red right hand against the sacred towers, he has terrified the city; he has terrified the nations, lest the grievous age of Pyrrha, complaining of prodigies till then unheard of, should return, when Proteus drove all his *[marine]* herd to visit the lofty mountains; and the fishy race were entangled in the elm top, which before was the frequented seat of doves; and the timorous deer swam in the overwhelming flood. We have seen the yellow Tiber, with his waves forced back with violence from the Tuscan shore, proceed to demolish the monuments of king *[Numa]*, and the temples of Vesta; while he vaunts himself the avenger of the too

disconsolate Ilia, and the uxorious river, leaving his channel, overflows his left bank, notwithstanding the disapprobation of Jupiter.

Our youth, less numerous by the vices of their fathers, shall hear of the citizens having whetted that sword *[against themselves]*, with which it had been better that the formidable Persians had fallen; they shall hear of *[actual]* engagements. Whom of the gods shall the people invoke to the affairs of the sinking empire? With what prayer shall the sacred virgins importune Vesta, who is now inattentive to their hymns? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of expiating our wickedness? Do thou at length, prophetic Apollo, (we pray thee!) come, vailing thy radiant shoulders with a cloud: or thou, if it be more agreeable to thee, smiling Venus, about whom hover the gods of mirth and love: or thou, if thou regard thy neglected race and descendants, our founder Mars, whom clamor and polished helmets, and the terrible aspect of the Moorish infantry against their bloody enemy, delight, satiated at length with thy sport, alas! of too long continuance: or if thou, the winged son of gentle Maia, by changing thy figure, personate a youth upon earth, submitting to be called the avenger of Caesar; late mayest thou return to the skies, and long mayest thou joyously be present to the Roman people; nor may an untimely blast transport thee from us, offended at our crimes. Here mayest thou rather delight in magnificent triumphs,

and to be called father and prince: nor suffer the Parthians with impunity to make incursions, you, O Caesar, being our general.

III

Sic te diua potens Cypri,
sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
uentorumque regat pater
obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,
nauis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium; finibus Atticis
reddas incolumem precor
et serues animae dimidium meae.
Illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
quo non arbiter Hadriae
maior, tollere seu ponere uolt freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
qui uidit mare turbidum et
infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam deus abscidit
prudens Oceano dissociabili
terras, si tamen impiae
non tangenda rates transiliunt uada.
Audax omnia perpeti
gens humana ruit per uetitum nefas;

audax Iapeti genus
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit;
post ignem aetheria domo
subductum macies et noua febrium
terris incubuit cohors
semotique prius tarda necessitas
leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus uacuum Daedalus aera
pennis non homini datis;
perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est;
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
per nostrum patimur scelus
iracunda Iouem ponere fulmina.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP, IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL TO ATHENS.

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus; so may the bright stars, the brothers of Helen; and so may the father of the winds, confining all except Iapyx, direct thee, O ship, who art intrusted with Virgil; my prayer is, that thou mayest land him safe on the Athenian shore, and preserve the half of my soul. Surely oak and three-fold brass surrounded his heart who first trusted a frail vessel to the merciless ocean, nor was afraid of the impetuous Africus contending

with the northern storms, nor of the mournful Hyades, nor of the rage of Notus, than whom there is not a more absolute controller of the Adriatic, either to raise or assuage its waves at pleasure. What path of death did he fear, who beheld unmoved the rolling monsters of the deep; who beheld unmoved the tempestuous swelling of the sea, and the Acroceraunians — ill-famed rocks?

In vain has God in his wisdom divided the countries of the earth by the separating ocean, if nevertheless profane ships bound over waters not to be violated. The race of man presumptuous enough to endure everything, rushes on through forbidden wickedness.

The presumptuous son of Iapetus, by an impious fraud, brought down fire into the world. After fire was stolen from the celestial mansions, consumption and a new train of fevers settled upon the earth, and the slow approaching necessity of death, which, till now, was remote, accelerated its pace. Daedalus essayed the empty air with wings not permitted to man. The labor of Hercules broke through Acheron. There is nothing too arduous for mortals to attempt. We aim at heaven itself in our folly; neither do we suffer, by our wickedness, Jupiter to lay aside his revengeful thunderbolts.

IV

Soluitur acris hiems grata uice ueris et Fauoni
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum grauis Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens uisit officinas.
Nunc decet aut uiridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae;
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna siue malit haedo.
Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turris. O beate Sesti,
uitae summa breuis spem nos uetat inchoare
longam.
Iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes
et domus exilis Plutonia, quo simul mearis,
nec regna uini sortiere talis
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuuentus
nunc omnis et mox uirgines tepebunt.

ODE IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

Severe winter is melted away beneath the agreeable change of spring and the western breeze; and engines haul down the dry ships. And neither does the cattle any longer delight in the stalls, nor the ploughman in the fireside; nor are the meadows whitened by hoary frosts. Now Cytherean Venus leads off the dance by moonlight; and the comely Graces, in conjunction with the Nymphs, shake the ground with alternate feet; while glowing Vulcan kindles the laborious forges of the Cyclops. Now it is fitting to encircle the shining head either with verdant myrtle, or with such flowers as the relaxed earth produces. Now likewise it is fitting to sacrifice to Faunus in the shady groves, whether he demand a lamb, or be more pleased with a kid. Pale death knocks at the cottages of the poor, and the palaces of kings, with an impartial foot. O happy Sextius! The short sum total of life forbids us to form remote expectations. Presently shall darkness, and the unreal ghosts, and the shadowy mansion of Pluto oppress you; where, when you shall have once arrived, you shall neither decide the dominion of the bottle by dice, nor shall you admire the tender Lycidas, with whom now all the youth is inflamed, and for whom ere long the maidens will grow warm.

V

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flauam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? Heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora uentis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper uacuam, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis. Miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. Me tabula sacer
uotiua paries indicat uuida
suspendisse potenti
uestimenta maris deo.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

What dainty youth, bedewed with liquid perfumes, caresses you, Pyrrha, beneath the pleasant grot, amid a profusion of roses? For whom do you bind your

golden hair, plain in your neatness? Alas! how often shall he deplore your perfidy, and the altered gods; and through inexperience be amazed at the seas, rough with blackening storms who now credulous enjoys you all precious, and, ignorant of the faithless gale, hopes you will be always disengaged, always amiable! Wretched are those, to whom thou untried seemest fair? The sacred wall *[of Neptune's temple]* demonstrates, by a votive tablet, that I have consecrated my dropping garments to the powerful god of the sea.

VI

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
uictor, Maeonii carminis alite,
quam rem cumque ferox nauibus aut equis
    miles te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec grauem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii,
nec cursus duplicis per mare Vlixei
    nec saeuam Pelopis domum

conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
inbellisque lyrae Musa potens uetat
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
    culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut puluere Troico
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
    Tydiden superis parem?

Nos conuiuia, nos proelia uirginum
sectis in iuuenes unguibus acrium
cantamus, uacui siue quid urimur
    non praeter solitum leues.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

You shall be described by Varius, a bird of Maeonian verse, as brave, and a subduer of your enemies, whatever achievements your fierce soldiery shall have accomplished, under your command; either on ship-board or on horseback. We humble writers, O Agrippa, neither undertake these high subjects, nor the destructive wrath of inexorable Achilles, nor the voyages of the crafty Ulysses, nor the cruel house of Pelops: while diffidence, and the Muse who presides over the peaceful lyre, forbid me to diminish the praise of illustrious Caesar, and yours, through defect of genius. Who with sufficient dignity will describe Mars covered with adamantine coat of mail, or Meriones swarthy with Trojan dust, or the son of Tydeus by the favor of Pallas a match for the gods? We, whether free, or ourselves enamored of aught, light as our wont, sing of banquets; we, of the battles of maids desperate against young fellows — with pared nails.

VII

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Ephesum bimarisue Corinthi
moenia uel Baccho Thebas uel Apolline Delphos
insignis aut Thessala Tempe;
sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique decerptam fronti praeponere oliuam;
plurimus in Iunonis honorem
aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas:
me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae
quam domus Albuneae resonantis
et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
mobilibus pomaria riuis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbris
perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam uitaeque labores
molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora populea fertur uinxisse corona,
sic tristis affatus amicos:
‘Quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro:
certus enim promisit Apollo
ambiguam tellure noua Salamina futuram.
O fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe uiri, nunc uino pellite curas;
cras ingens iterabimus aequor.'

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Other poets shall celebrate the famous Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth, situated between two seas, or Thebes, illustrious by Bacchus, or Delphi by Apollo, or the Thessalian Tempe. There are some, whose one task it is to chant in endless verse the city of spotless Pallas, and to prefer the olive culled from every side, to every other leaf. Many a one, in honor of Juno, celebrates Argos, productive of steeds, and rich Mycenae. Neither patient Lacedaemon so much struck me, nor so much did the plain of fertile Larissa, as the house of resounding Albunea, and the precipitately rapid Anio, and the Tiburnian groves, and the orchards watered by ductile rivulets. As the clear south wind often clears away the clouds from a lowering sky, now teems with perpetual showers; so do you, O Plancus, wisely remember to put an end to grief and the toils of life by mellow wine; whether the camp,

refulgent with banners, possess you, or the dense shade of your own Tibur shall detain you. When Teucer fled from Salamis and his father, he is reported, notwithstanding, to have bound his temples, bathed in wine, with a poplar crown, thus accosting his anxious friends: “O associates and companions, we will go wherever fortune, more propitious than a father, shall carry us. Nothing is to be despaired of under Teucer’s conduct, and the auspices of Teucer: for the infallible Apollo has promised, that a Salamis in a new land shall render the name equivocal. O gallant heroes, and often my fellow-sufferers in greater hardships than these, now drive away your cares with wine: to-morrow we will re-visit the vast ocean.”

VIII

Lydia, dic, per omnis
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere, cur apricum
oderit Campum, patiens pulueris atque solis,
cur neque militaris
inter aequalis equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
temperet ora frenis.
Cur timet flauum Tiberim tangere? Cur oliuum
sanguine uiperino
cautius uitat neque iam liuida gestat armis
bracchia, saepe disco
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?
quid latet, ut marinae
filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troia
funera, ne uirilis
cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet cateruas?

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, I conjure thee by all the powers above, to tell me why you are so intent to ruin Sybaris by inspiring him with love? Why hates he the sunny plain, though inured to bear the dust and heat? Why does he neither, in military accouterments, appear

mounted among his equals; nor manage the Gallic steed with bitted reins? Why fears he to touch the yellow Tiber? Why shuns he the oil of the ring more cautiously than viper's blood? Why neither does he, who has often acquired reputation by the quoit, often by the javelin having cleared the mark, any longer appear with arms all black-and-blue by martial exercises? Why is he concealed, as they say the son of the sea-goddess Thetis was, just before the mournful funerals of Troy; lest a manly habit should hurry him to slaughter, and the Lycian troops?

IX

Vides ut alta stet niue candidum
Soracte nec iam sustineant onus
    siluae laborantes geluque
    flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolue frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
    deprome quadrimum Sabina,
    o Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte diuis cetera, qui simul
strauere uentos aequore feruido
    deproeliantis, nec cupressi
    nec ueteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et
quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
     adpone nec dulcis amores
    sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

donec uirenti canities abest
morosa. Nunc et Campus et areae
    lenesque sub noctem susurri
     composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

You see how Soracte stands white with deep snow, nor can the laboring woods any longer support the weight, and the rivers stagnate with the sharpness of the frost. Dissolve the cold, liberally piling up billets on the hearth; and bring out, O Thaliarchus, the more generous wine, four years old, from the Sabine jar. Leave the rest to the gods, who having once laid the winds warring with the fervid ocean, neither the cypresses nor the aged ashes are moved. Avoid inquiring what may happen tomorrow; and whatever day fortune shall bestow on you, score it up for gain; nor disdain, being a young fellow, pleasant loves, nor dances, as long as ill-natured hoariness keeps off from your blooming age. Now let both the Campus Martius and the public walks, and soft whispers at the approach of evening be repeated at the appointed hour: now, too, the delightful laugh, the betrayer of the lurking damsel from some secret corner, and the token ravished from her arms or fingers, pretendingly tenacious of it.

X

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
uoce formasti catus et decorae
more palaestrae,

te canam, magni Iouis et deorum
nuntium curuaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum quicquid placuit iocoso
condere furto.

Te, boues olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
uoce dum terret, uiduus pharetra
risit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio diues Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae
castra fefellit.

Tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus uirgaque leuem coerces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas, thou who artful didst from the savage manners of the early race of men by oratory, and the institution of the graceful Palaestra: I will celebrate thee, messenger of Jupiter and the other gods, and parent of the curved lyre; ingenious to conceal whatever thou hast a mind to, in jocose theft. While Apollo, with angry voice, threatened you, then but a boy, unless you would restore the oxen, previously driven away by your fraud, he laughed, *[when he found himself]* deprived of his quiver *[also]*. Moreover, the wealthy Priam too, on his departure from Ilium, under your guidance deceived the proud sons of Atreus, and the Thessalian watch-lights, and the camp inveterate agaist Troy. You settle the souls of good men in blissful regions, and drive together the airy crowd with your golden rod, acceptable both to the supernal and infernal gods.

XI

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. Vt melius quicquid erit pati!
Seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum, sapias, uina liques et spatio breui
spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit inuida
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

Inquire not, Leuconoe (it is not fitting you should know), how long a term of life the gods have granted to you or to me: neither consult the Chaldean calculations. How much better is it to bear with patience whatever shall happen! Whether Jupiter have granted us more winters, or *[this as]* the last, which now breaks the Etrurian waves against the opposing rocks. Be wise; rack off your wines, and abridge your hopes *[in proportion]* to the shortness of your life. While we are conversing, envious age has been flying; seize the present day, not giving the least credit to the succeeding one.

XII

Quem uirum aut heroa lyra uel acri
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? Cuius recinet iocosa
nomen imago

aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
aut super Pindo gelidoue in Haemo?
Vnde uocalem temere insecutae
Orphea siluae

arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celerisque uentos,
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare ac terras uariisque mundum
temperat horis?

Vnde nil maius generatur ipso
nec uiget quicquam simile aut secundum;
proximos illi tamen occupabit
Pallas honores.

Proeliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et saeuis inimica uirgo
beluis, nec te, metuende certa
Phoebe sagitta.

Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledae,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt uenti fugiuntque nubes
et minax, quod sic uoluere, ponto
unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
prodigum Paulum superante Poeno
gratus insigni referam Camena
Fabriciumque.

Hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeua paupertas et auitus apto
cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto uelut arbor aeuo
fama Marcelli; micat inter omnis
Iulium sidus, uelut inter ignis
luna minores.

Gentis humanae pater atque custos,
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentis
egerit iusto domitos triumpho
siue subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

te minor laetum reget aequus orbem:
tu graui curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
fulmina lucis.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

What man, what hero, O Clio, do you undertake to celebrate on the harp, or the shrill pipe? What god? Whose name shall the sportive echo resound, either in the shady borders of Helicon, or on the top of Pindus, or on cold Haemus? Whence the woods followed promiscuously the tuneful Orpheus, who

by his maternal art retarded the rapid courses of rivers, and the fleet winds; and was so sweetly persuasive, that he drew along the listening oaks with his harmonious strings. But what can I sing prior to the usual praises of the Sire, who governs the affairs of men and gods; who *[governs]* the sea, the earth, and the whole world with the vicissitudes of seasons? Whence nothing is produced greater than him; nothing springs either like him, or even in a second degree to him: nevertheless, Pallas has acquired these honors, which are next after him.

Neither will I pass thee by in silence, O Bacchus, bold in combat; nor thee, O Virgin, who art an enemy to the savage beasts; nor thee, O Phoebus, formidable for thy unerring dart.

I will sing also of Hercules, and the sons of Leda, the one illustrious for his achievements on horseback, the other on foot; whose clear-shining constellation as soon as it has shone forth to the sailors, the troubled surge falls down from the rocks, the winds cease, the clouds vanish, and the threatening waves subside in the sea — because it was their will. After these, I am in doubt whom I shall first commemorate, whether Romulus, or the peaceful reign of Numa, or the splendid ensigns of Tarquinius, or the glorious death of Cato. I will celebrate, out of gratitude, with the choicest verses, Regulus, and the Scauri, and Paulus, prodigal of his

mighty soul, when Carthage conquered, and Fabricius.

Severe poverty, and an hereditary farm, with a dwelling suited to it, formed this hero useful in war; as it did also Curius with his rough locks, and Camillus. The fame of Marcellus increases, as a tree does in the insensible progress of time. But the Julian constellation shines amid them all, as the moon among the smaller stars. O thou son of Saturn, author and preserver of the human race, the protection of Caesar is committed to thy charge by the Fates: thou shalt reign supreme, with Caesar for thy second. Whether he shall subdue with a just victory the Parthians making inroads upon Italy, or shall render subject the Seres and Indians on the Eastern coasts; he shall rule the wide world with equity, in subordination to thee. Thou shalt shake Olympus with thy tremendous car; thou shalt hurl thy hostile thunderbolts against the polluted groves.

XIII

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
ceruicem roseam, cerea Telephi
laudas bracchia, uae, meum
feruens difficili bile tumet iecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet, umor et in genas
furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Vror, seu tibi candidos
turparunt umeros inmodicae mero
rixae, siue puer furens
inpressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
laedentem oscula, quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et amplius
quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis
diuolsus querimoniis
suprema citius soluet amor die.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

O Lydia, when you commend Telephus' rosy neck, and the waxen arms of Telephus, alas! my inflamed liver swells with bile difficult to be repressed. Then neither is my mind firm, nor does my color maintain a certain situation: and the involuntary tears glide down my cheek, proving with what lingering flames I am inwardly consumed. I am on fire, whether quarrels rendered immoderate by wine have stained your fair shoulders; or whether the youth, in his fury, has impressed with his teeth a memorial on your lips. If you will give due attention to my advice, never expect that he will be constant, who inhumanly wounds those sweet kisses, which Venus has imbued with the fifth part of all her nectar. O thrice and more than thrice happy those, whom an indissoluble connection binds together; and whose love, undivided by impious complainings, does not separate them sooner than the last day!

XIV

O nauis, referent in mare te noui
fluctus. O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
portum. Nonne uides ut
nudum remigio latus,

et malus celeri saucius Africo
antemnaque gemant ac sine funibus
uix durare carinae
possint imperiosius

aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
non di, quos iterum pressa uoces malo.
Quamuis Pontica pinus,
siluae filia nobilis,

iactes et genus et nomen inutile:
nil pictis timidus nauita puppibus
fidit. Tu, nisi uentis
debes ludibrium, caue.

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non leuis,
interfusa nitentis
uites aequora Cycladas.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMAN STATE.

O ship, new waves will bear you back again to sea. O what are you doing? Bravely seize the port. Do you not perceive, that your sides are destitute of oars, and your mast wounded by the violent south wind, and your main-yards groan, and your keel can scarcely support the impetuosity of the waves without the help of cordage? You have not entire sails; nor gods, whom you may again invoke, pressed with distress: notwithstanding you are made of the pines of Pontus, and as the daughter of an illustrious wood, boast your race, and a fame now of no service to you. The timorous sailor has no dependence on a painted stern. Look to yourself, unless you are destined to be the sport of the winds. O thou, so lately my trouble and fatigue, but now an object of tenderness and solicitude, mayest thou escape those dangerous seas which flow among the shining Cyclades.

XV

Pastor cum traheret per freta nauibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeris obruit otio
    uentos ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: ‘Mala ducis aui domum
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
    et regnum Priami uetus.

Heu, heu, quantus equis, quantus adest uiris
sudor! Quanta moues funera Dardanae
genti! Iam galeam Pallas et aegida
    currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
inbelli cithara carmina diuides;
    nequicquam thalamo grauis

hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
uitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiacem: tamen, heu serus, adulteros
    crines puluere collines.

Non Laertiaden, exitium tuae
gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Vrgent inpauidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens

pugnae, siue opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,

quem tu, ceruus uti uallis in altera
uisum parte lupum graminis inmemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
non hoc pollicitus tuae.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
ignis Iliacas domos.'

ODE XV.

TO PARIS.

When the perfidious shepherd (Paris) carried off by sea in Trojan ships his hostess Helen, Nereus suppressed the swift winds in an unpleasant calm, that he might sing the dire fates. "With unlucky omen art thou conveying home her, whom Greece with a numerous army shall demand back again,

having entered into a confederacy to dissolve your nuptials, and the ancient kingdom of Priam. Alas! what sweat to horses, what to men, is just at hand! What a destruction art thou preparing for the Trojan nation! Even now Pallas is fitting her helmet, and her shield, and her chariot, and her fury. In vain, looking fierce through the patronage of Venus, will you comb your hair, and run divisions upon the effeminate lyre with songs pleasing to women. In vain will you escape the spears that disturb the nuptial bed, and the point of the Cretan dart, and the din *[of battle]*, and Ajax swift in the pursuit. Nevertheless, alas! the time will come, though late, when thou shalt defile thine adulterous hairs in the dust. Dost thou not see the son of Laertes, fatal to thy nation, and Pylian Nestor, Salaminian Teucer, and Sthenelus skilled in fight (or if there be occasion to manage horses, no tardy charioteer), pursue thee with intrepidity? Meriones also shalt thou experience. Behold! the gallant son of Tydeus, a better man than his father, glows to find you out: him, as a stag flies a wolf, which he has seen on the opposite side of the vale, unmindful of his pasture, shall you, effeminate, fly, grievously panting: — not such the promises you made your mistress. The fleet of the enraged Achilles shall defer for a time that day, which is to be fatal to Troy and the Trojan matrons: but, after a certain number of years, Grecian fire shall consume the Trojan palaces."

XVI

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque uoles modum
pones iambis, siue flamma
siue mari libet Hadriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aeque, non acuta
sic geminant Corybantes aera,

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saeuus ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
desectam et insani leonis
uim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Irae Thyesten exitio graui
strauere et altis urbibus ultimae
stetere causae, cur perirent
funditus inprimeretque muris

hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Conpesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
    temptauit in dulci iuuenta
    feruor et in celeres iambos

misit furentem. Nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
    fias recantatis amica
    opprobriis animumque reddas.

ODE XVI.

TO A YOUNG LADY HORACE HAD OFFENDED.

O daughter, more charming than your charming mother, put what end you please to my insulting iambics; either in the flames, or, if you choose it, in the Adriatic. Nor Cybele, nor Apollo, the dweller in the shrines, so shakes the breast of his priests; Bacchus does not do it equally, nor do the Corybantes so redouble their strokes on the sharp-sounding cymbals, as direful anger; which neither the Noric sword can deter, nor the shipwrecking sea, nor dreadful fire, not Jupiter himself rushing down with awful crash. It is reported that Prometheus was obliged to add to that original clay *[with which he formed mankind]*, some ingredient taken from every animal, and that he applied the vehemence of the

raging lion to the human breast. It was rage that destroyed Thyestes with horrible perdition; and has been the final cause that lofty cities have been entirely demolished, and that an insolent army has driven the hostile plowshare over their walls. Compose your mind. An ardor of soul attacked me also in blooming youth, and drove me in a rage to the writing of swift-footed iambics. Now I am desirous of exchanging severity for good nature, provided that you will become my friend, after my having recanted my abuse, and restore me your affections.

XVII

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluuiosque uentos.

Inpune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentis et thyma deuiae
olentis uxores mariti
nec uiridis metuunt colubras

nec Martialis haediliae lupos,
utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
ualles et Vsticae cubantis
leuia personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
manabit ad plenum benigno
ruris honorum opulenta cornu;

hic in reducta ualle Caniculae
uitabis aestus et fide Teia
dices laborantis in uno
Penelopen uitreamque Circen;

hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra nec Semeleius
    cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
    proelia nec metues proteruum

suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentis iniciat manus
    et scindat haerentem coronam
    crinibus inmeritamque uestem.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

The nimble Faunus often exchanges the Lycaean mountain for the pleasant Lucretilis, and always defends my she-goats from the scorching summer, and the rainy winds. The wandering wives of the unsavory husband seek the hidden strawberry-trees and thyme with security through the safe grove: nor do the kids dread the green lizards, or the wolves sacred to Mars; whenever, my Tyndaris, the vales and the smooth rocks of the sloping Ustica have resounded with his melodious pipe. The gods are my protectors. My piety and my muse are agreeable to the gods. Here plenty, rich with rural honors, shall flow to you, with her generous horn filled to the brim. Here, in a sequestered vale, you shall avoid the heat of the dog-star; and, on your Anacreontic harp, sing of Penelope and the frail Circe striving for one

lover; here you shall quaff, under the shade, cups of unintoxicating Lesbian. Nor shall the raging son of Semele enter the combat with Mars; and unsuspected you shall not fear the insolent Cyrus, lest he should savagely lay his intemperate hands on you, who are by no means a match for him; and should rend the chaplet that is platted in your hair, and your inoffensive garment.

XVIII

Nullam, Vare, sacra uite prius seueris arborem
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili;
siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
Quis post uina grauem militiam aut pauperiem
crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque decens
Venus?
Ac ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
debellata, monet Sithoniis non leuis Euhius,
cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
discernunt auidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
inuitum quatiam nec uariis obsita frondibus
sub diuum rapiam. Saeua tene cum Berecyntio
cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus amor sui
et tollens uacuum plus nimio gloria uerticem
arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior uitro.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

O Varus, you can plant no tree preferable to the sacred vine, about the mellow soil of Tibur, and the walls of Catilus. For God hath rendered every thing

cross to the sober; nor do biting cares disperse any otherwise *[than by the use of wine]*. Who, after wine, complains of the hardships of war or of poverty? Who does not rather *[celebrate]* thee, Father Bacchus, and thee, comely Venus? Nevertheless, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithae, which was fought in their cups, admonishes us not to exceed a moderate use of the gifts of Bacchus. And Bacchus himself admonishes us in his severity to the Thracians; when greedy to satisfy their lusts, they make little distinction between right and wrong. O beauteous Bacchus, I will not rouse thee against thy will, nor will I hurry abroad thy *[mysteries, which are]* covered with various leaves. Cease your dire cymbals, together with your Phrygian horn, whose followers are blind Self-love and Arrogance, holding up too high her empty head, and the Faith communicative of secrets, and more transparent than glass.

XIX

Mater saeua Cupidinum
Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
et lasciua Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Vrit me Glycerae nitor
splendentis Pario marmore purius;
urit grata proteruitas
et uoltus nimium lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
aut uersis animosum equis
Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.
Hic uiuum mihi caespitem, hic
uerbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
bimi cum patera meri:
mactata ueniet lenior hostia.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

The cruel mother of the Cupids, and the son of the Theban Gemele, and lascivious ease, command me to give back my mind to its deserted loves. The splendor of Glycera, shining brighter than the Parian marble, inflames me: her agreeable petulance, and

her countenance, too unsteady to be beheld, inflame me. Venus, rushing on me with her whole force, has quitted Cyprus; and suffers me not to sing of the Scythians, and the Parthian, furious when his horse is turned for flight, or any subject which is not to the present purpose. Here, slaves, place me a live turf; here, place me vervains and frankincense, with a flagon of two-year-old wine. She will approach more propitious, after a victim has been sacrificed.

XX

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
conditum leui, datus in theatro
    cum tibi plausus,

care Maecenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
    montis imago.

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
tu bibes uuam; mea nec Falernae
temperant uites neque Formiani
    pocula colles.

ODE XX.

TO MAECENAS.

My dear knight Maecenas, you shall drink *[at my house]* ignoble Sabine wine in sober cups, which I myself sealed up in the Grecian cask, stored at the time, when so loud an applause was given to you in the amphitheatre, that the banks of your ancestral river, together with the cheerful echo of the Vatican mountain, returned your praises. You *[when you are*

at home] will drink the Caecuban, and the grape which is squeezed in the Calenian press; but neither the Falernian vines, nor the Formian hills, season my cups.

XXI

Dianam tenerae dicite uirgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
    Latonamque supremo
    dilectam penitus Ioui;

uos laetam fluuiis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
    nigris aut Erymanthi
    siluis aut uiridis Gragi;

uos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis
    insignemque pharetra
    fraternaque umerum lyra.

Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
     Persas atque Britannos
    uestra motus aget prece.

ODE XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender virgins, sing Diana; ye boys, sing Apollo with his unshorn hair, and Latona passionately beloved by the supreme Jupiter. Ye (virgins), praise

her that rejoices in the rivers, and the thick groves, which project either from the cold Algidus, or the gloomy woods of Erymanthus, or the green Cragus. Ye boys, extol with equal praises Apollo's Delos, and his shoulder adorned with a quiver, and with his brother Mercury's lyre. He, moved by your intercession, shall drive away calamitous war, and miserable famine, and the plague from the Roman people and their sovereign Caesar, to the Persians and the Britons.

XXII

Integer uitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec uenenatis grauida sagittis,
    Fusce, pharetra,

siue per Syrtis iter aestuosas
siue facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum uel quae loca fabulosus
    lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silua lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagem et ultra
terminum curis uagor expeditis,
    fugit inermem,

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
    arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiua recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
    Iuppiter urget;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
    dulce loquentem.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The man of upright life and pure from wickedness, O Fuscus, has no need of the Moorish javelins, or bow, or quiver loaded with poisoned darts. Whether he is about to make his journey through the sultry Syrtes, or the inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which Hydaspes, celebrated in story, washes. For lately, as I was singing my Lalage, and wandered beyond my usual bounds, devoid of care, a wolf in the Sabine wood fled from me, though I was unarmed: such a monster as neither the warlike Apulia nourishes in its extensive woods, nor the land of Juba, the dry-nurse of lions, produces. Place me in those barren plains, where no tree is refreshed by the genial air; at that part of the world, which clouds and an inclement atmosphere infest. Place me under the chariot of the too neighboring sun, in a land deprived of habitations; *[there]* will I love my sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking Lalage.

XXIII

Vitas inuleo me similis, Chloe,
quaerenti pauidam montibus auiis
matrem non sine uano
aurarum et siluae metu.

Nam seu mobilibus ueris inhorruit
aduentus folliis, seu uirides rubum
dimouere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusue leo, frangere persequor:
tandem desine matrem
tempestiua sequi uiro.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn that is seeking its timorous mother in the pathless mountains, not without a vain dread of the breezes and the thickets: for she trembles both in her heart and knees, whether the arrival of the spring has terrified by its rustling leaves, or the green lizards have stirred the bush. But I do not follow you, like a savage tigress, or a

Gaetulian lion, to tear you to pieces. Therefore, quit your mother, now that you are mature for a husband.

XXIV

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubris
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
    uocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget? Cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
    quando ullum inueniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
nulli flebilior quam tibi, Vergili.
Tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum
    poscis Quintilium deos.

Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo
auditam moderere arboribus fidem?
Num uanae redeat sanguis imagini,
    quam uirga semel horrida,

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
durum: sed leuius fit patientia
    quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

What shame or bound can there be to our affectionate regret for so dear a person? O Melpomene, on whom your father has bestowed a clear voice and the harp, teach me the mournful strains. Does then perpetual sleep oppress Quinctilius? To whom when will modesty, and uncorrupt faith the sister of Justice, and undisguised truth, find any equal? He died lamented by many good men, but more lamented by none than by you, my Virgil. You, though pious, alas! in vain demand Quinctilius back from the gods, who did not lend him to us on such terms. What, though you could strike the lyre, listened to by the trees, with more sweetness than the Thracian Orpheus; yet the blood can never return to the empty shade, which Mercury, inexorable to reverse the fates, has with his dreadful Caduceus once driven to the gloomy throng. This is hard: but what it is out of our power to amend, becomes more supportable by patience.

XXV

Parcius iunctas quatiunt fenestras
iactibus crebris iuuenes proterui
nec tibi somnos adimunt amatque
ianua limen,

quae prius multum facilis mouebat
cardines. Audis minus et minus iam:
‘Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?’

Inuicem moechos anus arrogantis
flebis in solo leuis angiportu
Thracio bacchante magis sub
interlunia uento,

cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
saeuiet circa iecur ulcerosum
non sine questu,

laeta quod pubes hedera uirenti
gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Euro.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

The wanton youths less violently shake thy fastened windows with their redoubled knocks, nor do they rob you of your rest; and your door, which formerly moved its yielding hinges freely, now sticks lovingly to its threshold. Less and less often do you now hear: “My Lydia, dost thou sleep the live-long night, while I your lover am dying?” Now you are an old woman, it will be your turn to bewail the insolence of rakes, when you are neglected in a lonely alley, while the Thracian wind rages at the Interlunium: when that hot desire and lust, which is wont to render furious the dams of horses, shall rage about your ulcerous liver: not without complaint, that sprightly youth rejoice rather in the verdant ivy and growing myrtle, and dedicate sapless leaves to Eurus, the companion of winter.

XXVI

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam proteruis in mare Creticum
    portare uentis, quis sub Arcto
    rex gelidae metuatur orae,

quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securus. O quae fontibus integris
    gaudes, apricos necte flores,
    necte meo Lamiae coronam,

Piplea dulcis. Nil sine te mei
prosunt honores; hunc fidibus nouis,
    hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
    teque tuasque decet sorores.

ODE XXVI.

TO AELIUS LAMIA.

A friend to the Muses, I will deliver up grief and fears to the wanton winds, to waft into the Cretan Sea; singularly careless, what king of a frozen region is dreaded under the pole, or what terrifies Tiridates. O sweet muse, who art delighted with pure fountains, weave together the sunny flowers, weave a chaplet for my Lamia. Without thee, my praises

profit nothing. To render him immortal by new strains, to render him immortal by the Lesbian lyre, becomes both thee and thy sisters.

XXVII

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
pugnare Thracum est; tollite barbarum
morem uerecundumque Bacchum
sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
immane quantum discrepat; impium
lenite clamorem, sodales,
et cubito remanete presso.

Voltis seueri me quoque sumere
partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae
frater Megyllae quo beatus
uolnere, qua pereat sagitta.

Cessat uoluntas? Non alia bibam
mercede. Quae te cumque domat Venus
non erubescendis adurit
ignibus ingenuoque semper

amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
depone tutis auribus. A! miser,
quanta laborabas Charybdi,
digne puer meliore flamma.

Quae saga, quis te soluere Thessalis
magus uenenis, quis poterit deus?
    uix inligatum te triformi
    Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

To quarrel over your cups, which were made for joy, is downright Thracian. Away with the barbarous custom, and protect modest Bacchus from bloody frays. How immensely disagreeable to wine and candles is the sabre of the Medes! O my companions, repress your wicked vociferations, and rest quietly on bended elbow. Would you have me also take my share of stout Falernian? Let the brother of Opuntian Megilla then declare, with what wound he is blessed, with what dart he is dying. — What, do you refuse? I will not drink upon any other condition. Whatever kind of passion rules you, it scorches you with the flames you need not be ashamed of, and you always indulge in an honorable, an ingenuous love. Come, whatever is your case, trust it to faithful ears. Ah, unhappy! in what a Charybdis art thou struggling, O youth, worthy of a better flame! What witch, what magician, with his Thessalian incantations, what deity can free you? Pegasus himself will scarcely

deliver you, so entangled, from this three-fold chimera.

XXVIII

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
pulueris exigui prope latum parua Matinum
munera nec quicquam tibi prodest
aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
percurrisse polum morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conuiua deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras
et Iouis arcanis Minos admissus habentque
Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
demissum, quamuis clipeo Troiana refixo
tempora testatus nihil ultra
neruos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
iudice te non sordidus auctor
naturae uerique. Sed omnis una manet nox
et calcanda semel uia leti.
Dant alios Furiae toruo spectacula Marti,
exitio est auidum mare nautis;
mixta senum ac iuuenum densentur funera, nullum
saeua caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque deuexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, uagae ne parce malignus harenae
ossibus et capiti inhumato
particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus

fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae
plectantur siluae te sospite multaque merces,
unde potest, tibi defluat aequo
ab Ioue Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Neglegis inmeritis nocituram
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et
debita iura uicesque superbae
te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis
teque piacula nulla resoluent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
iniecto ter puluere curras.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

The *[want of the]* scanty present of a little sand near the Mantinian shore, confines thee, O Archytas, the surveyor of sea and earth, and of the innumerable sand: neither is it of any advantage to you, to have explored the celestial regions, and to have traversed the round world in your imagination, since thou wast to die. Thus also did the father of Pelops, the guest of the gods, die; and Tithonus likewise was translated to the skies, and Minos, though admitted to the secrets of Jupiter; and the Tartarean regions are possessed of the son of Panthous, once more sent down to the receptacle of the dead; notwithstanding, having retaken his shield from the temple, he gave

evidence of the Trojan times, and that he had resigned to gloomy death nothing but his sinews and skin; in your opinion, no inconsiderable judge of truth and nature. But the game night awaits all, and the road of death must once be travelled. The Furies give up some to the sport of horrible Mars: the greedy ocean is destructive to sailors: the mingled funerals of young and old are crowded together: not a single person does the cruel Proserpine pass by. The south wind, the tempestuous attendant on the setting Orion, has sunk me also in the Illyrian waves. But do not thou, O sailor, malignantly grudge to give a portion of loose sand to my bones and unburied head. So, whatever the east wind shall threaten to the Italian sea, let the Venusinian woods suffer, while you are in safety; and manifold profit, from whatever port it may, come to you by favoring Jove, and Neptune, the defender of consecrated Tarentum. But if you, by chance, make light of committing a crime, which will be hurtful to your innocent posterity, may just laws and haughty retribution await you. I will not be deserted with fruitless prayers; and no expiations shall atone for you. Though you are in haste, you need not tarry long: after having thrice sprinkled the dust over me, you may proceed.

XXIX

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum inuides
gazis et acrem militiam paras
non ante deuictis Sabaeae
regibus horribilique Medo

nectis catenas? Quae tibi uirginum
sponso necato barbara seruiet?
puer quis ex aula capillis
ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
pronos relabi posse riuos
montibus et Tiberim reuerti,

cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
mutare loricis Hiberis,
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

O Iccius, you now covet the opulent treasures of the Arabians, and are preparing vigorous for a war against the kings of Saba, hitherto unconquered, and

are forming chains for the formidable Mede. What barbarian virgin shall be your slave, after you have killed her betrothed husband? What boy from the court shall be made your cup-bearer, with his perfumed locks, skilled to direct the Seric arrows with his father's bow? Who will now deny that it is probable for precipitate rivers to flow back again to the high mountains, and for Tiber to change his course, since you are about to exchange the noble works of Panaetius, collected from all parts, together with the whole Socratic family, for Iberian armor, after you had promised better things?

XXX

O Venus regina Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cypron et uocantis
ture te multo Glycerae decoram
transfer in aedem.

Feruidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
et parum comis sine te Iuuentas
Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus, queen of Gnidus and Paphos, neglect your favorite Cyprus, and transport yourself into the beautiful temple of Glycera, who is invoking you with abundance of frankincense. Let your glowing son hasten along with you, and the Graces with their zones loosed, and the Nymphs, and Youth possessed of little charm without you and Mercury.

XXXI

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
uates? Quid orat, de patera nouum
fundens liquorem? Non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
non rura, quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calena falce quibus dedit
Fortuna uitem, diues et aureis
mercator exsiccet culillis
uina Syra reparata merce,

dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
anno reuisens aequor Atlanticum
inpune: me pascust oliuae,
me cichorea leuesque maluae.

Frui paratis et ualido mihi,
Latoe, dones, at, precor, integra
cum mente, nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

What does the poet beg from Phoebus on the dedication of his temple? What does he pray for, while he pours from the flagon the first libation? Not the rich crops of fertile Sardinia: not the goodly flocks of scorched Calabria: not gold, or Indian ivory: not those countries, which the still river Liris eats away with its silent streams. Let those to whom fortune has given the Calenian vineyards, prune them with a hooked knife; and let the wealthy merchant drink out of golden cups the wines procured by his Syrian merchandize, favored by the gods themselves, inasmuch as without loss he visits three or four times a year the Atlantic Sea. Me olives support, me succories and soft mallows. O thou son of Latona, grant me to enjoy my acquisitions, and to possess my health, together with an unimpaired understanding, I beseech thee; and that I may not lead a dishonorable old age, nor one bereft of the lyre.

XXXII

Poscimur. Si quid uacui sub umbra
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
uiuat et pluris, age, dic Latinum,
barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate ciui,
qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
siue iactatam religarat udo
litore nauem,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
semper haerentem puerum canebat
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
crine decorum.

O decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
grata testudo Iouis, o laborum
dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salue
rite uocanti.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

We are called upon. If ever, O lyre, in idle amusement in the shade with thee, we have played anything that may live for this year and many, come

on, be responsive to a Latin ode, my dear lyre — first tuned by a Lesbian citizen, who, fierce in war, yet amid arms, or if he had made fast to the watery shore his tossed vessel, sung Bacchus, and the Muses, and Venus, and the boy, her ever-close attendant, and Lycus, lovely for his black eyes and jetty locks. O thou ornament of Apollo, charming shell, agreeable even at the banquets of supreme Jove! O thou sweet alleviator of anxious toils, be propitious to me, whenever duly invoking thee!

XXXIII

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor
inmitis Glycerae neu miserabilis
descantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
    laesa praeniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoen: sed prius Apulis
    iungentur capreae lupis

quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.
Sic uisum Veneri, cui placet imparis
formas atque animos sub iuga aenea
    saeuo mittere cum ioco.

Ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
    curuantis Calabros sinus.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Grieve not too much, my Albius, thoughtful of cruel Glycera; nor chant your mournful elegies, because, as her faith being broken, a younger man is more

agreeable, than you in her eyes. A love for Cyrus inflames Lycoris, distinguished for her little forehead: Cyrus follows the rough Pholoe; but she-goats shall sooner be united to the Apulian wolves, than Pholoe shall commit a crime with a base adulterer. Such is the will of Venus, who delights in cruel sport, to subject to her brazen yokes persons and tempers ill suited to each other. As for myself, the slave-born Myrtale, more untractable than the Adriatic Sea that forms the Calabrian gulfs, entangled me in a pleasing chain, at the very time that a more eligible love courted my embraces.

XXXIV

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,
insanientis dum sapientiae
    consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
    uela dare atque iterare cursus

cogor relictos: namque Diespiter
igni corusco nubila diuidens
    plerumque, per purum tonantis
    egit equos uolucremque currum,

quo bruta tellus et uaga flumina,
quo Styx et inuisi horrida Taenari
    sedes Atlanteusque finis
    concutitur. Valet ima summis

mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
    Fortuna cum stridore acuto
    sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXIV.

AGAINST THE EPICURIANS.

A remiss and irregular worshiper of the gods, while I professed the errors of a senseless philosophy, I am now obliged to set sail back again, and to renew the

course that I had deserted. For Jupiter, who usually cleaves the clouds with his gleaming lightning, lately drove his thundering horses and rapid chariot through the clear serene; which the sluggish earth, and wandering rivers; at which Styx, and the horrid seat of detested Taenarus, and the utmost boundary of Atlas were shaken. The Deity is able to make exchange between the highest and the lowest, and diminishes the exalted, bringing to light the obscure; rapacious fortune, with a shrill whizzing, has borne off the plume from one head, and delights in having placed it on another.

XXXV

O diua, gratum quae regis Antium,
praesens uel imo tollere de gradu
    mortale corpus uel superbos
    uertere funeribus triumphos,

te pauper ambit sollicita prece
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris
    quicumque Bythyna lacessit
    Carpathium pelagus carina.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
    regumque matres barbarorum et
    purpurei metuunt tyranni,

iniurioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
    ad arma cessantis, ad arma
    concitet imperiumque frangat.

Te semper anteit serua Necessitas,
clauos trabalis et cuneos manu
    gestans aena nec seuerus
    uncus abest liquidumque plumbum;

te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
uelata panno nec comitem abnegat,
    utcumque mutata potentis
    ueste domos inimica linquis;

at uolgus infidum et meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
    cum faece siccatis amici,
    ferre iugum pariter dolosi.

Serues iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuuenum recens
    examen Eois timendum
    partibus Oceanoque rubro.

Heu heu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet
fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
    aetas, quid intactum nefasti
    liquimus? Vnde manum iuuentus

metu deorum continuit? Quibus
pepercit aris? O utinam noua
    incude diffingas retusum in
    Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O Goddess, who presidest over beautiful Antium; thou, that art ready to exalt mortal man from the most abject state, or to convert superb triumphs into funerals! Thee the poor countryman solicits with his anxious vows; whosoever plows the Carpathian Sea with the Bithynian vessel, importunes thee as mistress of the ocean. Thee the rough Dacian, thee the wandering Scythians, and cities, and nations, and warlike Latium also, and the mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, fear. Spurn not with destructive foot that column which now stands firm, nor let popular tummult rouse those, who now rest quiet, to arms — to arms — and break the empire. Necessity, thy minister, alway marches before thee, holding in her brazen hand huge spikes and wedges, nor is the unyielding clamp absent, nor the melted lead. Thee Hope reverences, and rare Fidelity robed in a white garment; nor does she refuse to bear thee company, howsoever in wrath thou change thy robe, and abandon the houses of the powerful. But the faithless crowd *[of companions]*, and the perjured harlot draw back. Friends, too faithless to bear equally the yoke of adversity, when casks are exhausted, very dregs and all, fly off. Preserve thou Caesar, who is meditating an expedition against the Britons, the furthest people in the world, and also the new levy of youths to be dreaded by the Eastern regions, and the Red Sea. Alas! I am ashamed of our scars, and our

wickedness, and of brethren. What have we, a hardened age, avoided? What have we in our impiety left unviolated! From what have our youth restrained their hands, out of reverence to the gods? What altars have they spared? O mayest thou forge anew our blunted swords on a different anvil against the Massagetae and Arabians.

XXXVI

Et ture et fidibus iuuat
placare et uituli sanguini debito
custodes Numidae deos,
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
caris multa sodalibus,
nulli plura tamen diuidit oscula
quam dulci Lamiae, memor
actae non alio rege puertiae
mutataeque simul togae.
Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota
neu promptae modus amphorae
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum
neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia uincat amystide
neu desint epulis rosae
neu uiuax apium neu breue lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
deponent oculos nec Damalis nouo
diuelletur adultero
lasciuis hederis ambitiosior.

ODE XXXVI.

This is a joyful occasion to sacrifice both with incense and music of the lyre, and the votive blood of a heifer to the gods, the guardians of Numida;

who, now returning in safety from the extremest part of Spain, imparts many embraces to his beloved companions, but to none more than his dear Lamia, mindful of his childhood spent under one and the same governor, and of the gown, which they changed at the same time. Let not this joyful day be without a Cretan mark of distinction; let us not spare the jar brought forth *[from the cellar]*; nor, Salian-like, let there be any cessation of feet; nor let the toping Damalis conquer Bassus in the Thracian Amystis; nor let there be roses wanting to the banquet, nor the ever-green parsley, nor the short-lived lily. All the company will fix their dissolving eyes on Damalis; but she, more luxuriant than the wanton ivy, will not be separated from her new lover.

XXXVII

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
ornare puluinar deorum
tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
cellis auitis, dum Capitolio
regina dementis ruinas
funus et imperio parabat

contaminato cum grege turpium
morbo uirorum, quidlibet impotens
sperare fortunaque dulci
ebria. Sed minuit furorem

uix una sospes nauis ab ignibus,
mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
redegit in ueros timores
Caesar, ab Italia uolantem

remis adurgens, accipiter uelut
mollis columbas aut leporem citus
uenator in campis niualis
Haemoniae, daret ut catenis

fatale monstrum. Quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
    expauit ensem nec latentis
    classe cita reparauit oras,

ausa et iacentem uisere regiam
uoltu sereno, fortis et asperas
    tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    corpore conbiberet uenenum,

deliberata morte ferocior:
saeuis Liburnis scilicet inuidens
    priuata deduci superbo,
    non humilis mulier, triumpho.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now, my companions, is the time to carouse, now to beat the ground with a light foot: now is the time that was to deck the couch of the gods with Salian dainties. Before this, it was impious to produce the old Caecuban stored up by your ancestors; while the queen, with a contaminated gang of creatures, noisome through distemper, was preparing giddy destruction for the Capitol and the subversion of the empire, being weak enough to hope for any thing, and intoxicated with her prospering fortune. But scarcely a single ship preserved from the flames

bated her fury; and Caesar brought down her mind, inflamed with Egyptian wine, to real fears, close pursuing her in her flight from Italy with his galleys (as the hawk pursues the tender doves, or the nimble hunter the hare in the plains of snowy Aemon), that he might throw into chains this destructive monster *[of a woman]*; who, seeking a more generous death, neither had an effeminate dread of the sword, nor repaired with her swift ship to hidden shores. She was able also to look upon her palace, lying in ruins, with a countenance unmoved, and courageous enough to handle exasperated asps, that she might imbibe in her body the deadly poison, being more resolved by having pre-meditated her death: for she was a woman of such greatness of soul, as to scorn to be carried off in haughty triumph, like a private person, by rough Liburnians.

XXXVIII

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae,
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
    sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
    uite bibentem.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Boy, I detest the pomp of the Persians; chaplets, which are woven with the rind of the linden, displease me; give up the search for the place where the latter rose abides. It is my particular desire that you make no laborious addition to the plain myrtle; for myrtle is neither unbecoming you a servant, nor me, while I quaff under this mantling vine.

Liber II

I

Motum ex Metello consule ciuicum
bellique causas et uitia et modos
    ludumque Fortunae grauisque
    principum amicitias et arma

nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
    tractas et incedis per ignis
    suppositos cineri doloso.

Paulum seuerae Musa tragoediae
desit theatris; mox, ubi publicas
    res ordinaris, grande munus
    Cecropio repetes coturno,

insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
    cui laurus aeternos honores
    Delmatico peperit triumpho.

Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,
    iam fulgor armorum fugacis
    terret equos equitumque uoltus.

Audire magnos iam uideor duces
non indecoro puluere sordidos
    et cuncta terrarum subacta
    praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
    tellure, uictorum nepotes
    rettulit inferias Iugurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia
    testatur auditumque Medis
    Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
ignara belli? Quod mare Dauniae
    non decolorauere caedes?
    Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceae retractes munera Neniae,
    mecum Dionaeo sub antro
    quaere modos leuiore plectro.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

You are treating of the civil commotion, which began from the consulship of Metelius, and the causes, and the errors, and the operations of the war, and the game that fortune played, and the pernicious confederacy of the chiefs, and arms stained with blood not yet expiated — a work full of danger and hazard: and you are treading upon fires, hidden under deceitful ashes: let therefore the muse that presides over severe tragedy, be for a while absent from the theaters; shortly, when thou hast completed the narrative of the public affairs, you shall resume your great work in the tragic style of Athens, O Pollio, thou excellent succor to sorrowing defendants and a consulting senate; *[Pollio,]* to whom the laurel produced immortal honors in the Dalmatian triumph. Even now you stun our ears with the threatening murmur of horns: now the clarions sound; now the glitter of arms affrights the flying steeds, and dazzles the sight of the riders. Now I seem to hear of great commanders besmeared with, glorious dust, and the whole earth subdued, except the stubborn soul of Cato. Juno, and every other god propitious to the Africans, impotently went off, leaving that land unrevenged; but soon offered the descendants of the conquerors, as sacrifices to the manes of Jugurtha. What plain, enriched by Latin blood, bears not record, by its numerous sepulchres, of our impious battles, and of the sound of the downfall of Italy, heard even by the Medes? What

pool, what rivers, are unconscious of our deplorable war? What sea have not the Daunian slaughters discolored? What shore is unstained by our blood? Do not, however, rash muse, neglecting your jocose strains, resume the task of Caean plaintive song, but rather with me seek measures of a lighter style beneath some love-sequestered grotto.

II

Nullus argento color est auaris
abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendeat usu.

Viuet extento Proculeius aeuo,
notus in fratres animi paterni;
illum aget pinna metuente solui
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes auidum domando
spiritum quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
seruiat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops
nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
fugerit uenis et aquosus albo
corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Prahaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit Virtus populumque falsis
dedocet uti

uocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum
quisquis ingentis oculo inretorto
spectat aceruos.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

O Crispus Sallustius, thou foe to bullion, unless it derives splendor from a moderate enjoyment, there is no luster in money concealed in the niggard earth. Proculeius shall live an extended age, conspicuous for fatherly affection to brothers; surviving fame shall bear him on an untiring wing. You may possess a more extensive dominion by controlling a craving disposition, than if you could unite Libya to the distant Gades, and the natives of both the Carthages were subject to you alone. The direful dropsy increases by self-indulgence, nor extinguishes its thirst, unless the cause of the disorder has departed from the veins, and the watery languor from the pallid body. Virtue, differing from the vulgar, excepts Phraates though restored to the throne of Cyrus, from the number of the happy; and teaches the populace to disuse false names for things, by conferring the kingdom and a safe diadem and the perpetual laurel upon him alone, who can view large heaps of treasure with undazzled eye.

III

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
seruare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

seu maestus omni tempore uixeris
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare riuo?

Huc uina et unguenta et nimium breuis
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et Sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
uillaque, flauus quam Tiberis lauit,
cedes, et exstructis in altum
diuitiis potietur heres.

Diuesne prisco natus ab Inacho
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub diuo moreris,
uictima nil miserantis Orci;

omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
uersatur urna serius ocius
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exilium impositura cumbae.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.

O Dellius, since thou art born to die, be mindful to preserve a temper of mind even in times of difficulty, as well an restrained from insolent exultation in prosperity: whether thou shalt lead a life of continual sadness, or through happy days regale thyself with Falernian wine of the oldest date, at case reclined in some grassy retreat, where the lofty pine and hoary poplar delight to interweave their boughs into a hospitable shade, and the clear current with trembling surface purls along the meandering rivulet. Hither order *[your slaves]* to bring the wine, and the perfumes, and the too short-lived flowers of the grateful rose, while fortune, and age; and the sable threads of the three sisters permit thee. You must depart from your numerous

purchased groves; from your house also, and that villa, which the yellow Tiber washes, you must depart: and an heir shall possess these high-piled riches. It is of no consequence whether you are the wealthy descendant of ancient Inachus, or whether, poor and of the most ignoble race, you live without a covering from the open air, since you are the victim of merciless Pluto. We are all driven toward the same quarter: the lot of all is shaken in the urn; destined sooner or later to come forth, and embark us in *[Charon's]* boat for eternal exile.

IV

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu: prius insolentem
serua Briseis niueo colore
    mouit Anchillem;

mouit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captiuae dominum Tecmessae;
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
    uirgine rapta,

barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo uictore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leuiora tolli
    Pergama Grais.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flauae decorent parentes;
regium certe genus et penatis
    maeret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
plebe delectam, neque sic fidelem,
sic lucro auersam potuisse nasci
    matre pudenda.

Bracchia et uoltum teretisque suras
integer laudo: fuge suspicari
cuius octauum trepidauit aetas
    claudere lustrum.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Let not, O Xanthias Phoceus, your passion for your maid put you out of countenance; before your time, the slave Briseis moved the haughty Achilles by her snowy complexion. The beauty of the captive Tecmessa smote her master, the Telamonian Ajax; Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, burned for a ravished virgin: when the barbarian troops fell by the hands of their Thessalian conqueror, and Hector, vanquished, left Troy more easily to be destroyed by the Grecians. You do not know that perchance the beautiful Phyllis has parents of condition happy enough to do honor to you their son-in-law. Certainly she must be of royal race, and laments the unpropitiousness of her family gods. Be confident, that your beloved is not of the worthless crowd; nor that one so true, so unmercenary, could possibly be born of a mother to be ashamed of. I can commend arms, and face, and well-made legs, quite chastely: avoid being jealous of one, whose age is hastening onward to bring its eighth mastrum to a close.

V

Nondum subacta ferre iugum ualet
ceruice, nondum munia comparis
    aequare nec tauri ruentis
    in uenerem tolerare pondus.

Circa uirentis est animus tuae
campos iuuencae, nunc fluuiis grauem
    solantis aestum, nunc in udo
    ludere cum uitulis salicto

praegestientis. Tolle cupidinem
immitis uuae: iam tibi liuidos
    distinguet autumnus racemos
    purpureo uarius colore;

iam te sequetur; currit enim ferox
aetas et illi quos tibi dempserit
    adponet annos; iam proterua
    fronte petet Lalage maritum,

dilecta, quantum non Pholoe fugax,
non Chloris albo sic umero nitens
    ut pura nocturno renidet
    luna mari Cnidiusue Gyges,

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
mire sagacis falleret hospites
discrimen obscurum solutis
crinibus ambiguoque uoltu.

ODE V.

Not yet is she fit to be broken to the yoke; not yet is she equal to the duties of a partner, nor can she support the weight of the bull impetuously rushing to enjoyment. Your heifer's sole inclination is about verdant fields, one while in running streams soothing the grievous heat; at another, highly delighted to frisk with the steerlings in the moist willow ground. Suppress your appetite for the immature grape; shortly variegated autumn will tinge for thee the lirid clusters with a purple hue. Shortly she shall follow you; for her impetuous time runs on, and shall place to her account those years of which it abridges you; shortly Lalage with a wanton assurance will seek a husband, beloved in a higher degree than the coy Pholoe, or even Chloris; shining as brightly with her fair shoulder, as the spotless moon upon the midnight sea, or even the Gnidian Gyges, whom if you should intermix in a company of girls, the undiscernible difference occasioned by his flowing locks and doubtful countenance would wonderfully impose even on sagacious strangers.

VI

Septimi, Gadis aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper
aestuat unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
sit modus lasso maris et uiarum
militiaeque.

Vnde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
dulce pellitis ouibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decedunt uiridique certat
baca Venafro,

uer ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
inuidet uuis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatae
postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
debita sparges lacrima fauillam
uatis amici.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMUS.

Septimus, who art ready to go with me, even to Gades, and to the Cantabrian, still untaught to bear our yoke, and the inhospitable Syrtes, where the Mauritanian wave perpetually boils. O may Tibur, founded by a Grecian colony, be the habitation of my old age! There let there be an end to my fatigues by sea, and land, and war; whence if the cruel fates debar me, I will seek the river of Galesus, delightful for sheep covered with skins, and the countries reigned over by Lacedaemonian Phalantus. That corner of the world smiles in my eye beyond all others; where the honey yields not to the Hymettian, and the olive rivals the verdant Venafrian: where the temperature of the air produces a long spring and mild winters, and Aulon friendly to the fruitful vine, envies not the Falernian grapes. That place, and those blest heights, solicit you and me; there you shall bedew the glowing ashes of your poet friend with a tear due *[to his memory]*.

VII

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
    quis te redonauit Quiritem
    dis patriis Italoque caelo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium,
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
    fregi, coronatus nitentis
    malobathro Syrio capillos?

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
    cum fracta uirtus et minaces
    turpe solum tetigere mento;

sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
denso pauentem sustulit aere,
    te rursus in bellum resorbens
    unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Ioui dapem
longaque fessum militia latus
    depone sub lauru mea, nec
    parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Obliuioso leuia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
deproperare apio coronas

curatue myrto? Quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
bacchabor Edonis: recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

O thou, often reduced with me to the last extremity in the war which Brutus carried on, who has restored thee as a Roman citizen, to the gods of thy country and the Italian air, Pompey, thou first of my companions; with whom I have frequently broken the tedious day in drinking, having my hair, shining with the Syrian maiobathrum, crowned *[with flowers]*! Together with thee did I experience the *[battle of]* Phillippi and a precipitate flight, having shamefully enough left my shield; when valor was broken, and the most daring smote the squalid earth with their faces. But Mercury swift conveyed me away, terrified as I was, in a thick cloud through the midst of the enemy. Thee the reciprocating sea, with his tempestuous waves, bore back again to war.

Wherefore render to Jupiter the offering that is due, and deposit your limbs, wearied with a tedious war, under my laurel, and spare not the casks reserved for you. Fill up the polished bowls with care-dispelling Massic: pour out the perfumed ointments from the capacious shells. Who takes care to quickly weave the chaplets of fresh parsely or myrtle? Whom shall the Venus pronounce to be master of the revel? In wild carouse I will become frantic as the Bacchanalians. ’Tis delightful to me to play the madman, on the reception of my friends.

VIII

Vlla si iuris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres uel uno
turpior ungui,

crederem; sed tu simul obligasti
perfidum uotis caput, enitescis
pulchrior multo iuuenumque prodis
publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
fallere et toto taciturna noctis
signa cum caelo gelidaque diuos
morte carentis.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
semper ardentis acuens sagittas
cote cruenta.

Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
seruitus crescit noua nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquont
saepe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt iuuencis,
te senes parci miseraeque nuper
uirgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
aura maritos.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If any punishment, Barine, for your violated oath had ever been of prejudice to you: if you had become less agreeable by the blackness of a single tooth or nail, I might believe you. But you no sooner have bound your perfidious head with vows, but you shine out more charming by far, and come forth the public care of our youth. It is of advantage to you to deceive the buried ashes of your mother, and the silent constellations of the night, together with all heaven, and the gods free from chill death. Venus herself, I profess, laughs at this; the good-natured nymphs laugh, and cruel Cupid, who is perpetually sharpening his burning darts on a bloody whetstone. Add to this, that all our boys are growing up for you; a new herd of slaves is growing up; nor do the former ones quit the house of their impious mistress, notwithstanding they often have threatened it. The matrons are in dread of you on account of their young ones; the thrifty old men are in dread of you; and the girls but just married are in distress, lest your

beauty should slacken *[the affections of]* their husbands.

IX

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
manant in agros aut mare Caspium
    uexant inaequales procellae
    usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
mensis per omnis aut Aquilonibus
    querqueta Gargani laborant
    et foliis uiduantur orni:

tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
    surgente decedunt amores
    nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter aeuo functus amabilem
plorauit omnis Antilochum senex
    annos nec inpubem parentes
    Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

fleuere semper. Desine mollium
tandem querellarum et potius noua
    cantemus Augusti tropaea
    Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
uictis minores uoluere uertices
intraque praescriptum Gelonos
exiguis equitare campis.

ODE IX.

TO TITUS VALGIUS.

Showers do not perpetually pour down upon the rough fields, nor do varying hurricanes forever harass the Caspian Sea; nor, my friend Valgius, does the motionless ice remain fixed throughout all the months, in the regions of Armenia; nor do the Garganian oaks *[always]* labor under the northerly winds, nor are the ash-trees widowed of their leaves. But thou art continually pursuing Mystes, who is taken from thee, with mournful measures: nor do the effects of thy love for him cease at the rising of Vesper, or when he flies the rapid approach of the sun. But the aged man who lived three generations, did not lament the amiable Antilochus all the years of his life: nor did his parents or his Trojan sisters perpetually bewail the blooming Troilus. At length then desist from thy tender complaints; and rather let us sing the fresh trophies of Augustus Caesar, and the Frozen Niphates, and the river Medus, added to the vanquished nations, rolls more humble tides, and

the Gelonians riding within a prescribed boundary in a narrow tract of land.

X

Rectius uiues, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquom.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret inuidenda
sobrius aula.

Saepius uentis agitatur ingens
pinus et celsae grauiore casu
decidunt turres feriuntque summos
fulgura montis.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
alteram sortem bene praeparatum
pectus. Informis hiemes reducit
Iuppiter, idem

summouet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare; sapienter idem
contrahes uento nimium secundo
turgida uela.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

O Licinius, you will lead a more correct course of life, by neither always pursuing the main ocean, nor, while you cautiously are in dread of storms, by pressing too much upon the hazardous shore. Whosoever loves the golden mean, is secure from the sordidness of an antiquated cell, and is too prudent to have a palace that might expose him to envy, if the lofty pine is more frequently agitated with winds, and high towers fall down with a heavier ruin, and lightnings strike the summits of the mountains. A well-provided breast hopes in adversity, and fears in prosperity. 'Tis the same Jupiter, that brings the hideous winters back, and that takes them away. If it is ill with us now, it will not be so hereafter. Apollo sometimes rouses the silent lyric muse, neither does he always bend his bow. In narrow circumstances appear in high spirits, and undaunted. In the same manner you will prudently contract your sails, which are apt to be too much swollen in a prosperous gale.

XI

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
    diuisus obiecto, remittas
    quaerere nec trepides in usum

poscentis aeui pauca: fugit retro
leuis iuuentas et decor, arida
    pellente lasciuos amores
    canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
uernis neque uno luna rubens nitet
    uoltu: quid aeternis minorem
    consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta uel platano uel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
    canos odorati capillos,
    dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius
curas edacis. Quis puer ocius
    restinguet ardentis Falerni
    pocula praetereunte lympha?

Quis deuium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna dic, age, cum lyra
    maturet, in comptum Lacaenae
    more comas religata nodum.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

O Quintius Hirpinus, forbear to be inquisitive what the Cantabrian, and the Scythian, divided from us by the interposed Adriatic, is meditating; neither be fearfully solicitous for the necessaries of a life, which requires but a few things. Youth and beauty fly swift away, while sapless old age expels the wanton loves and gentle sleep. The same glory does not always remain to the vernal flowers, nor does the ruddy moon shine with one continued aspect; why, therefore, do you fatigue you mind, unequal to eternal projects? Why do we not rather (while it is in our power) thus carelessly reclining under a lofty plane-tree, or this pine, with our hoary locks made fragrant by roses, and anointed with Syrian perfume, indulge ourselves with generous wine? Bacchus dissipates preying cares. What slave is here, instantly to cool some cups of ardent Falernian in the passing stream? Who will tempt the vagrant wanton Lyde from her house? See that you bid her hasten

with her ivory lyre, collecting her hair into a graceful knot, after the fashion of a Spartan maid.

XII

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae,
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptari citharae modis,

nec saeuos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris iuuenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni ueteris; tuque pedestribus
dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per uias
regum colla minacium.

Me dulcis dominae Musa Licymniae
cantus, me uoluit dicere lucidum
fulgentis oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus;

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
ludentem nitidis uirginibus sacro
Dianae celebris die.

Num tu quae tenuit diues Achaemenes
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare uelis crine Licymniae,
    plenas aut Arabum domos

cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
ceruicem aut facili saeuitia negat
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
    interdum rapere occupet?

ODE XII.

TO MAECENAS.

Do not insist that the long wars of fierce Numantia, or the formidable Annibal, or the Sicilian Sea impurpled with Carthaginian blood, should be adapted to the tender lays of the lyre: nor the cruel Lapithae, nor Hylaeus excessive in wine and the earth born youths, subdued by Herculean force, from whom the splendid habitation of old Saturn dreaded danger. And you yourself, Maecenas, with more propriety shall recount the battles of Caesar, and the necks of haughty kings led in triumph through the streets in historical prose. It was the muse's will that I should celebrate the sweet strains of my mistress Lycimnia, that I should celebrate her bright darting eyes, and her breast laudably faithful to mutual love: who can with a grace introduce her foot into the dance, or, sporting, contend in raillery, or join arms

with the bright virgins on the celebrated Diana's festival. Would you, *[Maecenas,]* change one of Lycimnia's tresses for all the rich Achaemenes possessed, or the Mygdonian wealth of fertile Phrygia, or all the dwellings of the Arabians replete with treasures? Especially when she turns her neck to meet your burning kisses, or with a gentle cruelty denies, what she would more delight to have ravished than the petitioner — or sometimes eagerly anticipates to snatch them her self.

XIII

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
    produxit, arbos, in nepotum
    perniciem obprobriumque pagi;

illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse ceruicem et penetralia
    sparsisse nocturno cruore
    hospitis, ille uenena Colcha

et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractauit, agro qui statuit meo
    te, triste lignum, te, caducum
    in domini caput inmerentis.

Quid quisque uitet, nunquam homini satis
cautum est in horas: nauita Bosphorum
    Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
    caeca timet aliunde fata,

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
    robur; sed inprouisa leti
    uis rapuit rapietque gentis.

Quam paene furuae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem uidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaee, plectro dura nauis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli.

Vtrumque sacro digna silentio
mirantur umbrae dicere, sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure uolgus.

Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
auris et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborum decipitur sono
nec curat Orion leones
aut timidos agitare lyncas.

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

O tree, he planted thee on an unlucky day whoever did it first, and with an impious hand raised thee for the destruction of posterity, and the scandal of the village. I could believe that he had broken his own father's neck, and stained his most secret apartments with the midnight blood of his guest. He was wont to handle Colchian poisons, and whatever wickedness is anywhere conceived, who planted in my field thee, a sorry log; thee, ready to fall on the head of thy inoffensive master. What we ought to be aware of, no man is sufficiently cautious at all hours. The Carthaginian sailor thoroughly dreads the Bosphorus; nor, beyond that, does he fear a hidden fate from any other quarter. The soldier dreads the arrows and the fleet retreat of the Parthian; the Parthian, chains and an Italian prison; but the unexpected assault of death has carried off, and will carry off, the world in general. How near was I seeing the dominions of black Proserpine, and Aeacus sitting in judgment; the separate abodes also of the pious, and Sappho complaining in her Aeohan lyre of her own country damsels; and thee, O Alcaeus, sounding in fuller strains on thy golden harp the distresses of exile, and the distresses of war. The ghosts admire them both, while they utter strains worthy of a sacred silence; but the crowded multitude, pressing with their shoulders, imbibes, with a more greedy ear, battles and banished tyrants. What wonder? Since the many headed monster,

astonished at those lays, hangs down his sable ears; and the snakes, entwined in the hair of the furies, are soothed. Moreover, Prometheus and the sire of Pelops are deluded into an insensibility of their torments, by the melodious sound: nor is Orion any longer solicitous to harass the lions, or the fearful lynxes.

XIV

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni nec pietas moram
    rugis et instanti senectae
    adferet indomitaeque morti,

non, si trecenis quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
    Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
    Geryonen Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus
quicumque terrae munere uescimur
    enauiganda, siue reges
    siue inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
    frustra per autumnos nocentem
    corporibus metuemus Austrum:

uisendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
    infame damnatusque longi
    Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
te praeter inuisas cupressos
ulla breuem dominum sequetur;

absumet heres Caecuba dignior
seruata centum clauibus et mero
tinguet pauimentum superbo,
pontificum potiore cenis.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Alas! my Postumus, my Postumus, the fleeting years gilde on; nor will piety cause any delay to wrinkles, and advancing old age, and insuperable death. You could not, if you were to sacrifice every passing day three hundred bulls, render propitious pitiless Pluto, who confines the thrice-monstrous Geryon and Tityus with the dismal Stygian stream, namely, that stream which is to be passed over by all who are fed by the bounty of the earth, whether we be kings or poor ninds. In vain shall we be free from sanguinary Mars, and the broken billows of the hoarse Adriatic; in vain shall we be apprehensive for ourselves of the noxious South, in the time of autumn. The black Cocytus wandering with languid current, and the infamous race of Danaus, and Sisyphus, the son of the Aeolus, doomed to eternal toil, must be visited;

your land and house and pleasing wife must be left, nor shall any of those trees, which you are nursing, follow you, their master for a brief space, except the hated cypresses; a worthier heir shall consume your Caecuban wines now guarded with a hundred keys, and shall wet the pavement with the haughty wine, more exquisite than what graces pontifical entertainment.

XV

Iam pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
    extenta uisentur Lucrino
    stagna lacu platanusque caelebs

euincet ulmos; tum uiolaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
    spargent oliuetis odorem
    fertilibus domino priori;

tum spissa ramis laurea feruidos
excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
    praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
    auspiciis ueterumque norma.

Priuatus illis census erat breuis,
commune magnum; nulla decempedis
    metata priuatis opacam
    porticus excipiebat Arcton,

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
    sumptu iubentes et deorum
    templa nouo decorare saxo.

ODE XV.

AGAINST THE LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

The palace-like edifices will in a short time leave but a few acres for the plough; ponds of wider extent than the Lucrine lake will be every where to be seen; and the barren plane-tree will supplant the elms. Then banks of violets, and myrtle groves, and all the tribe of nosegays shall diffuse their odors in the olive plantations, which were fruitful to their preceding master. Then the laurel with dense boughs shall exclude the burning beams. It was not so prescribed by the institutes of Romulus, and the unshaven Cato, and ancient custom. Their private income was contracted, while that of the community was great. No private men were then possessed of galleries measured by ten-feet rules, which collected the shady northern breezes; nor did the laws permit them to reject the casual turf *[for their own huts]*, though at the same time they obliged them to ornament in the most sumptuous manner, with new stone, the buildings of the public, and the temples of the gods, at a common expense.

XVI

Otium diuos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
sidera nautis;

otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura
uenale neque auro.

Non enim gazae neque consularis
summouet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tecta uolantis.

Viuitur paruo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum
nec leuis somnos timor aut cupido
sordidus aufert.

Quid breui fortes iaculamur aeuo
multa? Quid terras alio calentis
sole mutamus? Patriae quis exul
se quoque fugit?

Scandit aeratas uitiosa nauis
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior ceruis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.

Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
oderit curare et amara lento
temperet risu: nihil est ab omni
parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
mugiunt uaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
murice tinctae

uestiunt lanae; mihi parua rura et
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
spernere uolgus.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

O Grosphus, he that is caught in the wide Aegean Sea; when a black tempest has obscured the moon, and not a star appears with steady light for the mariners, supplicates the gods for repose: for repose, Thrace furious in war; the quiver-graced Medes, for repose neither purchasable by jewels, nor by purple, nor by gold. For neither regal treasures nor the consul's officer can remove the wretched tumults of the mind, nor the cares that hover about splendid ceilings. That man lives happily on a little, who can view with pleasure the old-fashioned family salt-cellar on his frugal board; neither anxiety nor sordid avarice robs him of gentle sleep. Why do we, brave for a short season, aim at many things? Why do we change our own for climates heated by another sun? Whoever, by becoming an exile from his country, escaped likewise from himself? Consuming care boards even brazen-beaked ships: nor does it quit the troops of horsemen, for it is more fleet than the stags, more fleet than the storm-driving east wind. A mind that is cheerful in its present state, will disdain to be solicitous any further, and can correct the bitters of life with a placid smile. Nothing is on all hands completely blessed. A premature death carried off the celebrated Achilles; a protracted old age wore down Tithonus; and time perhaps may extend to me, what it shall deny to you. Around you a hundred flocks bleat, and Sicilian heifers low; for your use the mare, fit for the harness, neighs; wool doubly

dipped in the African purple-dye, clothes you: on me undeceitful fate has bestowed a small country estate, and the slight inspiration of the Grecian muse, and a contempt for the malignity of the vulgar.

XVII

Cur me querellis exanimas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
obire, Maecenas, mearum
grande decus columenque rerum.

A! te meae si partem animae rapit
maturior uis, quid moror altera,
nec carus aeque nec superstes
integer? Ille dies utramque

ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
dixit sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
utcumque praecedes, supremum
carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec, si resurgat centimanus gigas,
diuellet umquam: sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

Seu Libra seu me Scorpios aspicit
formidolosus, pars uiolentior
natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum; te Iouis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit uolucrisque Fati

tardauit alas, cum populus frequens
laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum;
me truncus inlapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

dextra leuasset, Mercurialium
custos uirorum. Reddere uictimas
aedemque uotiuam memento;
non humilem feriemus agnam.

ODE XVII.

TO MAECENAS.

Why dost thoti kill me with thy complaints? 'Tis neither agreeable to the gods, nor to me, that thou shouldest depart first, O Maecenas, thou grand ornament and pillar of my affairs. Alas! if an untimely blow hurry away thee, a part of my soul, why do I the other moiety remain, my value lost, nor any longer whole? That *[fatal]* day shall bring destruction upon us both. I have by no means taken a false oath: we will go, we will go, whenever thou shalt lead the way, prepared to be fellow-travelers in the last journey. Me nor the breath of the fiery

Chimaera, nor hundred-handed Gyges, were he to rise again, shall ever tear from thee: such is the will of powerful Justice, and of the Fates. Whether Libra or malignant Scorpio had the ascendant at my natal hour, or Capricon the ruler of the western wave, our horoscopes agree in a wonderful manner. Thee the benign protection of Jupiter, shining with friendly aspect, rescued from the baleful influence of impious Saturn, and retarded the wings of precipitate destiny, at the time the crowded people with resounding applauses thrice hailed you in the theatre: me the trunk of a tree, falling upon my skull, would have dispatched, had not Faunus, the protector of men of genius, with his right hand warded off the blow. Be thou mindful to pay the victims and the votive temple; I will sacrifice an humble lamb.

XVIII

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar;
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupaui,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.
At fides et ingeni
benigna uena est pauperemque dues
me petit; nihil supra
deos lacesso nec potentem amicum
largiora flagito,
satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die
nouaeque pergunt interire lunae;
tu secanda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
inmemor struis domos
marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
summouere litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid quod usque proximos
reuellis agri terminos et ultra
limites clientium
salis auarus? Pellitur paternos

in sinu ferens deos
et uxor et uir sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula diuitem manet
erum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus
pauperi recluditur
regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
callidum Promethea
reuexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coercet, hic leuare functum
pauperem laboribus
uocatus atque non uocatus audit.

ODE XVIII.

AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

Nor ivory, nor a fretted ceiling adorned with gold, glitters in my house: no Hymettian beams rest upon pillars cut out of the extreme parts of Africa; nor, a pretended heir, have I possessed myself of the palace of Attalus, nor do ladies, my dependants, spin Laconian purple for my use. But integrity, and a liberal vein of genius, are mine: and the man of fortune makes his court to me, who am but poor. I importune the gods no further, nor do I require of my friend in power any larger enjoyments,

sufficiently happy with my Sabine farm alone. Day is driven on by day, and the new moons hasten to their wane. You put out marble to be hewn, though with one foot in the grave; and, unmindful of a sepulcher, are building houses; and are busy to extend the shore of the sea, that beats with violence at Baiae, not rich enough with the shore of the mainland. Why is it, that through avarice you even pluck up the landmarks of your neighbor's ground, and trespass beyond the bounds of your clients; and wife and husband are turned out, bearing in their bosom their household gods and their destitute children? Nevertheless, no court more certainly awaits its wealthy lord, than the destined limit of rapacious Pluto. Why do you go on? The impartial earth is opened equally to the poor and to the sons of kings; nor has the life-guard ferryman of hell, bribed with gold, re-conducted the artful Prometheus. He confines proud Tantalus; and the race of Tantalus, he condescends, whether invoked or not, to relieve the poor freed from their labors.

XIX

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
uidi docentem, credite posteri,
    Nymphasque discentis et auris
    capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Euhoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
    laetatur. Euhoe, parce Liber,
    parce, graui metuende thyrso.

Fas peruicacis est mihi Thyiadas
uinique fontem lactis et uberes
    cantare riuos atque truncis
    lapsa cauis iterare mella;

fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
    disiecta non leni ruina,
    Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uuidus in iugis
    nodo coerces uiperino
    Bistonidum sine fraude crinis.

Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet inpia,
    Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
    unguibus horribilique mala;

quamquam, choreis aptior et iocis
ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
    pugnae ferebaris; sed idem
    pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te uidit insons Cerberus aureo
cornu decorum leniter atterens
    caudam et recedentis trilingui
    ore pedes tetigitque crura.

ODE XIX.

ON BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC, OR DRINKING SONG.

I saw Bacchus (believe it, posterity) dictating strains among the remote rocks, and the nymphs learning them, and the ears of the goat-footed satyrs all attentive. Evoe! my mind trembles with recent dread, and my soul, replete with Bacchus, has a tumultuous joy, Evoe! spare me, Bacchus; spare me, thou who art formidable for thy dreadful thyrsus. It is granted me to sing the wanton Bacchanalian priestess, and the fountain of wine, and rivulets

flowing with milk, and to tell again of the honeys distilling from the hollow trunks. It is granted me likewise to celebrate the honor added to the constellations by your happy spouse, and the palace of Pentheus demolished with no light ruin, and the perdition of Thracian. Lycurgus. You command the rivers, you the barbarian sea. You, moist with wine, on lonely mountain-tops bind the hair of your Thracian priestesses with a knot of vipers without hurt. You, when the impious band of giants scaled the realms of father Jupiter through the sky, repelled Rhoetus, with the paws and horrible jaw of the lion-shape *[you had assumed]*. Thou, reported to be better fitted for dances, and jokes and play, you were accounted insufficient for fight; yet it then appeared, you, the same deity, was the mediator of peace and war. Upon you, ornamented with your golden horn, Orberus innocently gazed, gently wagging his tail; and with his triple tongue licked your feet and legs, as you returned.

XX

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
penna biformis per liquidum aethera
    uates neque in terris morabor
    longius inuidiaque maior

urbis relinquam. Non ego pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego quem uocas,
    dilecte Maecenas, obibo
    nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles et album mutor in alitem
    superne nascunturque leues
    per digitos umerosque plumae.

Iam Daedaleo ocior Icaro
uisam gementis litora Bosphori
    Syrtisque Gaetulas canorus
    ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus et ultimi
    noscent Geloni, me peritus
    discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
    conpesce clamorem ac sepulcri
    mitte superuacuos honores.

ODE XX.

TO MAECENAS.

I, a two-formed poet, will be conveyed through the liquid air with no vulgar or humble wing; nor will I loiter upon earth any longer; and superior to envy, I will quit cities. Not I, even I, the blood of low parents, my dear Maecenas, shall die; nor shall I be restrained by the Stygian wave. At this instant a rough skin settles upon my ankles, and all upwards I am transformed into a white bird, and the downy plumage arises over my fingers and shoulders. Now, a melodious bird, more expeditious than the Daepalean Icarus, I will visit the shores of the murmuring Bosphorus, and the Gzetulean Syrtes, and the Hyperborean plains. Me the Colchian and the Dacian, who hides his fear of the Marsian cohort, land the remotest Gelonians, shall know: me the learned Spaniard shall study, and he that drinks of the Rhone. Let there be no dirges, nor unmanly lamentations, nor bewailings at my imaginary funeral; suppress your crying, and forbear the superfluous honors of a sepulcher.

Liber III

I

Odi profanum uolgus et arceo.
Fauete linguis: carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
uirginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iouis,
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio mouentis.

Est ut uiro uir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior: aequa lege Necessitas
sortitur insignis et imos,
omne capax mouet urna nomen.

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
ceruice pendet, non Siculae dapes
dulcem elaboratum saporem,
non auium citharaequecantus

Somnum reducent: somnus agrestium
lenis uirorum non humilis domos
    fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
    non Zephyris agitata tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
    nec saeuus Arcturi cadentis
    impetus aut orientis Haedi,

non uerberatae grandine uineae
fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
    culpante, nunc torrentia agros
    sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
iactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
    caementa demittit redemptor
    cum famulis dominusque terrae

fastidiosus: sed Timor et Minae
scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
    decedit aerata triremi et
    post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
nec purpurarum sidere clarior
    delenit usus nec Falerna
    uitis Achaemeniumque costum,

cur inuidendis postibus et nouo
sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur ualle permutem Sabina
diuitias operosiores?

ODE I.

ON CONTENTMENT.

I abominate the uninitiated vulgar, and keep them at a distance. Preserve a religious silence: I, the priest of the Muses, sing to virgins and boys verses not heard before. The dominion of dread sovereigns is over their own subjects; that of Jupiter, glorious for his conquest over the giants, who shakes all nature with his nod, is over sovereigns themselves. It happens that one man, arranges trees, in regular rows, to a greater extent than another; this man comes down into the Campus *[Martius]* as a candidate of a better family; another vies with him for morals and a better reputation; a third has a superior number of dependants; but Fate, by the impartial law of nature, is allotted both to the conspicuous and the obscure; the capacious urn keeps every name in motion. Sicilian dainties will not force a delicious relish to that man, over whose impious neck the naked sword hangs: the songs of birds and the lyre will not restore his sleep. Sleep disdains not the humble cottages and shady bank of

peasants; he disdains not Tempe, fanned by zephyrs. Him, who desires but a competency, neither the tempestuous sea renders anxious, nor the malign violence of Arcturus setting, or of the rising Kid; not his vineyards beaten down with hail, and a deceitful farm; his plantations at one season blaming the rains, at another, the influence of the constellations parching the grounds, at another, the severe winters. The fishes perceive the seas contracted, by the vast foundations that have been laid in the deep: hither numerous undertakers with their men, and lords, disdainful of the land, send down mortar: but anxiety and the threats of conscience ascend by the same way as the possessor; nor does gloomy care depart from the brazen-beaked galley, and she mounts behind the horseman. Since then nor Phrygian marble, nor the use of purple more dazzling than the sun, nor the Falernian vine, nor the Persian nard, composes a troubled mind, why should I set about a lofty edifice with columns that excite envy, and in the modern taste? Why should I exchange my Sabine vale for wealth, which is attended with more trouble?

II

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
    condiscat et Parthos ferocis
    uexet eques metuendus hasta

uitamque sub diuo et trepidis agat
in rebus. Illum ex moenibus hosticis
    matrona bellantis tyranni
    prospiciens et adulta uirgo

suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
sponsus lacessat regius asperum
    tactu leonem, quem cruenta
    per medias rapit ira caedes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
mors et fugacem persequitur uirum
    nec parcit inbellis iuuentae
    poplitibus timidoue tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus
    nec sumit aut ponit securis
    arbitrio popularis aurae.

Virtus, recludens inmeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter uia
coetusque uolgaris et udam
spernit humum fugiente pinna.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
merces: uetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
uolgarit arcanae, sub isdem
sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

soluat phaselon; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
raro antecedentem scelestum
deseruit pede Poena claudo.

ODE II.

AGAINST THE DEGENERACY OF THE ROMAN YOUTH.

Let the robust youth learn patiently to endure pinching want in the active exercise of arms; and as an expert horseman, dreadful for his spear, let him harass the fierce Parthians; and let him lead a life exposed to the open air, and familiar with dangers. Him, the consort and marriageable virgin-daughter of some warring tyrant, viewing from the hostile walls, may sigh — Alas! let not the affianced prince, inexperienced as he is in arms, provoke by a touch this terrible lion, whom bloody rage hurries through

the midst of slaughter. It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country; death even pursues the man that flies from him; nor does he spare the trembling knees of effeminate youth, nor the coward back. Virtue, unknowing of base repulse, shines with immaculate honors; nor does she assume nor lay aside the ensigns of her dignity, at the veering of the popular air. Virtue, throwing open heaven to those who deserve not to die, directs her progress through paths of difficulty, and spurns with a rapid wing grovelling cowards and the slippery earth. There is likewise a sure reward for faithful silence. I will prohibit that man, who shall divulge the sacred rites of mysterious Ceres, from being under the same roof with me, or from setting sail with me in the same fragile bark: for Jupiter, when slighted, often joins a good man in the same fate with a bad one. Seldom hath punishment, though lame, of foot, failed to overtake the wicked.

III

Iustum et tenacem propositi uirum
non ciuium ardor praua iubentium,
    non uoltus instantis tyranni
    mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iouis:
    si fractus inlabatur orbis,
    inpauidum ferient ruinae.

Hac arte Pollux et uagus Hercules
enisus arces attigit igneas,
    quos inter Augustus recumbens
    purpureo bibet ore nectar;

hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
uexere tigres indocili iugum
    collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
    Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Ionone diuis: ‘Ilion, Ilion
    fatalis incestusque iudex
    et mulier peregrina uertit

in puluerem, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
    castaeque damnatum Mineruae
    cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
    periura pugnaces Achiuos
    Hectoreis opibus refringit

nostrisque ductum seditionibus
bellum resedit. Protinus et grauis
    irae et inuisum nepotem,
    Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, discere nectaris
    sucos et adscribi quietis
    ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter saeuiat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exules
    in parte regnato beati;
    dum Priami Paridisque busto

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celae inultae, stet Capitolium
    fulgens triumphatisque possit
    Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
    secernit Europen ab Afro,
    qua tumidus rigat arua Nilus;

aurum inrepertum et sic melius situm,
cum terra celat, spernere fortior
    quam cogere humanos in usus
    omne sacrum rapiente dextra,

quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tanget armis, uisere gestiens,
    qua parte debacchentur ignes,
    qua nebulae pluuiique rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
    rebusque fidentes auitae
    tecta uelint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
    ducente uictrices cateruas
    coniuge me Iouis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aeneus
auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis
    excisus Argiuis, ter uxor
    capta uirum puerosque ploret.’

Non hoc iocosae conueniet lyrae;
quo, Musa, tendis? Desine peruicax
    referre sermones deorum et
    magna modis tenuare paruis.

ODE III.

ON STEADINESS AND INTEGRITY.

Not the rage of the people pressing to hurtful measures, not the aspect of a threatening tyrant can shake from his settled purpose the man who is just and determined in his resolution; nor can the south wind, that tumultuous ruler of the restless Adriatic, nor the mighty hand of thundering Jove; if a crushed world should fall in upon him, the ruins would strike him undismayed. By this character Pollux, by this the wandering Hercules, arrived at the starry citadels; among whom Augustus has now taken his place, and quaffs nectar with empurpled lips. Thee, O Father Bacchus, meritorious for this virtue, thy tigers carried, drawing the yoke with intractable neck; by this Romulus escaped Acheron on the horses of Mars — Juno having spoken what the gods in full conclave approve: “Troy, Troy, a fatal and lewd judge, and a foreign woman, have reduced to ashes, condemned, with its inhabitants and fraudulent prince, to me and the chaste Minerva, ever since Laomedon disappointed the gods of the

stipulated reward. Now neither the infamous guest of the Lacedaemonian adulteress shines; nor does Priam's perjured family repel the warlike Grecians by the aid of Hector, and that war, spun out to such a length by our factions, has sunk to peace. Henceforth, therefore, I will give up to Mars both my bitter resentment, and the detested grandson, whom the Trojan princes bore. Him will I suffer to enter the bright regions, to drink the juice of nectar, and to be enrolled among the peaceful order of gods. As long as the extensive sea rages between Troy and Rome, let them, exiles, reign happy in any other part of the world: as long as cattle trample upon the tomb of Priam and Paris, and wild beasts conceal their young ones there with impunity, may the Capitol remain in splendor, and may brave Rome be able to give laws to the conquered Medes. Tremendous let her extend her name abroad to the extremest boundaries of the earth, where the middle ocean separates Europe from Africa, where the swollen Nile waters the plains; more brave in despising gold as yet undiscovered, and so best situated while hidden in the earth, than in forcing it out for the uses of mankind, with a hand ready to make depredations on everything that is sacred. Whatever end of the world has made resistance, that let her reach with her arms, joyfully alert to visit, even that part where fiery heats rage madding; that where clouds and rains storm with unmoderated fury. But I pronounce

this fate to the warlike Romans, upon this condition; that neither through an excess of piety, nor of confidence in their power, they become inclined to rebuild the houses of their ancestors' Troy. The fortune of Troy, reviving under unlucky auspices, shall be repeated with lamentable destruction, I, the wife and sister of Jupiter, leading on the victorious bands. Thrice, if a brazen wall should arise by means of its founder Phoebus, thrice should it fall, demolished by my Grecians; thrice should the captive wife bewail her husband and her children." These themes ill suit the merry lyre. Whither, muse, are you going? — Cease, impertinent, to relate the language of the gods, and to debase great things by your trifling measures.

IV

Descende caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
    seu uoce nunc mauis acuta
    seu fidibus citharaue Phoebi.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
insania? Audire et uideor pios
    errare per lucos, amoenae
    quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

Me fabulosae Volture in Apulo
nutricis extra limina Pulliae
    ludo fatigatumque somno
    fronde noua puerum palumbes

texere, mirum quod foret omnibus
quicumque celsae nidum Aceruntiae
    saltusque Bantinos et aruum
    pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore uiperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
    lauroque conlataque myrto,
    non sine dis animosus infans.

Vester, Camenae, uester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
    Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
    seu liquidae placuere Baiae;

uestris amicum fontibus et choris
non me Philippis uersa acies retro,
    deuota non extinxit arbor
    nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Vtcumque mecum uos eritis, libens
insanientem nauita Bosphorum
    temptabo et urentis harenas
    litoris Assyrii uiator,

uisam Britannos hospitibus feros
et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
    uisam pharetratos Gelonos
    et Scythicum inuiolatus amnem.

Vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
    finire quaerentem labores
    Pierio recreatis antro;

uos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almae. Scimus ut impios
    Titanas imnanemque turbam
    fulmine sustulerit caduco,

qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
uentosum et urbes regnaque tristia
    diuosque mortalisque turmas
    imperio regit unus aequo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Ioui
fidens iuuentus horrida bracchiis
    fratresque tendentes opaco
    Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Typhoeus et ualidus Mimas
aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
    quid Rhoetus euolsisque truncis
    Enceladus iaculator audax

contra sonantem Palladis aegida
possent ruentes? Hinc auidus stetit
    Volcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et
    nunquam umeris positurus arcum,

qui rore puro Castaliae lauit
crinis solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
    dumeta natalemque siluam,
    Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua;
uim temperatam di quoque prouehunt
    in maius; idem odere uires
    omne nefas animo mouentis.

Testis mearum centimanus gigas
sententiarum, notus et integrae
    temptator Orion Dianae,
    uirginea domitus sagitta.

Iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis
maeretque partus fulmine luridum
    missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
    impositam celer ignis Aetnen,

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
    custos; amatorem trecentae
    Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descend from heaven, queen Calliope, and come sing with your pipe a lengthened strain; or, if you had now rather, with your clear voice, or on the harp or lute of Phoebus. Do ye hear? or does a pleasing frenzy delude me? I seem to hear *[her]*, and to wander *[with her]* along the hallowed groves, through which pleasant rivulets and gales make their way. Me, when a child, and fatigued with play, in sleep the woodland doves, famous in story, covered with green leaves in the Apulian Vultur, just without the limits of my native Apulia; so that it was matter

of wonder to all that inhabit the nest of lofty Acherontia, the Bantine Forests, and the rich soil of low Ferentum, how I could sleep with my body safe from deadly vipers and ravenous bears; how I could be covered with sacred laurel and myrtle heaped together, though a child, not animated without the *[inspiration of the]* gods. Yours, O ye muses, I am yours, whether I am elevated to the Sabine heights; or whether the cool Praeneste, or the sloping Tibur, or the watery Baiae have delighted me. Me, who am attached to your fountains and dances, not the army put to flight at Philippi, not the execrable tree, nor a Palinurus in the Sicilian Sea has destroyed. While you shall be with me with pleasure will I, a sailor, dare the raging Bosphorus; or, a traveler, the burning sands of the Assyrian shore: I will visit the Britons inhuman to strangers, and the Concanian delighted *[with drinking]* the blood of horses; I will visit the quivered Geloni, and the Scythian river without hurt. You entertained lofty Caesar, seeking to put an end to his toils, in the Pierian grotto, as soon as he had distributed in towns his troops, wearied by campaigning: you administer *[to him]* moderate counsel, and graciously rejoice at it when administered. We are aware how he, who rules the inactive earth and the stormy main, the cities also, and the dreary realms *[of hell]*, and alone governs with a righteous sway both gods and the human multitude, how he took off the impious Titans and

the gigantic troop by his falling thunderbolts. That horrid youth, trusting to the strength of their arms, and the brethren proceeding to place Pelion upon shady Olympus, had brought great dread *[even]* upon Jove. But what could Typhoeus, and the strong Mimas, or what Porphyrion with his menacing statue; what Rhoetus, and Enceladus, a fierce darter with trees uptorn, avail, though rushing violently against the sounding shield of Pallas? At one part stood the eager Vulcan, at another the matron Juno, and he, who is never desirous to lay aside his bow from his shoulders, Apollo, the god of Delos and Patara, who bathes his flowing hair in the pure dew of Castalia, and possesses the groves of Lycia and his native wood. Force, void of conduct, falls by its own weight; moreover, the gods promote discreet force to further advantage; but the same beings detest forces, that meditate every kind of impiety. The hundred-handed Gyges is an evidence of the sentiments I allege: and Orion, the tempter of the spotless Diana, destroyed by a virgin dart. The earth, heaped over her own monsters, grieves and laments her offspring, sent to murky Hades by a thunderbolt; nor does the active fire consume Aetna that is placed over it, nor does the vulture desert the liver of incontinent Tityus, being stationed there as an avenger of his baseness; and three hundred chains confine the amorous Pirithous.

V

Caelo tonantem credidimus Iouem
regnare: praesens diuus habebitur
    Augustus adiectis Britannis
    imperio grauibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
turpis maritus uixit et hostium,
    pro curia inuersique mores!
    consenuit socerorum in armis

sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus
anciliorum et nominis et togae
    oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
    incolumi Ioue et urbe Roma?

Hoc cauerat mens prouida Reguli
dissentientis condicionibus
    foedis et exemplo trahenti
    perniciem ueniens in aeuum,

si non periret inmiserabilis
captius pubes: ‘Signa ego Punicis
    adfixa delubris et arma
    militibus sine caede’ dixit

‘derepta uidi; uidi ego ciuium
retorta tergo bracchia libero
portasque non clausas et arua
Marte coli populata nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
miles redibit. Flagitio additis
damnum. Neque amissos colores
lana refert medicata fuco,

nec uera uirtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
cerua plagis, erit ille fortis,

qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
qui lora restrictis lacertis
sensit iners timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde uitam sumeret inscius,
pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
o magna Carthago, probrosis
altior Italiae ruinis!’

Fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
paruosque natos ut capitis minor
ab se remouisse et uirilem
toruus humi posuisse uoltum,

donec labantis consilio patres
firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato
interque maerentis amicos
egregius properaret exul.

Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
dimouit obstantis propinquos
et populum reditus morantem

quam si clientum longa negotia
diiudicata lite relinqueret,
tendens Venafranos in agros
aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

ODE V.

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE STANDARDS FROM PHRAATES.

We believe from his thundering that Jupiter has dominion in the heavens: Augustus shall be esteemed a present deity the Britons and terrible Parthians being added to the empire. What! has any soldier of Crassus lived, a degraded husband with a barbarian wife? And has (O *[corrupted]* senate, and degenerate morals!) the Marsian and Apulian, unmindful of the sacred bucklers, of the *[Roman]* name and gown, and of eternal Vesta, grown old in the lands of hostile fathers-in-law, Jupiter and the

city being in safety? The prudent mind of Regulus had provided against this, dissenting from ignominious terms, and inferring from such a precedent destruction to the succeeding age, if the captive youth were not to perish unpitied. I have beheld, said he, the Roman standards affixed to the Carthaginian temples, and their arms taken away from our soldiers without bloodshed. I have beheld the arms of our citizens bound behind their free-born backs, and the gates *[of the enemy]* unshut, and the fields, which were depopulated by our battles, cultivated anew. The soldier, to be sure, ransomed by gold, will return a braver fellow! — No — you add loss to infamy; *[for]* neither does the wool once stained by the dye of the sea-weed ever resume its lost color; nor does genuine valor, when once it has failed, care to resume its place in those who have degenerated through cowardice. If the hind, disentangled from the thickset toils, ever fights, then indeed shall he be valorous, who has intrusted himself to faithless foes; and he shall trample upon the Carthaginians in a second war, who dastardly has felt the thongs with his arms tied behind him, and has been afraid of death. He, knowing no other way to preserve his life, has confounded peace with war. O scandal! O mighty Carthage, elevated to a higher pitch by Italy's disgraceful downfall! He *(Regulus)* is reported to have rejected the embrace of his virtuous wife and his little sons like one degraded;

and to have sternly fixed his manly countenance on the ground, until, as an adviser, by his counsel he confirmed the wavering senators, and amid his weeping friends hastened away, a glorious exile. Notwithstanding he knew what the barbarian executioner was providing for him, yet he pushed from his opposing kindred and the populace retarding his return, in no other manner, than if (after he had quitted the tedious business of his clients, by determining their suit) he was only going to the Venafrian plains, or the Lacedaemonian Tarentum.

VI

Delicta maiorum inmeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
aedisque labentis deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

Iam bis Monaeses et Pacori manus
non auspicatos contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse praedam
torquibus exiguis renidet.

Paene occupatam seditionibus
deleuit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missilibus melior sagittis.

Fecunda culpae saecula nuptias
primum inquinauere et genus et domos:
hoc fonte deriuata clades
in patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura uirgo et fingitur artibus,
    iam nunc et incestos amores
    de tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti uina, neque eligit
    cui donet inpermissa raptim
    gaudia luminibus remotis,

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu uocat institor
    seu nauis Hispanae magister,
    dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his iuuentus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico
    Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
    Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
    uersare glaebas et seuerae
    matris ad arbitrium recisos

portare fustis, sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
    bobus fatigatis, amicum
    tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non inminuit dies? 45
aetas parentum, peior auis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem uitiosiorem.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Thou shalt atone, O Roman, for the sins of your ancestors, though innocent, till you shall have repaired the temples and tottering shrines of the gods, and their statues, defiled with sooty smoke. Thou boldest sway, because thou bearest thyself subordinate to the gods; to this source refer every undertaking; to this, every event. The gods, because neglected, have inflicted many evils on calamitous Italy. Already has Monaeses, and the band of Pacorus, twice repelled our inauspicious attacks, and exults in having added the Roman spoils to their trivial collars. The Dacian and Ethiopian have almost demolished the city engaged in civil broils, the one formidable for his fleet, the other more expert for missile arrows. The times, fertile in wickedness, have in the first place polluted the marriage state, and *[thence]* the issue and families. From this fountain perdition being derived, has overwhelmed the nation and people. The marriageable virgin delights to be taught the Ionic

dances, and even at this time is trained up in *[seductive]* arts, and cherishes unchaste desires from her very infancy. Soon after she courts younger debauchees when her husband is in his cups, nor has she any choice, to whom she shall privately grant her forbidden pleasures when the lights are removed, but at the word of command, openly, not without the knowledge of her husband, she will come forth, whether it be a factor that calls for her, or the captain of a Spanish ship, the extravagant purchaser of her disgrace. It was not a youth born from parents like these, that stained the sea with Carthaginian gore, and slew Pyrrhus, and mighty Antiochus, and terrific Annibal; but a manly progeny of rustic soldiers, instructed to turn the glebe with Sabine spades, and to carry clubs cut *[out of the woods]* at the pleasure of a rigid mother, what time the sun shifted the shadows of the mountains, and took the yokes from the wearied oxen, bringing on the pleasant hour with his retreating chariot. What does not wasting time destroy? The age of our fathers, worse than our grandsires, produced us still more flagitious, us, who are about to product am offspring more vicious *[even than ourselves]*.

VII

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent uere Fauonii
    Thyna merce beatum,
    constantis iuuenem fide

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
    noctes non sine multis
    insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloen et miseram tuis
    dicens ignibus uri,
    temptat mille uafer modis.

Vt Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis inpulerit criminibus nimis
    casto Bellerophontae
    maturare necem, refert;

narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens,
    et peccare docentis
    fallax historias monet.

Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
uocis audit adhuc integer. At tibi
ne uicinus Enipeus
plus iusto placeat caue;

quamuis non alius flectere equum sciens
aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
nec quisquam citus aeque
Tusco denatat alueo,

prima nocte domum claude neque in uias
sub cantu querulae despice tibiae
et te saepe uocanti
duram difficilis mane.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Why, O Asterie, do you weep for Gyges, a youth of inviolable constancy, whom the kindly zephyrs will restore to you in the beginning of the Spring, enriched with a Bithynian cargo? Driven as far as Oricum by the southern winds, after *[the rising]* of the Goat's tempestuous constellation, he sleepless passes the cold nights in abundant weeping *[for you]*; but the agent of his anxious landlady slyly tempts him by a thousand methods, informing him that *[his mistress]*, Chloe, is sighing for him, and

burns with the same love that thou hast for him. He remonstrates with him how a perfidious woman urged the credulous Proetus, by false accusations, to hasten the death of the over-chaste Bellerophon. He tells how Peleus was like to have been given up to the infernal regions, while out of temperance he avoided the Magnesian Hippolyte: and the deceiver quotes histories to him, that are lessons for sinning. In vain; for, heart-whole as yet, he receives his words deafer than the Icarian rocks. But with regard to you, have a care lest your neighbor Enipeus prove too pleasing. Though no other person equally skillful to guide the steed, is conspicuous in the course, nor does any one with equal swiftness swim down the Etrurian stream, yet secure your house at the very approach of night, nor look down into the streets at the sound of the doleful pipe; and remain inflexible toward him, though he often upbraid thee with cruelty.

VIII

Martis caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid uelint flores et acerra turis
plena miraris positusque carbo in
caespite uiuo,

docte sermones utriusque linguae.
Voueram dulcis epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice dimouebit
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et uigilis lucernas
perfer in lucem; procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

Mitte ciuilis super urbe curas.
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
dissidet armis,

seruit Hispanae uetus hostis orae
Cantaber sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
cedere campis.

Neglegens ne qua populus laboret,
parce priuatus nimium cauere et
dona praesentis cape laetus horae,
linque severa.

ODE VIII.

TO MAECENAS.

O Maecenas, learned in both languages, you wonder what I, a single man, have to do on the calends of March; what these flowers mean, and the censer replete with frankincense, and the coals laid upon the live turf. I made a vow of a joyous banquet, and a white goat to Bacchus, after having been at the point of death by a blow from a tree. This day, sacred in the revolving year, shall remove the cork fastened with pitch from that jar, which was set to inhale the smoke in the consulship of Tullus. Take, my Maecenas, a hundred cups on account of the safety of your friend, and continue the wakeful lamps even to day-light: all clamor and passion be far away. Postpone your political cares with regard to the state: the army of the Dacian Cotison is defeated; the troublesome Mede is quarreling with

himself in a horrible *[civil]* war: the Cantabrian, our old enemy on the Spanish coast, is subject to us, though conquered by a long-disputed victory: now, too, the Scythians are preparing to quit the field with their imbent bows. Neglectful, as a private person, forbear to be too solicitous lest the community in any wise suffer, and joyfully seize the boons of the present hour, and quit serious affairs.

IX

‘Donec gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
ceruici iuuenis dabat,
Persarum uigui rege beatior.’
‘Donec non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
multi Lydia nominis,
Romana uigui clarior Ilia.’
‘Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
pro qua non metuam mori,
si parcent animae fata superstiti.’
‘Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
pro quo bis patiar mori,
si parcent puero fata superstiti.’
‘Quid si prisca redit Venus
diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
si flaua excutitur Chloe
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?’
‘Quamquam sidere pulchrior
ille est, tu leuior cortice et inprobo
iracundior Hadria,
tecum uiuere amem, tecum obeam lubens.’

ODE IX.

TO LYDIA.

HORACE. As long as I was agreeable to thee, and no other youth more favored was wont to fold his arms around thy snowy neck, I lived happier than the Persian monarch.

LYDIA. As long as thou hadst not a greater flame for any other, nor was Lydia below Chloe *[in thine affections]*, I Lydia, of distinguished fame, flourished more eminent than the Roman Ilia.

HOR. The Thracian Chloe now commands me, skillful in sweet modulations, and a mistress of the lyre; for whom I would not dread to die, if the fates would spare her, my surviving soul.

LYD. Calais, the son of the Thurian Ornitus, inflames me with a mutual fire; for whom I would twice endure to die, if the fates would spare my surviving youth.

HOR. What! if our former love returns, and unites by a brazen yoke us once parted? What if Chloe with her golden locks be shaken off, and the door again open to slighted Lydia.

LYD. Though he is fairer than a star, thou of more levity than a cork, and more passionate than the blustering Adriatic; with thee I should love to live, with thee I would cheerfully die.

X

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
saeuo nupta uiro, me tamen asperas
porrectum ante foris obicere incolis
    plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
uentis, et positas ut glaciet niues
    puro numine Iuppiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
ne currente retro funis eat rota:
non te Penelopen difficilem procis
    Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O quamuis neque te munera nec preces
nec tinctus uiola pallor amantium
nec uir Pieria paelice saucius
    curuat, supplicibus tuis

parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus:
non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
    caelestis patiens latus.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

O Lyce, had you drunk from the remote Tanais, in a state of marriage with tome barbarian, yet you might be sorry to expose me, prostrate before your obdurate doors, to the north winds that have made those places their abode. Do you hear with what a noise your gate, with what *[a noise]* the grove, planted about your elegant buildings, rebellows to the winds? And how Jupiter glazes the settled snow with his bright influence? Lay aside disdain, offensive to Venus, lest your rope should run backward, while the wheel is revolving. Your Tyrrhenian father did not beget you to be as inaccessible as Penelope to your wooers. O though neither presents, nor prayers, nor the violet-tinctured paleness of your lovers, nor your husband smitten with a musical courtezan, bend you to pity; yet *[at length]* spare your suppliants, you that are not softer than the sturdy oak, nor of a gentler disposition than the African serpents. This side *[of mine]* will not always be able to endure your threshold, and the rain.

XI

Mercuri, — nam te docilis magistro
mouit Amphion lapides canendo, —
tuque testudo resonare septem
callida neruis,

nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
diuitum mensis et amica templis,
dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
applicet auris,

quae uelut latis equa trima campis
ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
nuptiarum expers et adhuc proteruo
cruda marito.

Tu potes tigris comitesque siluas
ducere et riuos celeres morari;
cessit inmanis tibi blandienti
ianitor aulae

Cerberus, quamuis furiale centum
muniant angues caput eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque uoltu
risit inuito, stetit urna paulum
sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
uirginum poenas et inane lymphae
dolium fundo pereuntis imo
seraque fata,

quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiae (nam quid potuere maius?)
impiae sponsos potuere duro
perdere ferro.

Vna de multis face nuptiali
digna periurum fuit in parentem
splendide mendax et in omne uirgo
nobilis aeuom,

‘Surge’, quae dixit iuueni marito,
‘surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
falle sorores,

quae uelut nactae uitulos leaenae
singulos eheu lacerant. Ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
claustra tenebo.

Me pater saeuis oneret catenis,
quod uiro clemens misero peperci,
me uel extremos Numidarum in agros
classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum fauet Nox et Venus, i secundo
omine et nostri memorem sepulcro
scalpe querellam.'

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O Mercury, for under thy instruction the ingenious Amphion moved rocks by his voice, you being his tutor; and though my harp, skilled in sounding, with seven strings, formerly neither vocal nor pleasing, but now agreeable both to the tables of the wealthy and the temples *[of the gods]*; dictate measures to which Lyde may incline her obstinate ears, who, like a filly of three years old, plays and frisks about in the spacious fields, inexperienced in nuptial loves, and hitherto unripe for a brisk husband. You are able to draw after your tigers and attendant woods, and to retard rapid rivers. To your blandishments the enormous porter of the *[infernal]* palace yielded, though a hundred serpents fortify his head, and a pestilential steam and an infectious poison issue

from his triple-tongued mouth. Moreover, Ixion and Tityus smiled with a reluctant aspect: while you soothe the daughters of Danaus with your delightful harmony, their vessel for some time remained dry. Let Lyde hear of the crime, and the well-known punishment of the virgins, and the cask emptied by the water streaming through the bottom, and what lasting fates await their misdeeds even beyond the grave. Impious! (for what greater impiety could they have committed?) Impious! who could destroy their bridegrooms with the cruel sword! One out of the many, worthy of the nuptial torch, was nobly false to her perjured parent, and a maiden illustrious to all posterity; she, who said to her youthful husband, "Arise! arise! lest an eternal sleep be given to you from a hand you have no suspicion of; disappoint your father-in-law and my wicked sisters, who, like lionesses having possessed themselves of calves (alas)! tear each of them to pieces; I, of softer mold than they, will neither strike thee, nor detain thee in my custody. Let my father load me with cruel chains, because out of mercy I spared my unhappy spouse; let him transport me even to the extreme Numidian plains. Depart, whither your feet and the winds carry you, while the night and Venus are favorable: depart with happy omen; yet, not forgetful of me, engrave my mournful story on my tomb."

XII

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
mala uino lauere aut exanimari
metuentis patruae uerbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
operosaeque Mineruae studium aufert,
Neobule, Liparaei nitor Hebri,

simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lauit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte,
neque pugno neque segni pede uictus;

catus idem per apertum fugientis agitato
grege ceruos iaculari et celer arto
latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

It is for unhappy maidens neither to give indulgence to love, nor to wash away cares with delicious wine; or to be dispirited out of dread of the lashes of an uncle's tongue. The winged boy of Venus, O Neobule, has deprived you of your spindle and your webs, and the beauty of Hebrus from Lipara of inclination for the labors of industrious Minerva,

after he has bathed his anointed shoulders in the waters of the Tiber; a better horseman than Bellerophon himself, neither conquered at boxing, nor by want of swiftness in the race: he is also skilled to strike with his javelin the stags, flying through the open plains in frightened herd, and active to surprise the wild boar lurking in the deep thicket.

XIII

O fons Bandusiae splendidior uitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
    cras donaberis haedo,
    cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et uenerem et proelia destinat.
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
    rubro sanguine riuos
    lasciui suboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
    fessis uomere tauris
    praebes et pecori uago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
me dicente cauis impositam ilicem
    saxis, unde loquaces
    lymphae desiliunt tuae.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

O thou fountain of Bandusia, clearer than glass, worthy of delicious wine, not unadorned by flowers; to-morrow thou shalt be presented with a kid, whose

forehead, pouting with new horns, determines upon both love and war in vain; for this offspring of the wanton flock shall tinge thy cooling streams with scarlet blood. The severe season of the burning dog-star cannot reach thee; thou affordest a refreshing coolness to the oxen fatigued with the plough-share, and to the ranging flock. Thou also shalt become one of the famous fountains, through my celebrating the oak that covers the hollow rock, whence thy prattling rills descend with a bound.

XIV

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
morte uenalem petiisse laurum,
Caesar Hispana repetit penatis
victor ab ora.

Vnico gaudens mulier marito
prodeat iustis operata sacris
et soror clari ducis et decorae
supplice uitta

uirginum matres iuuenumque nuper
sospitum. Vos, o pueri et puellae ac
iam uirum expertae, male nominatis
parcite uerbis.

Hic dies uere mihi festus atras
eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
nec mori per uim metuam tenente
Caesare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit uagantem
fallere testa.

Dic et argutae properet Neaerae
murreum nodo cohibere crinem;
si per inuisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
litium et rixae cupidos proteruae;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuuenta
consule Planco.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

Augustus Caesar, O ye people, who was lately said, like another Hercules, to have sought for the laurel to be purchased only by death, revisits his domestic gods, victorious from the Spanish shore. Let the matron (*Livia*), to whom her husband alone is dear, come forth in public procession, having first performed her duty to the just gods; and (*Octavia*), the sister of our glorious general; the mothers also of the maidens and of the youths just preserved from danger, becomingly adorned with supplicatory fillets. Ye, O young men, and young women lately married, abstain from ill-omened words. This day, to me a real festival, shall expel gloomy cares: I will neither dread commotions, nor violent death, while Caesar is in possession of the earth. Go, slave, and

seek for perfume and chaplets, and a cask that remembers the Marsian war, if any vessel could elude the vagabond Spartacus. And bid the tuneful Neaera make haste to collect into a knot her auburn hair; *but* if any delay should happen from the surly porter, come away. Hoary hair mollifies minds that are fond of strife and petulant wrangling. I would not have endured this treatment, warm with youth in the consulship of Plancus.

XV

Vxor pauperis Ibyci,
tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
famosisque laboribus;
maturo propior desine funeri
inter ludere uirgines
et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoen satis,
et te, Chlori, decet. Filia rectius
expugnat iuuenum domos,
pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
lasciua similem ludere capreae:
te lanae prope nobilem
tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
nec flos purpureus rosae
nec poti uetulam faece tenus cadi.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

You wife of the indigent Ibycus, at length put an end to your wickedness, and your infamous practices. Cease to sport among the damsels, and to diffuse a cloud among bright constellations, now on the verge of a timely death. If any thing will become Pholoe, it

does not you Chloris, likewise. Your daughter with more propriety attacks the young men's apartments, like a Bacchanalian roused up by the rattling timbrel. The love of Nothus makes her frisk about like a wanton she-goat. The wool shorn near the famous Luceria becomes you now antiquated: not musical instruments, or the damask flower of the rose, or hogsheads drunk down to the lees.

XVI

Inclusam Danaen turris aenea
robustaeque fores et uigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
    nocturnis ab adulteris,

si non Acrisium, uirginis abditae
custodem pauidum, Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
    conuerso in pretium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites
et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
ictu fulmineo; concidit auguris
    Argiui domus ob lucrum

demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
portas uir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges muneribus; munera nauium
    saeuos inlaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. Iure perhorrui
late conspicuum tollere uerticem,
    Maecenas, equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negauerit,
ab dis plura feret; nil cupientium
nudus castra peto et transfuga diuitum
partis linquere gestio,

contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
quam si quicquid arat inpiger Apulus
occultare meis dicerer horreis,
magnas inter opes inops.

Purae riuus aquae siluaque iugerum
paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
fallit sorte beatior.

Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
languescit mihi nec pinguia Gallicis
crescunt uellera pascuis,

inportuna tamen pauperies abest,
nec, si plura uelim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parua cupidine
uectigalia porrigam

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
campis continuem. Multa petentibus
desunt multa; bene est cui deus obtulit
parca quod satis est manu.

ODE XVI.

TO MAECENAS.

A brazen tower, and doors of oak, and the melancholy watch of wakeful dogs, had sufficiently defended the imprisoned Danae from midnight gallants, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, the anxious keeper of the immured maiden: *[for they well knew]* that the way would be safe and open, after the god had transformed himself into a bribe. Gold delights to penetrate through the midst of guards, and to break through stone-walls, more potent than the thunderbolt. The family of the Grecian augur perished, immersed in destruction on account of lucre. The man of Macedon cleft the gates of the cities and subverted rival monarchs by bribery. Bribes enthrall fierce captains of ships. Care, and a thirst for greater things, is the consequence of increasing wealth. Therefore, Maecenas, thou glory of the *[Roman]* knights, I have justly dreaded to raise the far-conspicuous head. As much more as any man shall deny himself, so much more shall he receive from the gods. Naked as I am, I seek the camps of those who covet nothing; and as a deserter, rejoice to quit the side of the wealthy: a more illustrious possessor of a contemptible fortune, than if I could be said to treasure up in my granaries all that the industrious Apulian cultivates, poor amid

abundance of wealth. A rivulet of clear water, and a wood of a few acres, and a certain prospect of my good crop, are blessings unknown to him who glitters in the proconsulship of fertile Africa: I am more happily circumstanced. Though neither the Calabrian bees produce honey, nor wine ripens to age for me in a Formian cask, nor rich fleeces increase in Gallic pastures; yet distressful poverty is remote; nor, if I desired more, would you refuse to grant it me. I shall be better able to extend my small revenues, by contracting my desires, than if I could join the kingdom of Alyattes to the Phrygian plains. Much is wanting to those who covet much. ’Tis well with him to whom God has given what is necessary with a sparing hand.

XVII

Aeli uetusto nobilis ab Lamo —
quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
    denominatos et nepotum
    per memores genus omne fastos,

auctore ab illo ducis originem,
qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
    princeps et innantem Maricae
    litoribus tenuisse Lirim,

late tyrannus, — cras foliis nemus
multis et alga litus inutili
    demissa tempestas ab Euro
    sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur

annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
conpone lignum; cras Genium mero
    curabis et porco bimenstri
    cum famulis operum solutis.

ODE XVII.

TO AELIUS LAMIA.

O Aelius, who art nobly descended from the ancient Lamus (forasmuch as they report, that both the first of the Lamian family had their name hence, and all

the race of the descendants through faithful records derives its origin from that founder, who is said to have possessed, as prince, the Formian walls, and Liris gliding on the shores of Marica — an extensive potentate). To-morrow a tempest sent from the east shall strew the grove with many leaves, and the shore with useless sea-weed, unless that old prophetess of rain, the raven, deceives me. Pile up the dry wood, while you may; to-morrow you shall indulge your genius with wine, and with a pig of two months old, with your slaves dismissed from their labors.

XVIII

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos finis et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque paruis
    aequus alumnis,

si tener pleno cadit haedus anno
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
uina craterae, uetus ara multo
    fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres,
festus in pratis uacat otioso
    cum boue pagus;

inter audacis lupus errat agnos,
spargit agrestis tibi silua frondes,
gaudet inuisam pepulisse fossor
    ter pede terram.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

A HYMN.

O Faunus, thou lover of the flying nymphs, benignly traverse my borders and sunny fields, and depart propitious to the young offspring of my flocks; if a tender kid fall *[a victim]* to thee at the completion of the year, and plenty of wines be not wanting to the goblet, the companion of Venus, and the ancient altar smoke with liberal perfume. All the cattle sport in the grassy plain, when the nones of December return to thee; the village keeping holiday enjoys leisure in the fields, together with the oxen free from toil. The wolf wanders among the fearless lambs; the wood scatters its rural leaves for thee, and the laborer rejoices to have beaten the hated ground in triple dance.

XIX

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
narras, et genus Aeaci,
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio.
Quo Chium pretio cadum
mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
quo praebente domum et quota
Paelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da lunae propere nouae,
da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae. Tribus aut nouem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis?
Qui Musas amat imparis,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
uates, tris prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
nudis iuncat sororibus.
Insanire iuuat... Cur Berecyntiae
cessant flamina tibiae?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentis ego dexteras
odi: sparge rosas; audiat inuidus
dementem strepitum Lycus,
et uicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissa te nitidum coma,
puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero

tempestiua petit Rhode:
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

How far Codrus, who was not afraid to die for his country, is removed from Inachus, and the race of Aeacus, and the battles also that were fought at sacred Troy — *[these subjects]* you descant upon; but at what price we may purchase a hogshead of Chian; who shall warm the water *[for bathing]*; who finds a house: and at what hour I am to get rid of these Pelignian colds, you are silent. Give me, boy, *[a bumper]* for the new moon in an instant, give me one for midnight, and one for Murena the augur. Let our goblets be mixed up with three or nine cups, according to every one's disposition. The enraptured bard, who delights in the odd-numbered muses, shall call for brimmers thrice three. Each of the Graces, in conjunction with the naked sisters, fearful of broils, prohibits upward of three. It is my pleasure to rave; why cease the breathings of the Phrygian flute? Why is the pipe hung up with the silent lyre? I hate your niggardly handfuls: strew roses freely. Let the envious Lycus hear the jovial noise; and let our fair neighbor, ill-suited to the old Lycus, *[hear it.]* The ripe Rhode aims at thee, Telephus, smart with thy

bushy locks; at thee, bright as the clear evening star; the love of my Glycera slowly consumes me.

XX

Non uides quanto moueas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae?
Dura post paulo fugies inaudax
    proelia raptor,

cum per obstantis iuuenum cateruas
ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:
grande certamen tibi praeda cedat
    maior, an illi.

Interim, dum tu celeris sagittas
promis, haec dentes acuit timendos,
arbiter pugnae prosuisse nudo
    sub pede palmam

fertur, et leni recreare uento
sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
    raptus ab Ida.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Do you not perceive, O Pyrrhus, at what hazard yon are taking away the whelps from a Gutulian lioness? In a little while you, a timorous ravisher, shall fly

from the severe engagement, when she shall march through the opposing band of youths, re-demanding her beauteous Nearchus; a grand contest, whether a greater share of booty shall fall to thee or to her! In the mean time, while you produce your swift arrows, she whets her terrific teeth; while the umpire of the combat is reported to have placed the palm under his naked foot, and refreshed his shoulder, overspread with his perfumed locks, with the gentle breeze: just such another was Nireus, or he that was ravished from the watery Ida.

XXI

O nata mecum consule Manlio,
seu tu querellas siue geris iocos
    seu rixam et insanos amores
    seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,

quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
seruas, moueri digna bono die,
    descende, Coruino iubente
    promere languidiora uina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
    narratur et prisci Catonis
    saepe mero caluisse uirtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoues
plerumque duro; tu sapientium
    curas et arcanum iocoso
    consilium retegis Lycaeo.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
uiresque et addis cornua pauperi,
    post te neque iratos trementi
    regum apices neque militum arma.

Te Liber et si laeta aderit Venus
segnesque nodum soluere Gratiae
    uiuaeque procucent lucernae,
    dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS JAR.

O thou goodly cask, that wast brought to light at the same time with me in the consulship of Manlius, whether thou containest the occasion of complaint, or jest, or broils and maddening amours, or gentle sleep; under whatever title thou preservest the choice Massic, worthy to be removed on an auspicious day; descend, Corvinus bids me draw the mellowest wine. He, though he is imbued in the Socratic lectures, will not morosely reject thee. The virtue even of old Cato is recorded to have been frequently warmed with wine. Thou appliest a gentle violence to that disposition, which is in general of the rougher cast: Thou revealest the cares and secret designs of the wise, by the assistance of merry Bacchus. You restore hope and spirit to anxious minds, and give horns to the poor man, who after *[tasting]* you neither dreads the diadems of enraged monarchs, nor the weapons of the soldiers. Thee Bacchus, and Venus, if she comes in good-humor, and the Graces loth to dissolve the knot *[of their union]*, and living

lights shall prolong, till returning Phoebus puts the stars to flight.

XXII

Montium custos nemorumque uirgo,
quae laborantis utero puellas
ter uocata audis adimisque leto,
    diua triformis,

inminens uillae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
uerris obliquom meditantis ictum
    sanguine donem.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

O virgin, protectress of the mountains and the groves, thou three-formed goddess, who thrice invoked, hearest young women in labor, and savest them from death; sacred to thee be this pine that overshadows my villa, which I, at the completion of every year, joyful will present with the blood of a boar-pig, just meditating his oblique attack.

XXIII

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
nascente luna, rustica Phidyle,
si ture placaris et horna
fruge Lares auidaque porca

nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda uitis nec sterilem seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero graue tempus anno.

Nam quae niuali pascitur Algido
deuota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
uictima, pontificum securis

ceruice tinguet; te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
paruos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.

Inmunis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia
molliuit auersos Penatis
farre pio et saliente mica.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

My rustic Phidyle, if you raise your suppliant hands to heaven at the new moon, and appease the household gods with frankincense, and this year's fruits, and a ravening swine; the fertile vine shall neither feel the pestilential south-west, nor the corn the barren blight, or your dear brood the sickly season in the fruit-bearing autumn. For the destined victim, which is pastured in the snowy Algidus among the oaks and holm trees, or thrives in the Albanian meadows, with its throat shall stain the axes of the priests. It is not required of you, who are crowning our little gods with rosemary and the brittle myrtle, to propitiate them with a great slaughter of sheep. If an innocent hand touches a clear, a magnificent victim does not pacify the offended Penates more acceptably, than a consecrated cake and crackling salt.

XXIV

Intactis opulentior
thesauris Arabum et diuitis Indiae
caementis licet occupes
terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum:
si figit adamantinos
summis uerticibus dira Necessitas
clauos, non animum metu,
non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythae,
quorum plaustra uagas rite trahunt domos,
uiuunt et rigidi Getae
inmetata quibus iugera liberas
fruges et Cererem ferunt
nec cultura placet longior annua
defunctumque laboribus
aequali recreat sorte uicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
priuignis mulier temperat innocens
nec dotata regit uirum
coniunx nec nitido fidit adultero;
dos est magna parentium
uirtus et metuens alterius uiri
certo foedere castitas,
et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis uolet impias
caedis et rabiem tollere ciuicam,

si quaeret Pater Vrbium
suscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
refrenare licentiam,
clarus postgenitis; quatenus, heu nefas!
uirtutem incolumem odimus,
sublatam ex oculis quaerimus inuidi.
Quid tristes querimoniae
si non supplicio culpa reciditur,
quid leges sine moribus
uanae proficiunt, si neque feruidis
pars inclusa caloribus
mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
durataeque solo niues
mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi
uincunt aequora nauitae?
Magnum pauperies obprobrium iubet
quiduis et facere et pati
uirtutisque uiam deserit arduae.
Vel non in Capitolium
quo clamor uocat et turba fauentium
uel non in mare proximum
gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
summi materiem mali,
mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.
Eradenda cupidinis
praui sunt elementa et tenerae nimis
mentes asperioribus
formandae studiis. Nescit equo rudis
haerere ingenuus puer

uenarique timet, ludere doctior
    seu Graeco iubeas trocho
seu malis uetita legibus alea,
    cum periura patris fides
consortem socium fallat et hospites,
    indignoque pecuniam
haredi properet. Scilicet inprobae
    crescunt diuitiae, tamen
curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

Though, more wealthy than the unrifled treasures of the Arabians and rich India, you should possess yourself by your edifices of the whole Tyrrhenian and Apulian seas; yet, if cruel fate fixes its adamantine grapples upon the topmost roofs, you shall not disengage your mind from dread, nor your life from the snares of death. The Scythians that dwell in the plains, whose carts, according to their custom, draw their vagrant habitations, live in a better manner; and *[so do]* the rough Getae, whose uncircumscribed acres produce fruits and corn free to all, nor is a longer than annual tillage agreeable, and a successor leaves him who has accomplished his labor by an equal right. There the guiltless wife spares her motherless step-children, nor does the

portioned spouse govern her husband, nor put any confidence in a sleek adulterer. Their dower is the high virtue of their parents, and a chastity reserved from any other man by a steadfast security; and it, is forbidden to sin, or the reward is death. O if there be any one willing to remove our impious slaughters, and civil rage; if he be desirous to be written FATHER OF THE STATE, on statues *[erected to him]*, let him dare to curb insuperable licentiousness, and be eminent to posterity; since we (O injustice!) detest virtue while living, but invidiously seek for her after she is taken out of our view. To what purpose are our woeful complaints, if sin is not cut off with punishment? Of what efficacy are empty laws, without morals; if neither that part of the world which is shut in by fervent heats, nor that side which borders upon Boreas, and snows hardened upon the ground, keep off the merchant; *[and]* the expert sailors get the better of the horrible seas? Poverty, a great reproach, impels us both to do and to suffer any thing, and deserts the path of difficult virtue. Let us, then, cast our gems and precious stones and useless gold, the cause of extreme evil, either into the Capitol, whither the acclamations and crowd of applauding *[citizens]* call us, or into the adjoining ocean. If we are truly penitent for our enormities, the very elements of depraved lust are to be erased, and the minds of too soft a mold should be formed by severer studies. The noble youth knows not how to

keep his seat on horseback and is afraid to go a hunting, more skilled to play (if you choose it) with the Grecian trochus, or dice, prohibited by law; while the father's perjured faith can deceive his partner and friend, and he hastens to get money for an unworthy heir. In a word, iniquitous wealth increases, yet something is ever wanting to the incomplete fortune.

XXV

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
plenum? Quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
uelox mente noua? Quibus
antrum egregii Caesaris audiar
aeternum meditans decus
stellis inserere et consilio Iouis?
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
indictum ore alio. Non secus in iugis
exsomnis stupet Euhias,
Hebrum prospiciens et niue candidam
Thracen ac pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi deuio
ripas et uacuum nemus
mirari libet. O Naiadum potens
Baccharumque ualentium
proceras manibus uertere fraxinos,
nil paruum aut humili modo,
nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
o Lenaee, sequi deum
cingentem uiridi tempora pampino.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC.

Whither, O Bacchus, art thou hurrying me, replete with your influence? Into what groves, into what recesses am I driven, actuated with uncommon spirit? In what caverns, meditating the immortal honor of illustrious Caesar, shall I be heard enrolling him among the stars and the council of Jove? I will utter something extraordinary, new, hitherto unsung by any other voice. Thus the sleepless Bacchanal is struck with enthusiasm, casting her eyes upon Hebrus, and Thrace bleached with snow, and Rhodope traversed by the feet of barbarians. How am I delighted in my rambles, to admire the rocks and the desert grove! O lord of the Naiads and the Bacchanalian women, who are able with their hands to overthrow lofty ash-trees; nothing little, nothing low, nothing mortal will I sing. Charming is the hazard, O Bacchus, to accompany the god, who binds his temples with the verdant vine-leaf.

XXVI

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
et militaui non sine gloria;
    nunc arma defunctumque bello
    barbiton hic paries habebit,

laeuom marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
    funalia et uectis et arcus
    oppositis foribus minacis.

O quae beatum diua tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia niue
    regina, sublimi flagello
    tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I lately lived a proper person for girls, and campaigned it not without honor; but now this wall, which guards the left side of *[the statue]* of sea-born Venus, shall have my arms and my lyre discharged from warfare. Here, here, deposit the shining flambeaux, and the wrenching irons, and the bows, that threatened the resisting doors. O thou goddess,

who possessest the blissful Cyprus, and Memphis free from Sithonian snow, O queen, give the haughty Chloe one cut with your high-raised lash.

XXVII

Impios parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
raua decurrens lupa Lanuuino
fetaque uolpes;

umpat et serpens iter institutum,
si per obliquom similis sagittae
terruit mannos: ego cui timebo
prouidus auspex,

antequam stantis repetat paludes
imbrium diuina auis inminentum,
oscinem coruum prece suscitabo
solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix, ubicumque mauis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, uiuas,
teque nec laeuus uetet ire picus
nec uaga cornix.

Sed uides quanto trepidet tumultu
pronus Orion? Ego quid sit ater
Hadriae noui sinus et quid albus
peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique caecos
sentiant motus orientis Austri et
aequoris nigri fremitum et trementis
uerbere ripas.

Sic et Europe niueum doloso
credidit tauro latus et scatentem
beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
debitae Nymphis opifex coronae
nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
uidit et undas.

Quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten: ‘Pater, o relictum
filiae nomen pietasque’ dixit
‘uicta furore!

Vnde quo ueni? Leuis una mors est
uirginum culpae. Vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum an uitiis carentem
ludit imago

uana quae porta fugiens eburna
somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit an recentis
carpere flores?

Si quis infamen mihi nunc iuuencum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
    cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
    nuda leones.

Antequam turpis macies decentis
occupet malas teneraeque sucus
defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
    pascere tigris.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens:
quid mori cessas? Potes hac ab orno
pendulum zona bene te secuta
    laedere collum.

Siue te rupes et acuta leto
saxa delectant, age te procellae
crede ueloci, nisi erile mauis
    carpere pensum

regius sanguis dominaeque tradi
barbarae paelex.' Aderat querenti
perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
    filius arcu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis: ‘Abstineto’
dixit ‘irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi inuisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

Vxor inuicti Iouis esse nescis.
Mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet’.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, UPON HER GOING TO SEA.

Let the omen of the noisy screech-owl and a pregnant bitch, or a tawny wolf running down from the Lanuvian fields, or a fox with whelp conduct the impious *[on their way]*; may the serpent also break their undertaken journey, if, like an arrow athwart the road, it has frightened the horses. What shall I, a provident augur, fear? I will invoke from the east, with my prayers, the raven forboding by his croaking, before the bird which presages impending showers, revisits the stagnant pools. Mayest thou be happy, O Galatea, wheresoever thou choosest to reside, and live mindful of me and neither the unlucky pye nor the vagrant crow forbids your going on. But you see, with what an uproar the prone Orion hastens on: I know what the dark bay of the

Adriatic is, and in what manner Iapyx, *[seemingly]* serene, is guilty. Let the wives and children of our enemies feel the blind tumults of the rising south, and the roaring of the blackened sea, and the shores trembling with its lash. Thus too Europa trusted her fair side to the deceitful bull, and bold as she was, turned pale at the sea abounding with monsters, and the cheat now become manifest. She, who lately in the meadows was busied about flowers, and a composer of the chaplet meet for nymphs, saw nothing in the dusky night put stars and water. Who as soon as she arrived at Crete, powerful with its hundred cities, cried out, overcome with rage, "O father, name abandoned by thy daughter! O my duty! Whence, whither am I come? One death is too little for virgins' crime. Am I awake, while I deplore my base offense; or does some vain phantom, which, escaping from the ivory gate, brings on a dream, impose upon me, still free from guilt. Was it better to travel over the tedious waves, or to gather the fresh flowers? If any one now would deliver up to me in my anger this infamous bull, I would do my utmost to tear him to pieces with steel, and break off the horns of the monster, lately so much beloved. Abandoned I have left my father's house, abandoned I procrastinate my doom. O if any of the gods hear this, I wish I may wander naked among lions: before foul decay seizes my comely cheeks, and moisture leaves this tender prey, I desire, in all my beauty, to

be the food of tigers." "Base Europa," thy absent father urges, "why do you hesitate to die? you may strangle your neck suspended from this ash, with your girdle that has commodiously attended you. Or if a precipice, and the rocks that are edged with death, please you, come on, commit yourself to the rapid storm; unless you, that are of blood-royal, had rather card your mistress's wool, and be given up as a concubine to some barbarian dame." As she complained, the treacherously-smiling Venus, and her son, with his bow relaxed, drew near. Presently, when she had sufficiently rallied her, "Refrain (she cried) from your rage and passionate chidings, since this detested bull shall surrender his horns to be torn in pieces by you. Are you ignorant, that you are the wife of the invincible Jove? Cease your sobbing; learn duly to support your distinguished good fortune. A division of the world shall bear your name."

XXVIII

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,
Lyde, strenua Caecubum
munitaeque adhibe uim sapientiae.
Inclinare meridiem
sentis ac, ueluti stet uolucris dies,
parcis deripere horreo
cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram?
Nos cantabimus inuicem
Neptunum et uiridis Nereidum comas,
tu curua recines lyra
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;
summo carmine, quae Cnidon
fulgentisque tenet Cycladas et Paphum
iunctis uisit oloribus;
dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

What can I do better on the festal day of Neptune? Quickly produce, Lyde, the hoarded Caecuban, and make an attack upon wisdom, ever on her guard. You perceive the noontide is on its decline; and yet, as if the fleeting day stood still, you delay to bring

out of the store-house the loitering cask, *[that bears its date]* from the consul Bibulus. We will sing by turns, Neptune, and the green locks of the Nereids; you, shall chant, on your wreathed lyre, Latona and the darts of the nimble Cynthia; at the conclusion of your song, she also *[shall be celebrated]*, who with her yoked swans visits Gnidos, and the shining Cyclades, and Paphos: the night also shall be celebrated in a suitable lay.

XXIX

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
non ante uerso lene merum cado
    cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
    pressa tuis balanus capillis

amdudum apud me est: eripe te morae
nec semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
    decliue contempleris aruom et
    Telegoni iuga parricidae.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis,
    omitte mirari beatae
    fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

Plerumque gratae diuitibus uices
mundaeque paruo sub lare pauperum
    cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
    sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
    et stella uesani Leonis
    sole dies referente siccos;

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
riuomque fessus quaerit et horridi
    dumeta Siluani caretque
    ripa uagis taciturna uentis.

Tu ciuitatem quis deceat status
curas et urbi sollicitus times
    quid Seres et regnata Cyro
    Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus
    ridetque, si mortalis ultra
    fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

componere aequus; cetera fluminis
ritu feruntur, nunc medio aequore
    cum pace delabentis Etruscum
    in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpisque raptas et pecus et domos
uolentis una, non sine montium
    clamore uicinaeque siluae,
    cum fera diluuies quietos

inritat amnis. Ille potens sui
laetusque deget cui licet in diem
    dixisse: ‘Vixi’: cras uel atra
    nube polum Pater occupato

uel sole puro; non tamen inritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
diffinget infectumque reddet
quod fugiens semel hora uexit.

Fortuna saeuo laeta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeris quatit
pinnas, resigno quae dedit et mea
uirtute me inuoluo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseras preces
decurrere et uotis pacisci,
ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces

addant auaro diuitias mari;
tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae
tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux.

ODE XXIX.

TO MAECENAS.

O Maecenas, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, there has been a long while for you in my house some mellow wine in an unbroached hogshead, with rose-flowers and expressed essence for your hair. Disengage yourself from anything that may retard you, nor contemplate the ever marshy Tibur, and the sloping fields of Aesula, and the hills of Telegonus the parricide. Leave abundance, which is the source of daintiness, and yon pile of buildings approaching near the lofty clouds: cease to admire the smoke, and opulence, and noise of flourishing Rome. A change is frequently agreeable to the rich, and a cleanly meal in the little cottage of the poor has smoothed an anxious brow without carpets or purple. Now the bright father of Andromeda displays his hidden fire; now Procyon rages, and the constellation of the ravening Lion, as the sun brings round the thirsty season. Now the weary shepherd with his languid flock seeks the shade, and the river, and the thickets of rough Sylvanus; and the silent bank is free from the wandering winds. You regard what constitution may suit the state, and are in an anxious dread for Rome, what preparations the Seres and the Bactrians subject to Cyrus, and the factious Tanais are making. A wise deity shrouds in obscure darkness the events of the time to come, and smiles if a mortal is solicitous beyond the law of nature. Be mindful to manage duly that which is present. What remains goes on in the manner of the river, at one time

calmly gliding in the middle of its channel to the Tuscan Sea, at another, rolling along corroded stones, and stumps of trees, forced away, and cattle, and houses, not without the noise of mountains and neighboring woods, when the merciless deluge enrages the peaceful waters. That man is master of himself and shall live happy, who has it in his power to say, “I have lived to-day: to-morrow let the Sire invest the heaven, either with a black cloud, or with clear sunshine; nevertheless, he shall not render ineffectual what is past, nor undo or annihilate what the fleeting hour has once carried off. Fortune, happy in the execution of her cruel office, and persisting to play her insolent game, changes uncertain honors, indulgent now to me, by and by to another. I praise her, while she abides by me. If she moves her fleet wings, I resign what she has bestowed, and wrap myself up in my virtue, and court honest poverty without a portion. It is no business of mine, if the mast groan with the African storms, to have recourse to piteous prayers, and to make a bargain with my vows, that my Cyprian and Syrian merchandize may not add to the wealth of the insatiable sea. Then the gale and the twin Pollux will carry me safe in the protection of a skiff with two oars, through the tumultuous Aegean Sea.”

XXX

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non Aquilo inpotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar multaque pars mei
uitabit Libitinam; usque ego postera
crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita uirgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua uiolens obstrepit Aufidus
et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
regnauit populorum, ex humili potens
princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
lauro cinge uolens, Melpomene, comam.

ODE XXX.

ON HIS OWN WORKS.

I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall

be able to demolish. I shall not wholly die; but a great part of me shall escape Libitina. I shall continualy be renewed in the praises of posterity, as long as the priest shall ascend the Capitol with the silent *[vestal]* virgin. Where the rapid Aufidus shall murmur, and where Daunus, poorly supplied with water, ruled over a rustic people, I, exalted from a low degree, shall be acknowledged as having originally adapted the Aeolic verse to Italian measures. Melpomene, assume that pride which your merits have acquired, and willingly crown my hair with the Delphic laurel.

Liber IV

I

Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moues? Parce precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
mater saeua Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi,
quo blandae iuuenum te reuocant preces.
Tempestiuius in domum
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum;
namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae,
et, quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
duces tura, lyraque et Berecyntia
delectabere tibia
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula;
illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris uirginibus tuum

laudantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina nec puer
iam nec spes animi credula mutui
nec certare iuuat mero
nec uincire nouis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
inter uerba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam uolucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
campi, te per aquas, dure, uolubilis.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

After a long cessation, O Venus, again are you stirring up tumults? Spare me, I beseech you, I beseech you. I am not the man I was under the dominion of good-natured Cynara. Forbear, O cruel mother of soft desires, to bend one bordering upon fifty, now too hardened for soft commands: go, whither the soothing prayers of youths, invoke you. More seasonably may you revel in the house of Paulus Maximus, flying thither with your splendid swans, if you seek to inflame a suitable breast. For

he is both noble and comely, and by no means silent in the cause of distressed defendants, and a youth of a hundred accomplishments; he shall bear the ensigns of your warfare far and wide; and whenever, more prevailing than the ample presents of a rival, he shall laugh *[at his expense]*, he shall erect thee in marble under a citron dome near the Alban lake. There you shall smell abundant frankincense, and shall be charmed with the mixed music of the lyre and Berecynthian pipe, not without the flageolet. There the youths, together with the tender maidens, twice a day celebrating your divinity, shall, Salian-like, with white foot thrice shake the ground. As for me, neither woman, nor youth, nor the fond hopes of mutual inclination, nor to contend in wine, nor to bind my temples with fresh flowers, delight me *[any longer]*. But why; ah! why, Ligurinus, does the tear every now and then trickle down my cheeks? Why does my fluent tongue falter between my words with an unseemly silence? Thee in my dreams by night I clasp, caught *[in my arms]*; thee flying across the turf of the Campus Martius; thee I pursue, O cruel one, through the rolling waters.

II

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari,
Iulle, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pinnis, uitreo daturus
nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens uelut amnis, imbres
quem super notas aluere ripas,
feruet inmensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,

laurea donandus Apollinari,
seu per audacis noua dithyrambos
uerba deuoluit numerisque fertur
lege solutis,

seu deos regesque canit, deorum
sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
flamma Chimaerae,

siue quos Elea domum reducit
palma caelestis pugilemue equomue
dicit et centum potiore signis
munere donat,

flebili sponsae iuuenemue raptum
plorat et uiris animumque moresque
aureos educit in astra nigroque
inuidet Orco.

Multa Dircaeum leuat aura cycnum,
tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
nubium tractus; ego apis Matinae
more modoque

grata carpentis thyma per laborem
plurimum circa nemus uuidique
Tiburis ripas operosa paruus
carmina fingo.

Concines maiore poeta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet ferocis
per sacrum cliuum merita decorus
fronde Sygambros;

quo nihil maius meliusue terris
fata donauere bonique diui
nec dabunt, quamuis redeant in aurum
tempora priscum.

Concines laetosque dies et urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reditu forumque
litibus orbum.

Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
uocis accedet bona pars, et: ‘O sol
pulcher, o laudande!’ canam recepto
Caesare felix;

teque, dum procedis, io Triumphe!
non semel dicemus, io Triumphe!
ciuitas omnis, dabimusque diuis
tura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque uaccae,
me tener soluet uitulus, relicta
matre qui largis iuuenescit herbis
in mea uota,

fronte curuatos imitatus ignis
tertius lunae referentis ortum,
qua notam duxit niueus uideri,
cetera fuluus.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

Whoever endeavors, O Iulus, to rival Pindar, makes an effort on wings fastened with wax by art Daedalean, about to communicate his name to the glassy sea. Like a river pouring down from a mountain, which sudden rains have increased beyond its accustomed banks, such the deep-

mouthed Pindar rages and rushes on immeasurable, sure to merit Apollo's laurel, whether he rolls down new-formed phrases through the daring dithyrambic, and is borne on in numbers exempt from rule: whether he sings the gods, and kings, the offspring of the gods, by whom the Centaurs perished with a just destruction, *[by whom]* was quenched the flame of the dreadful Chimaera; or celebrates those whom the palm, *[in the Olympic games]* at Elis, brings home exalted to the skies, wrestler or steed, and presents them with a gift preferable to a hundred statues: or deplores some youth, snatched *[by death]* from his mournful bride — he elevates both his strength, and courage, and golden morals to the stars, and rescues him from the murky grave. A copious gale elevates the Dircean swan, O Antonius, as often as he soars into the lofty regions of the clouds: but I, after the custom and manner of the Macinian bee, that laboriously gathers the grateful thyme, I, a diminutive creature, compose elaborate verses about the grove and the banks of the watery Tiber. You, a poet of sublimer style, shall sing of Caesar, whenever, graceful in his well-earned laurel, he shall drag the fierce Sygambri along the sacred hill; Caesar, than whom nothing greater or better the fates and indulgent gods ever bestowed on the earth, nor will bestow, though the times should return to their primitive gold. You shall sing both the festal days, and the public rejoicings on account of the

prayed-for return of the brave Augustus, and the forum free from law-suits. Then (if I can offer any thing worth hearing) a considerable portion of my voice shall join *[the general acclamation]*, and I will sing, happy at the reception of Caesar, “O glorious day, O worthy thou to be celebrated.” And while *[the procession]* moves along, shouts of triumph we will repeat, shouts of triumph the whole city *[will raise]*, and we will offer frankincense to the indulgent gods. Thee ten bulls and as many heifers shall absolve; me, a tender steerling, that, having left his dam, thrives in spacious pastures for the discharge of my vows, resembling *[by the horns on]* his forehead the curved light of the moon, when she appears of three days old, in which part he has a mark of a snowy aspect, being of a dun color over the rest of his body.

III

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
nascentem placido lumine uideris,
illum non labor Isthmius
clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
curru ducet Achaico
uictorem, neque res bellica Deliis
ornatum foliis ducem,
quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
ostendet Capitolio;
sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
et spissae nemorum comae
fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
Romae principis urbium
dignatur suboles inter amabilis
uatum ponere me choros,
et iam dente minus mordeor inuido.
O testudinis aureae
dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
o mutis quoque piscibus
donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
totum muneris hoc tui est,
quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae;
quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Him, O Melpomene, upon whom at his birth thou hast once looked with favoring eye, the Isthmian contest shall not render eminent as a wrestler; the swift horse shall not draw him triumphant in a Grecian car; nor shall warlike achievement show him in the Capitol, a general adorned with the Delian laurel, on account of his having quashed the proud threats of kings: but such waters as flow through the fertile Tiber, and the dense leaves of the groves, shall make him distinguished by the Aeolian verse. The sons of Rome, the queen of cities, deign to rank me among the amiable band of poets; and now I am less carped at by the tooth of envy. O muse, regulating the harmony of the gilded shell! O thou, who canst immediately bestow, if thou please, the notes of the swan upon the mute fish! It is entirely by thy gift that I am marked out, as the stringer of the Roman lyre, by the fingers of passengers; that I breathe, and give pleasure (if I give pleasure), is yours.

IV

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
cui rex deorum regnum in auis uagas
    permisit expertus fidelem
    Iuppiter in Ganymede flauo,

olim iuuentas et patrius uigor
nido laborum protulit inscium
    uernique iam nimbis remotis
    insolitos docuere nisus

uenti pauentem, mox in ouilia
demisit hostem uiuidus impetus,
    nunc in reluctantis dracones
    egit amor dapis atque pugnae;

qualemue laetis caprea pascuis
intenta fuluae matris ab ubere
    iam lacte depulsum leonem
    dente nouo peritura uidit:

uidere Raeti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem; Vindelici — quibus
    mos unde deductus per omne
    tempus Amazonia securi

dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
nec scire fas est omnia — sed diu
    lateque uictrices cateruae
    consiliis iuuenis reuictae

sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
    posset, quid Augusti paternus
    in pueros animus Nerones.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
est in iuuencis, est in equis patrum
    uirtus neque inbellem feroces
    progenerant aquilae columbam;

doctrina sed uim promouet insitam
rectique cultus pectora roborant;
    utcumque defecere mores,
    indecorant bene nata culpae.

Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
    deuictus et pulcher fugatis
    ille dies Latio tenebris,

qui primus alma risit adorea,
dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
    ceu flamma per taedas uel Eurus
    per Siculas equitauit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes creuit et impio
    uastata Poenorum tumultu
    fana deos habuere rectos;

dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
‘Cerui, luporum praeda rapacium,
    sectamur ultro, quos opimus
    fallere et effugere est triumphus.

Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
    natosque maturosque patres
    pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
    per damna, per caedes ab ipso
    ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non hydra secto corpore firmior
uinci dolentem creuit in Herculem,
    monstrumue submisere Colchi
    maius Echioniaeue Thebae.

Merses profundo, pulchrior euenit;
luctere, multa proruet integrum
    cum laude uictorem geretque
    proelia coniugibus loquenda.

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos; occidit, occidit
    spes omnis et fortuna nostri
    nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiae non perficient manus,
quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
    defendit et curae sagaces
    expediunt per acuta belli'.

ODE IV

THE PRAISE OF DRUSUS.

Like as the winged minister of thunder (to whom Jupiter, the sovereign of the gods, has assigned the dominion over the fleeting birds, having experienced his fidelity in the affair of the beauteous Ganymede), early youth and hereditary vigor save impelled from his nest unknowing of toil; and the vernal winds, the showers being now dispelled, taught him, still timorous, unwonted enterprises: in a little while a violent impulse dispatched him, as an enemy against the sheepfolds, now an appetite for food and fight has impelled him upon the reluctant serpents; — or as a she-goat, intent on rich pastures, has beheld a young lion but just weaned from the udder of his tawny dam, ready to be devoured by his newly-grown tooth: such did the Rhaeti and the Vindelici behold Drusus carrying on the war under the Alps;

whence this people derived the custom, which has always prevailed among them, of arming their right hands with the Amazonian ax, I have purposely omitted to inquire: (neither is it possible to discover everything.) But those troops, which had been for a long while and extensively victorious, being subdued by the conduct of a youth, perceived what a disposition, what a genius rightly educated under an auspicious roof, what the fatherly affection of Augustus toward the young Neros, could effect. The brave are generated by the brave and good; there is in steers, there is in horses, the virtue of their sires; nor do the courageous eagles procreate the unwarlike dove. But learning improves the innate force, and good discipline confirms the mind: whenever morals are deficient, vices disgrace what is naturally good. What thou owest, O Rome, to the Neros, the river Metaurus is a witness, and the defeated Asdrubal, and that day illustrious by the dispelling of darkness from Italy, and which first smiled with benignant victory; when the terrible African rode through the Latian cities, like a fire through the pitchy pines, or the east wind through the Sicilian waves. After this the Roman youth increased continually in successful exploits, and temples, laid waste by the impious outrage of the Carthaginians, had the *[statues of]* their gods set up again. And at length the perfidious Hannibal said; “We, like stags, the prey of rapacious wolves, follow

of our own accord those, whom to deceive and escape is a signal triumph. That nation, which, tossed in the Etrurian waves, bravely transported their gods, and sons, and aged fathers, from the burned Troy to the Italian cities, like an oak lopped by sturdy axes in Algidum abounding in dusky leaves, through losses and through wounds derives strength and spirit from the very steel. The Hydra did not with more vigor grow upon Hercules grieving to be overcome, nor did the Colchians, or the Echionian Thebes, produce a greater prodigy. Should you sink it in the depth, it will come out more beautiful: should you contend with it, with great glory will it overthrow the conqueror unhurt before, and will fight battles to be the talk of wives. No longer can I send boasting messengers to Carthage: all the hope and success of my name is fallen, is fallen by the death of Asdrubal. There is nothing, but what the Claudian hands will perform; which both Jupiter defends with his propitious divinity, and sagacious precaution conducts through the sharp trials of war."

V

Diuis orte bonis, optume Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
sancto consilio redi.

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae;
instar ueris enim uoltus ubi tuus
adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.

Vt mater iuuenem, quem Notus inuido
flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulci distinet a domo,

uotis ominibusque et precibus uocat,
curuo nec faciem litore dimouet,
sic desideriis icta fedelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
pacatum uolitant per mare nauitae,
culpari metuit fides,

nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
laudantur simili prole puerperae,
culpam poena premit comes.

Quis Parthum paueat, quis gelidum Scythen,
quis Germania quos horrida parturit
fetus incolumi Caesare? Quis ferae
bellum curet Hiberiae?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis
et uitem uiduas ducit ad arbores;
hinc ad uina redit laetus et alteris
te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
defuso pateris et Laribus tuum
miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
et magni memor Herculis.

‘Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
praestes Hesperiae!’ dicimus integro
sicco mane die, dicimus uuidi,
cum sol Oceano subest.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

O best guardian of the Roman people, born under propitious gods, already art thou too long absent; after having promised a mature arrival to the sacred council of the senators, return. Restore, O excellent chieftain, the light to thy country; for, like the spring, wherever thy countenance has shone, the day passes more agreeably for the people, and the sun has a superior lustre. As a mother, with vows, omens, and prayers, calls for her son (whom the south wind with adverse gales detains from his sweet home, staying more than a year beyond the Carpathian Sea), nor turns aside her looks from the curved shore; in like manner, inspired with loyal wishes, his country seeks for Caesar. For, *[under your auspices,]* the ox in safety traverses the meadows: Ceres nourishes the ground; and abundant Prosperity: the sailors skim through the calm ocean: and Faith is in dread of being censured. The chaste family is polluted by no adulteries: morality and the law have got the better of that foul crime; the child-bearing women are commended for an offspring resembling *[the father; and]* punishment presses as a companion upon guilt. Who can fear the Parthian? Who, the frozen Scythian? Who, the progeny that rough Germany produces, while Caesar is in safety? Who cares for the war of fierce Spain? Every man puts a period to the day amid his own hills, and weds the vine to the widowed elm-trees; hence he returns joyful to his wine, and invites you, as a deity, to his

second course; thee, with many a prayer, thee he pursues with wine poured out *[in libation]* from the cups; and joins your divinity to that of his household gods, in the same manner as Greece was mindful of Castor and the great Hercules. May you, excellent chieftain, bestow a lasting festivity upon Italy! This is our language, when we are sober at the early day; this is our language, when we have well drunk, at the time the sun is beneath the ocean.

VI

Diue, quem proles Niobea magnae
uindicem linguae Tityosque raptor
sensit et Troiae prope uictor altae
    Pthius Achilles,

ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamuis Thetidis marinae
Dardanas turris quateret tremenda
    cuspide pugnax.

Ille mordaci uelut icta ferro
pinus aut inpulsa cupressus Euro
procidit late posuitque collum in
    puluere Teucro;

ille non inclusus equo Mineruae
sacra mentito male feriatos
troas et laetam Priami choreis
    falletet aulam;

sed palam captis grauis, heu nefas, heu!
nescios fari pueros Achiuis
ureret flammis, etiam latentem
    matris in aluo,

ni tuis flexus Venerisque gratae
uocibus diuom pater adnuisset
rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
    alite muros.

Doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
Phoebe, qui Xantho lauis amne crinis,
Dauniae defende decus Camenae,
    leuis Agyieu.

Spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
carminis nomenque dedit poetae.
Virginum primae puerique claris
    patribus orti,

Deliae tutela deae, fugacis
lyncas et ceruos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium seruate pedem meique
    pollicis ictum,

rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
    uoluere mensis.

Nupta iam dices: ‘Ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen docilis modorum
    uatis Horati.’

ODE VI.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Thou god, whom the offspring of Niobe experienced as avenger of a presumptuous tongue, and the ravisher Tityus, and also the Thessalian Achilles, almost the conqueror of lofty Troy, a warrior superior to all others, but unequal to thee; though, son of the sea-goddess, Thetis, he shook the Dardanian towers, warring with his dreadful spear. He, as it were a pine smitten with the burning ax, or a cypress prostrated by the east wind, fell extended far, and reclined his neck in the Trojan dust. He would not, by being shut up in a *[wooden]* horse, that belied the sacred rights of Minerva, have surprised the Trojans reveling in an evil hour, and the court of Priam making merry in the dance; but openly inexorable to his captives, (oh impious! oh!) would have burned speechless babes with Grecian fires, even him concealed in his mother's womb: had not the father of the gods, prevailed upon by thy entreaties and those of the beauteous Venus, granted to the affairs of Aeneas walls founded under happier auspices. Thou lyrist Phoebus, tutor of the harmonious Thalia, who bathest thy locks in the river Xanthus, O delicate Agyieus, support the dignity of the Latian muse. Phoebus gave me genius, Phoebus the art of composing verse, and the title of

poet. Ye virgins of the first distinction, and ye youths born of illustrious parents, ye wards of the Delian goddess, who stops with her bow the flying lynxes, and the stags, observe the Lesbian measure, and the motion of my thumb; duly celebrating the son of Latona, duly *[celebrating]* the goddess that enlightens the night with her shining crescent, propitious to the fruits, and expeditious in rolling on the precipitate months. Shortly a bride you will say: "I, skilled in the measures of the poet Horace, recited an ode which was acceptable to the gods, when the secular period brought back the festal days."

VII

Diffugere niues, redeunt iam gramina campis
arboribus comae;
mutat terra uices et decrescentia ripas
flumina praetereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
ducere nuda chorus.
Inmortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
quae rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, uer proterit aestas,
interitura simul
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
nos ubi decidimus
quo pater Aeneas, quo diues Tullus et Ancus,
puluis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
tempora di superi?
Cuncta manus auidas fugient heredis, amico
quae dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituet pietas;
infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,

nec Lethaea ualet Theseus abrumpere caro
uincula Pirithoo.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snows are fled, the herbage now returns to the fields, and the leaves to the trees. The earth changes its appearance, and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks: the elder Grace, together with the Nymphs, and her two sisters, ventures naked to lead off the dance. That you are not to expect things permanent, the year, and the hour that hurries away the agreeable day, admonish us. The colds are mitigated by the zephyrs: the summer follows close upon the spring, shortly to die itself, as soon as fruitful autumn shall have shed its fruits: and anon sluggish winter returns again. Nevertheless the quick-revolving moons repair their wanings in the skies; but when we descend *[to those regions]* where pious Aeneas, where Tullus and the wealthy Ancus *[have gone before us]*, we become dust and a mere shade. Who knows whether the gods above will add to this day's reckoning the space of to-morrow? Every thing, which you shall indulge to your beloved soul, will escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once, Torquatus, you shall be dead, and Minos shall have made his awful decisions

concerning you; not your family, not you eloquence, not your piety shall restore you. For neither can Diana free the chaste Hippolytus from infernal darkness; nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethaean fetters from his dear Piri thous.

VIII

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
Graiorum neque tu pessuma munerum
ferres, diuite me scilicet artium
quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non haec mihi uis, non tibi talium
res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
donare et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
per quae spiritus et uita redit bonis
post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
non incendia Carthaginis impiae
eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
laudes quam Calabrae Pierides, neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliae
Mauortisque puer, si taciturnitas
obstaret meritis inuida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
uirtus et fauor et lingua potentium

uatum diuitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude uirum Musa uetat mori,
caelo Musa beat. Sic Iouis interest
optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates,
ornatus uiridi tempora pampino
Liber uota bonos ducit ad exitus.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCIUS CENSORINUS.

O Censorinus, liberally would I present my acquaintance with goblets and beautiful vases of brass; I would present them with tripods, the rewards of the brave Grecians: nor would you bear off the meanest of my donations, if I were rich in those pieces of art, which either Parrhasius or Scopas produced; the latter in statuary, the former in liquid colors, eminent to portray at one time a man, at another a god. But I have no store of this sort, nor do your circumstances or inclination require any such curiosities as these. You delight in verses: verses I can give, and set a value on the donation. Not marbles engraved with public inscriptions, by means of which breath and life returns to illustrious generals after their decease; not the precipitate flight of Hannibal, and his menaces retorted upon his own

head: not the flames of impious Carthage * * * * more eminently set forth his praises, who returned, having gained a name from conquered Africa, than the Calabrlan muses; neither, should writings be silent, would you have any reward for having done well. What would the son of Mars and Ilia be, if invidious silence had stifled the merits of Romulus? The force, and favor, and voice of powerful poets consecrate Aecus, snatched from the Stygian floods, to the Fortunate Islands. The muse forbids a praiseworthy man to die: the muse, confers the happiness of heaven. Thus laborious Hercules has a place at the longed-for banquets of Jove: *[thus]* the sons of Tyndarus, that bright constellation, rescue shattered vessels from the bosom of the deep: *[and thus]* Bacchus, his temples adorned with the verdant vine-branch, brings the prayers of his votaries to successful issues.

IX

Ne forte credas interitura quae
longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
non ante uolgatas per artis
uerba loquor socianda chordis:

non, si priores Maeonius tenet
sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque et Alcaei minaces
Stesichoriue graues Camenae;

nec siquid olim lusit Anacreon,
deleuit aetas; spirat adhuc amor
uiuuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Non sola comptos arsit adulteri.
crines et aurum uestibus inlitum
mirata regalisque cultus
et comites Helene Lacaena

primusue Teucer tela Cydonio
direxit arcu; non semel Ilios
uexata; non pugnauit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusue solus

dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
Hector uel acer Deiphobus grauis
excepit ictus pro pudicis
coniugibus puerisque primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi; sed omnes inlacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia uate sacro.

Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
celata uirtus. Non ego te meis
chartis inornatum silebo
totue tuos patiar labores

impune, Lolli, carpere liuidas
obliuiones. Est animus tibi
rerumque prudens et secundis
temporibus dubiisque rectus,

uindex auarae fraudis et abstinens
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
consulque non unius anni,
sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reiecit alto dona nocentium
uoltu, per obstantis cateruas
explicuit sua uictor arma.

Non possidentem multa uocaueris
recte beatum; rectius occupat
    nomen beati, qui deorum
    muneribus sapienter uti

duramque callet pauperiem pati
peiusque leto flagitium timet,
    non ille pro caris amicis
    aut patria timidus perire.

ODE IX.

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.

Lest you for a moment imagine that those words will be lost, which I, born on the far-resounding Aufidus, utter to be accompanied with the lyre, by arts hitherto undivulged — If Maeonian Homer possesses the first rank, the Pindaric and Cean muses, and the menacing strains of Alcaeus, and the majestic ones of Stesichorus, are by no means obscure: neither, if Anacreon long ago sportfully sung any thing, has time destroyed it: even now breathes the love and live the ardors of the Aeolian maid, committed to her lyre. The Lacedaemonian Helen is not the only fair, who has been inflamed by admiring the delicate ringlets of a gallant, and garments embroidered with gold, and courtly accomplishments, and retinue: nor was Teucer the first that leveled arrows from the Cydonian bow:

Troy was more than once harassed: the great Idomeneus and Sthenelus were not the only heroes that fought battles worthy to be recorded by the muses: the fierce Hector, or the strenuous Deiphobus were not the first that received heavy blows in defense of virtuous wives and children. Many brave men lived before Agamemnon: but all of them, unlamented and unknown, are overwhelmed with endless obscurity, because they were destitute of a sacred bard. Valor, uncelebrated, differs but little from cowardice when in the grave. I will not *[therefore]*, O Lollius, pass you over in silence, uncelebrated in my writings, or suffer envious forgetfulness with impunity to seize so many toils of thine. You have a mind ever prudent in the conduct of affairs, and steady alike amid success and trouble: you are an avenger of avaricious fraud, and proof against money, that attracts every thing; and a consul not of one year only, but as often as the good and upright magistrate has preferred the honorable to the profitable, and has rejected with a disdainful brow the bribes of wicked men, and triumphant through opposing bands has displayed his arms. You can not with propriety call him happy, that possesses much; he more justly claims the title of happy, who understands how to make a wise use of the gifts of the gods, and how to bear severe poverty; and dreads a reproachful deed worse than death; such a man as

this is not afraid to perish in the defense of his dear friends, or of his country.

X

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
insperata tuae cum ueniet pluma superbiae
et, quae nunc umeris inuolitant, deciderint comae,
nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae
mutatus Ligurinum in faciem uerterit hispidam,
dices, heu, quotiens te speculo uideris alterum:
‘Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
uel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?’

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O cruel still, and potent in the endowments of beauty, when an unexpected plume shall come upon your vanity, and those locks, which now wanton on your shoulders, shall fall off, and that color, which is now preferable to the blossom of the damask rose, changed, O Ligurinus, shall turn into a wrinkled face; *[then]* will you say (as often as you see yourself, *[quite]* another person in the looking glass), Alas! why was not my present inclination the same, when I was young? Or why do not my cheeks return, unimpaired, to these my present sentiments?

XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus, est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis,
    est hederae uis

multa, qua crinis religata fulges,
ridet argento domus, ara castis
uincta uerbenis auet immolato
    spargier agno;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
cursitant mixtae pueris puellae,
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes
    uertice fumum.

Vt tamen noris quibus aduoceris
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,
qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
    findit Aprilem,

iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus affluentis
    ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupauit
non tuae sortis iuuenem puella
diues et lasciua tenetque grata
compede uinctum.

Terret ambustus Phaethon auaras
spes et exemplum graue praebet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem grauatus
Bellerophontem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
quam licet sperare nefas putando
disparem uites. Age iam, meorum
finis amorum

(non enim posthac alia calebo
femina), condisce modos, amanda
uoce quos reddas; minuentur atrae
carmine curae.

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis, I have a cask full of Abanian wine, upward of nine years old; I have parsley in my garden, for the weaving of chaplets, I have a store of ivy, with which, when you have bound your hair, you look so gay: the house shines cheerfully With plate: the altar, bound with chaste vervain, longs to be sprinkled

[with the blood] of a sacrificed lamb: all hands are busy: girls mingled with boys fly about from place to place: the flames quiver, rolling on their summit the sooty smoke. But yet, that you may know to what joys you are invited, the Ides are to be celebrated by you, the day which divides April, the month of sea-born Venus; *[a day,]* with reason to be solemnized by me, and almost more sacred to me than that of my own birth; since from this day my dear Maecenas reckons his flowing years. A rich and buxom girl hath possessed herself of Telephus, a youth above your rank; and she holds him fast by an agreeable fetter. Consumed Phaeton strikes terror into ambitious hopes, and the winged Pegasus, not stomaching the earth-born rider Bellerophon, affords a terrible example, that you ought always to pursue things that are suitable to you, and that you should avoid a disproportioned match, by thinking it a crime to entertain a hope beyond what is allowable. Come then, thou last of my loves (for hereafter I shall burn for no other woman), learn with me such measures, as thou mayest recite with thy lovely voice: our gloomy cares shall be mitigated with an ode.

XII

Iam ueris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lintea Thraciae,
iam nec prata rigent, nec fluuii strepunt
hiberna niue turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
infelix auis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum obprobrium, quod male barbaras
regum est ulta libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
custodes ouium carmina fistula
delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
colles Arcadiae placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
si gestis, iuuenum nobilium cliens,
nardo uina merebere.

Nardi paruus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
spes donare nouas largus amaraque
curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
uelox merce ueni; non ego te meis
inmunem meditor tinguere poculis,
    plena diues ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri,
nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis breuem:
    dulce est desipere in loco.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

The Thracian breezes, attendants on the spring, which moderate the deep, now fill the sails; now neither are the meadows stiff *[with frost]*, nor roar the rivers swollen with winter's snow. The unhappy bird, that piteotisly bemoans Itys, and is the eternal disgrace of the house of Cecrops (because she wickedly revenged the brutal lusts of kings), now builds her nest. The keepers of the sheep play tunes upon the pipe amid the tendar herbage, and delight that god, whom flocks and the shady hills of Arcadia delight. The time of year, O Virgil, has brought on a drought: but if you desire to quaff wine from the Calenian press, you, that are a constant companion of young noblemen, must earn your liquor by *[bringing some]* spikenard: a small box of spikenard

shall draw out a cask, which now lies in the Sulpician store-house, bounteous in the indulgence of fresh hopes and efficacious in washing away the bitterness of cares. To which joys if you hasten, come instantly with your merchandize: I do not intend to dip you in my cups scot-free, like a man of wealth, in a house abounding with plenty. But lay aside delay, and the desire of gain; and, mindful of the gloomy *[funeral]* flames, intermix, while you may, your grave studies with a little light gayety: it is delightful to give a loose on a proper occasion.

XIII

Audiuere, Lyce, di mea uota, di
audiuere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
    uis formosa uideri
    ludisque et bibis impudens

et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
lentum sollicitas. Ille uirentis et
    doctae psallere Chiae
    pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transuolat aridas
quercus et refugit te quia luridi
    dentes, te quia rugae
    turpant et capitis niues.

Nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
    notis condita fastis
    inclusit uolucris dies.

Quo fugit Venus, heu, quoue color, decens
quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius,
    quae spirabat amores,
    quae me surpuerat mihi,

felix post Cinaram notaque et artium
gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breuis
annos fata dederunt,
seruatura diu parem

cornicis uetulae temporibus Lycen,
possent ut iuuenes uisere feruidi
multo non sine risu
dilapsam in cineres facem.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

The gods have heard my prayers, O Lyce; Lyce, the gods have heard my prayers, you are become an old woman, and yet you would fain seem a beauty; and you wanton and drink in an audacious manner; and when drunk, solicit tardy Cupid, with a quivering voice. He basks in the charming cheeks of the blooming Chia, who is a proficient on the lyre. The teasing urchin flies over blasted oaks, and starts back at the sight of you, because foul teeth, because wrinkles and snowy hair render you odious. Now neither Coan purples nor sparkling jewels restore those years, which winged time has inserted in the public annals. Whither is your beauty gone? Alas! or whither your bloom? Whither your graceful deportment? What have you *[remaining]* of her, of

her, who breathed loves, and ravished me from myself? Happy next to Cynara, and distinguished for an aspect of graceful ways: but the fates granted a few years only to Cynara, intending to preserve for a long time Lyce, to rival in years the aged raven: that the fervid young fellows might see, not without excessive laughter, that torch, *[which once so brightly scorched,]* reduced to ashes.

XIV

Quae cura patrum quaeue Quiritium
plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
    Auguste, uirtutes in aeuum
    per titulos memoresque fastus

aeternet, o qua sol habitabilis
inlustrat oras maxime principum?
    quem legis expertes Latinae
    Vindelici didicere nuper

quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, inplacidum genus,
    Breunosque uelocis et arces
    Alpibus impositas tremendis

deiecit acer plus uice simplici.
Maior Neronum mox graue proelium
    commisit immanisque Raetos
    auspiciis pepulit secundis,

spectandus in certamine Martio,
deuota morti pectora liberae
    quanti fatigaret ruinis,
    indomitas prope qualis undas

exercet Auster Pleiadum choro
scindente nubes, impiger hostium
uexare turmas et frementem
mittere equum medios per ignis.

Sic tauriformis uoluitur Aufidus,
qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
cum saeuit horrendamque cultis
diluuiem meditatur agris,

ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
ferrata uasto diruit impetu
primosque et extremos metendo
strauit humum sine clade uictor,

te copias, te consilium et tuos
praebente diuos. Nam tibi quo die
portus Alexandrea supplex
et uacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
belli secundos reddidit exitus
laudemque et optatum peractis
imperiis decus arrogauit.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae;

te fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te beluosus qui remotis
obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,

te non pauentis funera Galliae
duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae,
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis uenerantur armis.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

What zeal of the senators, or what of the Roman people, by decreeing the most ample honors, can eternize your virtues, O Augustus, by monumental inscriptions and lasting records? O thou, wherever the sun illuminates the habitable regions, greatest of princes, whom the Vindelici, that never experienced the Roman sway, have lately learned how powerful thou art in war! For Drusus, by means of your soldiery, has more than once bravely overthrown the Genauni, an implacable race, and the rapid Brenci, and the citadels situated on the tremendous Alps. The elder of the Neros soon after fought a terrible battle, and, under your propitious auspices, smote the ferocious Rhoeti: how worthy of admiration in the field of battle, *[to see]* with what destruction he

oppressed the brave, hearts devoted to voluntary death: just as the south wind harasses the untameable waves, when the dance of the Pleiades cleaves the clouds; *[so is he]* strenuous to annoy the troops of the enemy, and to drive his eager steed through the midst of flames. Thus the bull-formed Aufidus, who washes the dominions of the Apulian Daunus, rolls along, when he rages and meditates an horrible deluge to the cultivated lands; when Claudius overthrew with impetuous might, the iron ranks of the barbarians, and by mowing down both front and rear strewed the ground, victorious without any loss; through you supplying them with troops, you with councils, and your own guardian powers. For on that day, when the suppliant Alexandria opened her ports, and deserted court, fortune, propitious to you in the third lustrum, has put a happy period to the war, and has ascribed praise and wished-for honor to the victories already obtained. O thou dread guardian of Italy and imperial Rome, thee the Spaniard, till now unconquered, and the Mede, and the Indian, thee the vagrant Scythian admires; thee both the Nile, who conceals his fountain heads, and the Danube; thee the rapid Tigris; thee the monster-bearing ocean, that roars against the remote Britons; thee the region of Gaul fearless of death, and that of hardy Iberia obeys; thee the Sicambrians, who delight in slaughter, laying aside their arms, revere.

XV

Phoebus uolentem proelia me loqui
uictas et urbes increpuit lyra,
    ne parua Tyrrhenum per aequor
    uela darem. Tua, Caesar, aetas

fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Ioui
    derepta Parthorum superbis
    postibus et uacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
rectum euaganti frena licentiae
    iniecit emouitque culpas
    et ueteres reuocauit artes

per quas Latinum nomen et Italae
creuere uires famaque et imperi
    porrecta maiestas ad ortus
    solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Caesare non furor
ciuilis aut uis exiget otium,
    non ira, quae procudit enses
    et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non qui profundum Danuuium bibunt
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
    non Seres infidique Persae,
    non Tanain prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosi munera Liberi
    cum prole matronisque nostris
    rite deos prius adprecati,

uirtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
    Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
    progeniem Veneris canemus.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS, ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

Phoebus chid me, when I was meditating to sing of battles And conquered cities on the lyre: that I might not set my little sails along the Tyrrhenian Sea. Your age, O Caesar, has both restored plenteous crops to the fields, and has brought back to our Jupiter the standards torn from the proud pillars of the Parthians; and has shut up *[the temple]* of Janus *[founded by]* Romulus, now free from war; and has imposed a due discipline upon headstrong licentiousness, and has extirpated crimes, and

recalled the ancient arts; by which the Latin name and strength of Italy have increased, and the fame and majesty of the empire is extended from the sun's western bed to the east. While Caesar is guardian of affairs, neither civil rage nor violence shall disturb tranquillity; nor hatred which forges swords, and sets at variance unhappy states. Not those, who drink of the deep Danube, shall now break the Julian edicts: not the Getae, not the Seres, nor the perfidious Persians, nor those born upon the river Tanais. And let us, both on common and festal days, amid the gifts of joyous Bacchus, together with our wives and families, having first duly invoked the gods, celebrate, after the manner of our ancestors, with songs accompanied with Lydian pipes, our late valiant commanders: and Troy, and Anchises, and the offspring of benign Venus.

EPODES

I

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
amice, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
subire, Maecenas, tuo:
quid nos, quibus te vita sit superstite
iucunda, si contra, gravis?
utrumne iussi persequemur otium
non dulce, ni tecum simul,
an hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
qua ferre non mollis viros?
feremus et te vel per Alpium iuga
inhospitalem et Caucasum
vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
forti sequemur pectore.
roges, tuom labore quid iuvem meo,
inbellis ac firmus parum?
comes minore sum futurus in metu,
qui maior absentis habet:
ut adsidens inplumibus pullis avis
serpentium adlapsus timet
magis relictis, non, ut adsit, auxili
latura plus praesentibus.
libenter hoc et omne militabitur
bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
non ut iuvencis inligata pluribus
aratra nitantur meis

pecusve Calabris ante Sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascuis
neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circaea tangat moenia:
satis superque me benignitas tua
ditavit, haud paravero
quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
discinctus aut perdam nepos.

EPODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

Thou wilt go, my friend Maecenas, with Liburian galleys among the towering forts of ships, ready at thine own *[hazard]* to undergo any of Caesar's dangers. What shall I do? To whom life may be agreeable, if you survive; but, if otherwise, burdensome. Whether shall I, at your command, pursue my ease, which can not be pleasing unless in your company? Or shall I endure this toil with such a courage, as becomes effeminate men to bear? I will bear it? and with an intrepid soul follow you, either through the summits of the Alps, and the inhospitable Caucus, or to the furthest western bay. You may ask how I, unwarlike and infirm, can assist your labors by mine? While I am your companion, I shall be in less anxiety, which takes possession of the absent in a greater measure. As the bird, that has

unfledged young, is in a greater dread of serpents' approaches, when they are left; — not that, if she should be present when they came, she could render more help. Not only this, but every other war, shall be cheerfully embraced by me for the hope of your favor; *[and this,]* not that my plows should labor, yoked to a greater number of mine own oxen; or that my cattle before the scorching dog-star should change the Calabrian for the Lucanian pastures: neither that my white country-box should equal the Circaean walls of lofty Tusculum. Your generosity has enriched me enough, and more than enough: I shall never wish to amass, what either, like the miser Chremes, I may bury in the earth, or luxuriously squander, like a prodigal.

II

‘Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bubus exercet suis
solutus omni faenore
neque excitatur classico miles truci
neque horret iratum mare
forumque vitat et superba civium
potentiorum limina.
ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
altas maritat populos
aut in reducta valle mugientium
prospectat errantis greges
inutilisque falce ramos amputans
feliciores inserit
aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris
aut tondet infirmas ovis.
vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
certantem et uvam purpurae,
qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium.
libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
modo in tenaci gramine:
labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,
queruntur in Silvis aves

frondesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
somnos quod invitet levis.
at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
imbris nivisque conparat,
aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
apros in obstantis plagas
aut amite levi rara tendit retia
turdis edacibus dolos
pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
iucunda captat praemia.
quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
haec inter obliviscitur?
quodsi pudica mulier in partem iuvet
domum atque dulcis liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta Solibus
pernicis uxor Apuli,
sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
lassi Sub adventum viri
claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
distenta siccet ubera
et horna dulci vina promens dolio
dapes inemptas adparet:
non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
magisve rhombus aut scari,
siquos Eois intonata fluctibus
hiems ad hoc vertat mare,
non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
non attagen Ionicus
iucundior quam lecta de pinguissimis

oliva ramis arborum
aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
malvae salubres corpori
vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus
vel haedus ereptus lupo.
has inter epulas ut iuvat pastas ovis
videre properantis domum,
videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
collo trahentis languido
positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
circum renidentis Laris.'
haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
iam iam futurus rusticus,
omnem redegit idibus pecuniam,
quaerit kalendis ponere.

EPODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man, who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, disengaged from every kind of usury; he is neither alarmed by the horrible trump, as a soldier, nor dreads he the angry sea; he shuns both the bar and the proud portals of citizens in power. Wherefore he either weds the lofty poplars to the mature branches of the vine; and, lopping off the useless boughs with his

pruning-knife, he ingrafts more fruitful ones: or he takes a prospect of the herds of his lowing cattle, wandering about in a lonely vale; or stores his honey, pressed *[from the combs]*, in clean vessels; or shears his tender sheep. Or, when autumn has lifted up in the fields his head adorned with mellow fruits, how does he rejoice, while he gathers the grafted pears, and the grape that vies with the purple, with which he may recompense thee, O Priapus, and thee, father Sylvanus, guardian of his boundaries! Sometimes he delights to lie under an aged holm, sometimes on the matted grass: meanwhile the waters glide along in their deep channels; the birds warble in the woods; and the fountains murmur with their purling streams, which invites gentle slumbers. But when the wintery season of the tempestuous air prepares rains and snows, he either drives the fierce boars, with many a dog, into the intercepting toils; or spreads his thin nets with the smooth pole, as a snare for the voracious thrushes; or catches in his gin the timorous hare, or that stranger the crane, pleasing rewards *[for his labor]*. Among such joys as these, who does not forget those mischievous anxieties, which are the property of love. But if a chaste wife, assisting on her part *[in the management]* of the house, and beloved children (such as is the Sabine, or the sun-burned spouse of the industrious Apulian), piles up the sacred hearth with old wood, just at the approach of her weary husband; and,

shutting up the fruitful cattle in the woven hurdles, milks dry their distended udders: and, drawing this year's wine out of a well-seasoned cask, prepares the unbought collation: not the Lucrine oysters could delight me more, nor the turbot, nor the scar, should the tempestuous winter drive any from the eastern floods to this sea: not the turkey, nor the Asiatic wild-fowl, can come into my stomach more agreeably, than the olive gathered from the richest branches from the trees, or the sorrel that loves the meadows, or mallows salubrious for a sickly body, or a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus, or a kid rescued from the wolf. Amid these dainties, how it pleases one to see the well-fed sheep hastening home! to see the weary oxen, with drooping neck, dragging the inverted ploughshare! and slaves, the test of a rich family, ranged about the smiling household gods! When Alfius, the usurer, now on the point of turning countryman, had said this, he collected in all his money on the Ides; and endeavors to put it out again at the Calends.

III

Parentis olim siquis inpia manu
senile guttur fregerit,
edit cicutis alium nocentius.
o dura messorum ilia.
quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
num viperinus his cruor
incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
ut Argonautas praeter omnis candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
ignota tauris inligaturum iuga
perunxit hoc Iasonem,
hoc delibutis ulta donis paelicem
serpente fugit alite.
nec tantus umquam Siderum insedit vapor
siticulosae Apuliae
nec munus umeris efficacis Herculis
inarsit aestuosius.
at siquid umquam tale concupiveris,
iocose Maecenas, precor,
manum puella savio opponat tuo,
extrema et in sponda cubet.

EPODE III.

TO MAECENAS.

If any person at any time with an impious hand has broken his aged father's neck, let him eat garlic, more baneful than hemlock. Oh! the hardy bowels of the mowers! What poison is this that rages in my entrails? Has viper's blood, infused in these herbs, deceived me? Or has Canidia dressed this baleful food? When Medea, beyond all the *[other]* argonauts, admired their handsome leader, she anointed Jason with this, as he was going to tie the untried yoke on the bulls: and having revenged herself on *[Jason's]* mistress, by making her presents besmeared with this, she flew away on her winged dragon. Never did the steaming influence of any constellation so raging as this rest upon the thirsty Appulia: neither did the gift *[of Dejanira]* burn hotter upon the shoulders of laborious Hercules. But if ever, facetious Maecenas, you should have a desire for any such stuff again, I wish that your girl may oppose her hand to your kiss, and lie at the furthest part of the bed.

IV

Lupis et agnis quanta Sortito obtigit,
tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus
et crura dura compede.
licet superbus ambules pecunia,
fortuna non mutat genus.
videsne, sacram metiente te viam
cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
liberrima indignatio?
‘sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
praeconis ad fastidium
arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
et Appiam mannis terit
sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
Othone contempto sedet.
quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
rostrata duci pondere
contra latrones atque servilem manum
hoc, hoc tribuno militum?’

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

As great an enmity as is allotted by nature to wolves and lambs, *[so great a one]* have I to you, you that are galled at your back with Spanish cords, and on your legs with the hard fetter. Though, purse-proud with your riches, you strut along, yet fortune does not alter your birth. Do you not observe while you are stalking along the sacred way with a robe twice three ells long, how the most open indignation of those that pass and repass turns their looks on thee? This fellow, *[say they,]* cut with the triumvir's whips, even till the beadle was sick of his office, plows a thousand acres of Falernian land, and wears out the Appian road with his nags; and, in despite of Otho, sits in the first rows *[of the circus]* as a knight of distinction. To what purpose is it, that so many brazen-beaked ships of immense bulk should be led out against pirates and a band of slaves, while this fellow, this is a military tribune?

V

‘At o deorum quidquid in caelo regit
terras et humanum genus,
quid iste fert tumultus aut quid omnium
voltus in unum me truces?
per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris adfuit,
per hoc inane purpurae decus precor,
per inprobaturum haec Iovem,
quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
petita ferro belua?’
ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
insignibus raptis puer,
inpube corpus, quale posset inpia
mollire Thracum pectora:
Canidia, brevibus illigata viperis
crinis et incomptum caput,
iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
iubet cupressos funebris
et uncta turpis ova ranae Sanguine
plumamque nocturnae strigis
herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
mittit venenorum ferax,
et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
flammis aduri Colchicis.
at expedita Sagana, per totam domum
spargens Avernalis aquas,

horret capillis ut marinus asperis
echinus aut Laurens aper.
abacta nulla Veia conscientia
ligonibus duris humum
exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
quo posset infossus puer
longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
inemori spectaculo,
cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
suspensa mento corpora;
exsucta uti medulla et aridum iecur
amoris esset poculum,
interminato cum semel fixae cibo
intabuissent pupulae.
non defuisse masculae libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam
et otiosa credidit Neapolis
et omne vicinum oppidum,
quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
lunamque caelo deripit.
hic inresectum saeva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem
quid dixit aut quid tacuit? ‘o rebus meis
non infideles arbitrae,
Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,
arcana cum fiunt sacra,
nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostilis domos
iram atque numen vertite.
formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae

dulci sopore languidae,
senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
latrent Suburanae canes
nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
meae laborarint manus.
quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
venena Medeae valent,
quibus Superbam fugit ulta paelicem,
magni Creontis filiam,
cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
incendio nuptam abstulit?
atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
radix fefellit me locis.
indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
oblivione paelicum?
a, a, solutus ambulat veneficae
scientioris carmine.
non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
o multa fleturum caput,
ad me recurres nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus.
maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
fastidienti poculum
priusque caelum Sidet inferius mari
tellure porrecta super
quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
bitumen atris ignibus.'
sub haec puer iam non, ut ante, mollibus
lenire verbis inpias,

sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
misit Thyesteas preces:
‘venena maga non fas nefasque, non valent
convertere humanam vicem.
diris agam vos: dira detestatio
nulla expiatur victima.
quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
nocturnus occurram Furor
petamque voltus umbra curvis unguibus,
quae vis deorum est Manium,
et inquietis adsidens praecordiis
pavore somnos auferam.
vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
contundet obscaenas anus;
post insepulta membra different lupi
et Esquilinae alites
neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
effugerit spectaculum.’

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES MANGLING A BOY.

But oh, by all the gods in heaven, who rule the earth and human race, what means this tumult? And what the hideous looks of all these *[hags, fixed]* upon me alone? I conjure thee by thy children (if invoked Lucina was ever present at any real birth of thine), I *[conjure]* thee by this empty honor of my purple, by

Jupiter, who must disapprove these proceedings, why dost thou look at me as a step-mother, or as a wild beast stricken with a dart? While the boy made these complaints with a faltering voice, he stood with his bandages of distinction taken from him, a tender frame, such as might soften the impious breasts of the cruel Thracians; Canidia, having interwoven her hair and uncombed head with little vipers, orders wild fig-trees torn up from graves, orders funeral cypresses and eggs besmeared with the gore of a loathsome toad, and feathers of the nocturnal screech-owl, and those herbs, which lolchos, and Spain, fruitful in poisons, transmits, and bones snatched from the mouth of a hungry bitch, to be burned in Colchian flames. But Sagana, tucked up for expedition, sprinkling the waters of Avernus all over the house, bristles up with her rough hair like a sea-urchin, or a boar in the chase. Veia, deterred by no remorse of conscience, groaning with the toil, dug up the ground with the sharp spade; where the boy, fixed in, might long be tormented to death at the sight of food varied two or three times in a day: while he stood out with his face, just as much at bodies suspended by the chin *[in swimming]* project from the water, that his parched marrow and dried liver might be a charm for love; when once the pupils of his eyes had wasted away, fixed on the forbidden food. Both the idle Naples, and every neighboring town believed, that Folia of Ariminum,

[a witch] of masculine lust, was not absent: she, who with her Thessalian incantations forces the charmed stars and the moon from heaven. Here the fell Canidia, gnawing her unpaired thumb with her livid teeth, what said she? or what did she not say? O ye faithful witnesses to my proceedings, Night and Diana, who presidest over silence, when the secret rites are celebrated: now, now be present, now turn your anger and power against the houses of our enemies, while the savage wild beasts lie hid in the woods, dissolved in sweet repose; let the dogs of Suburra (which may be matter of ridicule for every body) bark at the aged profligate, bedaubed with ointment, such as my hands never made any more exquisite. What is the matter? Why are these compositions less efficacious than those of the barbarian Medea? by means of which she made her escape, after having revenged herself on *[Jason's]* haughty mistress, the daughter of the mighty Creon; when the garment, a gift that was injected with venom, took off his new bride by its inflammatory power. And yet no herb, nor root hidden in inaccessible places, ever escaped my notice. *[Nevertheless,]* he sleeps in the perfumed bed of every harlot, from his forgetfulness *[of me]*. Ah! ah! he walks free *[from my power]* by the charms of some more knowing witch. Varus, (oh you that will shortly have much to lament!) you shall come back to me by means of unusual spells; nor shall you

return to yourself by all the power of Marsian enchantments, I will prepare a stronger philter: I will pour in a stronger philter for you, disdainful as you are; and the heaven shall subside below the sea, with the earth extended over it, sooner than you shall not burn with love for me, in the same manner as this pitch *[burns]* in the sooty flames. At these words, the boy no longer *[attempted]*, as before, to move the impious hags by soothing expressions; but, doubtful in what manner he should break silence, uttered Thyestean imprecations. Potions *[said he]* have a great efficacy in confounding right and wrong, but are not able to invert the condition of human nature; I will persecute you with curses; and execrating detestation is not to be expiated by any victim. Moreover, when doomed to death I shall have expired, I will attend you as a nocturnal fury; and, a ghost, I will attack your faces with my hooked talons (for such is the power of those divinities, the Manes), and, brooding upon your restless breasts, I will deprive you of repose by terror. The mob, from village to village, assaulting you on every side with stones, shall demolish you filthy hags. Finally, the wolves and Esquiline vultures shall scatter abroad your unburied limbs. Nor shall this spectacle escape the observation of my parents, who, alas! must survive me.

VI

Quid inmerentis hospites vexas, canis
ignavos adversum lupos?
quin huc inanis, si potes, vertis minas
et me remorsurum petis?
nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvos Lacon,
amica vis pastoribus,
agam per altas aure sublata nivis
quaecumque praecedet fera;
tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
proiectum odoraris cibum.
cave, cave, namque in malos asperrimus
parata tollo cornua,
qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
aut acer hostis Bupalo.
an si quis atro dente me petiverit,
inultus ut flebo puer?

EPODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

O cur, thou coward against wolves, why dost thou persecute innocent strangers? Why do you not, if you can, turn your empty yelpings hither, and attack me, who will bite again? For, like a Molossian, or tawny Laconian dog, that is a friendly assistant to

shepherds, I will drive with erected ears through the deep snows every brute that shall go before me. You, when you have filled the grove with your fearful barking, you smell at the food that is thrown to you. Have a care, have a care; for, very bitter against bad men, I exert my ready horns uplift; like him that was rejected as a son-in-law by the perfidious Lycambes, or the sharp enemy of Bupalus. What, if any cur attack me with malignant tooth, shall I, without revenge, blubber like a boy?

VII

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
aptantur enses conditi?
parumne campis atque Neptuno super
fusum est Latini sanguinis,
non ut superbas invidae Karthaginis
Romanus arces ureret,
intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
sacra catenatus via,
sed ut Secundum vota Parthorum sua
Vrbs haec periret dextera?
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
umquam nisi in dispar feris.
furorne caecos an rapit vis acrior
an culpa? responsum date.
tacent et albus ora pallor inficit
mentesque perculsae Stupent.
sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
scelusque fraternae necis,
ut inmerentis fluxit in terram Remi
sacer nepotibus cruor.

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Whither, whither, impious men are you rushing? Or why are the swords drawn, that were *[so lately]* sheathed? Is there too little of Roman blood spilled upon land and sea? *[And this,]* not that the Romans might burn the proud towers of envious Carthage, or that the Britons, hitherto unassailed, might go down the sacred way bound in chains: but that, agreeably to the wishes of the Parthians, this city may fall by its own might. This custom *[of warfare]* never obtained even among either wolves or savage lions, unless against a different species. Does blind phrenzy, or your superior valor, or some crime, hurry you on at this rate? Give answer. They are silent: and wan paleness infects their countenances, and their stricken souls are stupefied. This is the case: a cruel fatality and the crime of fratricide have disquieted the Romans, from that time when the blood of the innocent Remus, to be expiated by his descendants, was spilled upon the earth.

VIII

Rogare longo putidam te saeculo,
viris quid enervet meas,
cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
frontem senectus exaret
hietque turpis inter aridas natis
podex velut crudae bovis.
sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres
equina quales ubera
venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
exile suris additum.
esto beata, funus atque imagines
ducant triumphales tuom
nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
onusta bacis ambulet.
quid? quod libelli Stoici inter Sericos
iacere pulvillos amant,
inlitterati num minus nervi rigent
minusve languet fascinum?
quod ut superbo povoces ab inguine,
ore adlaborandum est tibi.

EPODE VIII.

UPON A WANTON OLD WOMAN.

Can you, grown rank with lengthened age, ask what unnerves my vigor? When your teeth are black, and old age withers your brow with wrinkles: and your back sinks between your staring hip-bones, like that of an unhealthy cow. But, forsooth! your breast and your fallen chest, full well resembling a broken-backed horse, provoke me; and a body flabby, and feeble knees supported by swollen legs. May you be happy: and may triumphal statues adorn your funeral procession; and may no matron appear in public abounding with richer pearls. What follows, because the Stoic treatises sometimes love to be on silken pillows? Are unlearned constitutions the less robust? Or are their limbs less stout? But for you to raise an appetite, in a stomach that is nice, it is necessary that you exert every art of language.

IX

Quando repositum Caecubum ad festas dapes
victore laetus Caesare
tecum sub alta — sic Iovi gratum — domo,
beate Maecenas, bibam
sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
dux fugit ustis navibus
minatus Vrbi vincla, quae detraxerat
servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus eheu — posteri negabitis —
emancipatus feminae
fert vallum et arma miles et spadonibus
servire rugosis potest
interque signa turpe militaria
sol adspicit conopium.
ad hunc frementis verterunt bis mille equos
Galli canentes Caesarem
hostiliumque navium portu latent
puppes sinistrorsum citae.
io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos
currus et intactas boves?
io Triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
bello reportasti ducem
neque Africanum, cui super Karthaginem
virtus Sepulcrum condidit.

terra marique victus hostis Punico
    lugubre mutavit sagum.
aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
    ventis iturus non suis
exercitatas aut petit Syrtis noto
    aut fertur incerto mari.
capaciores adfer huc, puer, Scyphos
    et Chia vina aut Lesbia
vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
    metire nobis Caecubum.
curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
    dulci Lyaeo solvere.

EPODE IX.

TO MAECENAS.

When, O happy Maecenas, shall I, overjoyed at Caesar's being victorious, drink with you under the stately dome (for so it pleases Jove) the Caecuban reserved for festal entertainments, while the lyre plays a tune, accompanied with flutes, that in the Doric, these in the Phrygian measure? As lately, when the Neptunian admiral, driven from the sea, and his navy burned, fled, after having menaced those chains to Rome, which, like a friend, he had taken off from perfidious slaves. The Roman soldiers (alas! ye, our posterity, will deny the fact), enslaved to a woman, carry palisadoes and arms, and

can be subservient to haggard eunuchs; and among the military standards, oh shame! the sun beholds an *[Egyptian]* canopy. Indignant at this the Gauls turned two thousand of their cavalry, proclaiming Caesar; and the ships of the hostile navy, going off to the left, lie by in port. Hail, god of triumph! Dost thou delay the golden chariots and untouched heifers? Hail, god of triumph! You neither brought back a general equal *[to Caesar]* from the Jugurthine war; nor from the African *[war, him]*, whose valor raised him a monument over Carthage. Our enemy, overthrown both by land and sea, has changed his purple vestments for mourning. He either seeks Crete, famous for her hundred cities, ready to sail with unfavorable winds; or the Syrtes, harassed by the south; or else is driven by the uncertain sea. Bring hither, boy, larger bowls, and the Chian or Lesbian wine; or, what may correct this rising qualm of mine, fill me out the Caecuban. It is my pleasure to dissipate care and anxiety for Caesar's danger with delicious wine.

X

Mala soluta navis exit alite
ferens olentem Mevium.
ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus;
niger rudentis Eurus inverso mari
fractosque remos differat;
insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
frangit trementis ilics;
nec sidus atra nocte amicum adpareat,
qua tristis Orion cadit;
quietiore nec feratur aequore
quam Graia victorum manus,
cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
in inpiam Aiacis ratem.
o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
tibique pallor luteus
et illa non virilis heiulatio
preces et aversum ad Iovem,
Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
Noto carinam ruperit
opima quodsi praeda curvo litore
porrecta mergos iuverit,
libidinosus immolabitur caper
et agna Tempestatibus.

EPODE X.

AGAINST MAEVIUS.

The vessel that carries the loathsome Maevius, makes her departure under an unlucky omen. Be mindful, O south wind, that you buffet it about with horrible billows. May the gloomy east, turning up the sea, disperse its cables and broken oars. Let the north arise as mighty as when be rives the quivering oaks on the lofty mountains; nor let a friendly star appear through the murky night, in which the baleful Orion sets: nor let him be conveyed in a calmer sea, than was the Grecian band of conquerors, when Pallas turned her rage from burned Troy to the ship of impious Ajax. Oh what a sweat is coming upon your sailors, and what a sallow paleness upon you, and that effeminate wailing, and those prayers to unregarding Jupiter; when the Ionian bay, roaring with the tempestuous south-west, shall break your keel. But if, extended along the winding shore, you shall delight the cormorants as a dainty prey, a lascivious he-goat and an ewe-lamb shall be sacrificed to the Tempests.

XI

Petti, nihil me sicut antea iuvat
scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
amore, qui me praeter omnis expetit
mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.
heu me, per Vrbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
fabula quanta fui, conviviorum et paenitet,
in quis amantem languor et silentium
arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
‘contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
pauperis ingenium’ querebar adplorans tibi,
simul calentis inverecundus deus
fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
‘quodsi meis inaestuet praecordiis
libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividat
fomenta volnus nil malum levantia,
desinet inparibus certare submotus pudor.’
ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
vincere mollitia amor Lycisci me tenet;
unde expedire non amicorum queant
libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,

sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

EPODE XI.

TO PECTIUS.

It by no means, O Pectius, delights me as heretofore to write Lyric verses, being smitten with cruel love: with love, who takes pleasure to inflame me beyond others, either youths or maidens. This is the third December that has shaken the *[leafy]* honors from the woods, since I ceased to be mad for Inachia. Ah me! (for I am ashamed of so great a misfortune) what a subject of talk was I throughout the city! I repent too of the entertainments, at which both a languishing and silence and sighs, heaved from the bottom of my breast, discovered the lover. As soon as the indelicate god *[Bacchus]* by the glowing wine had removed, as I grew warm, the secrets of *[my heart]* from their repository, I made my complaints, lamenting to you, “Has the fairest genius of a poor man no weight against wealthy lucre? Wherefore, if a generous indignation boil in my breast, insomuch as to disperse to the winds these disagreeable applications, that give no ease to the desperate wound; the shame *[of being overcome]* ending, shall cease to contest with rivals of such a sort.” When I, with great gravity, had applauded these resolutions

in your presence, being ordered to go home, I was carried with a wandering foot to posts, alas! to me not friendly, and alas! obdurate gates, against which I bruised my loins and side. Now my affections for the delicate Lyciscus engross all my time; from them neither the unreserved admonitions, nor the serious reprehensions of other friends can recall me *[to my former taste for poetry]*; but, perhaps, either a new flame for some fair damsel, or for some graceful youth who binds his long hair in a knot, *[may do so]*.

XII

Quid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris?
munera quid mihi quidve tabellas
mittis nec firmo iuveni neque naris obesae?
namque sagacius unus odoror,
polypus an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis
quam canis acer ubi lateat sus.
qui sudor vietis et quam malus undique membris
crescit odor, cum pene Soluto
indomitam properat rabiem sedare, neque illi
iam manet umida creta colorque
stercore fucatus crocodili iamque Subando
tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit.
vel mea cum saevis agitat fastidia verbis:
‘Inachia langues minus ac me;
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi Semper ad unum
mollis opus. pereat male quae te
Lesbia quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem.
cum mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervos
quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret.
muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
ne foret aequalis inter conviva, magis quem
diligeret mulier sua quam te.
o ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acris
agna lupos capreaeque leones!’

EPODE XII.

TO A WOMAN WHOSE CHARMS WERE OVER.

What would you be at, you woman fitter for the swarthy monsters? Why do you send tokens, why billet-doux to me, and not to some vigorous youth, and of a taste not nice? For I am one who discerns a polypus, or fetid ramminess, however concealed, more quickly than the keenest dog the covert of the boar. What sweatiness, and how rank an odor every where rises from her withered limbs! when she strives to lay her furious rage with impossibilities; now she has no longer the advantage of moist cosmetics, and her color appears as if stained with crocodile's ordure; and now, in wild impetuosity, she tears her bed, bedding, and all she has. She attacks even my loathings in the most angry terms:— "You are always less dull with Inachia than me: in her company you are threefold complaisance; but you are ever unprepared to oblige me in a single instance. Lesbia, who first recommended you — so unfit a help in time of need — may she come to an ill end! when Coan Amyntas paid me his addresses; who is ever as constant in his fair one's service, as the young tree to the hill it grows on. For whom were labored the fleeces of the richest Tyrian dye? For you? Even so that there was not one in company, among gentlemen of your own rank, whom his own

wife admired preferably to you: oh, unhappy me, whom you fly, as the lamb dreads the fierce wolves, or the she-goats the lions!”

XIII

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit et imbres
nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc siluae
Threicio Aquilone sonant. rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die dumque virent genua
et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
reducet in sedem vice. nunc et Achaemenio
perfundi nardo iuvat et fide Cyllenea
levare diris pectora Sollicitudinibus,
nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
'invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois,
unde tibi reditum certo Subtemine Parcae
rupere, nec mater domum caerula te revehet.
illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus adloquiis.'

EPODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

A horrible tempest has condensed the sky, and showers and snows bring down the atmosphere: now

the sea, now the woods bellow with the Thracian North wind. Let us, my friends, take occasion from the day; and while our knees are vigorous, and it becomes us, let old age with his contracted forehead become smooth. Do you produce the wine, that was pressed in the consulship of my Torquatus. Forbear to talk of any other matters. The deity, perhaps, will reduce these *[present evils]*, to your former *[happy]* state by a propitious change. Now it is fitting both to be bedewed with Persian perfume, and to relieve our breasts of dire vexations by the lyre, sacred to Mercury. Like as the noble Centaur, *[Chiron,]* sung to his mighty pupil: "Invincible mortal, son of the goddess Thetis, the land of Assaracus awaits you, which the cold currents of little Scamander and swift-gliding Simois divide: whence the fatal sisters have broken off your return, by a thread that cannot be altered: nor shall your azure mother convey you back to your home. There *[then]* by wine and music, sweet consolations, drive away every symptom of hideous melancholy."

XIV

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
oblivionem sensibus,
pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
arente fauce traxerim,
candide Maecenas, occidis Saepe rogando:
deus, deus nam me vetat
inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
ad umbilicum adducere.
non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
non elaboratum ad pedem.
ureris ipse miser: quodsi non pulcrior ignis
accendit obsessam Ilion,
gaude sorte tua; me libertina, nec uno
contenta, Phryne macerat.

EPODE XIV.

TO MAECENAS.

You kill me, my courteous Maecenas, by frequently inquiring, why a soothing indolence has diffused as great a degree of forgetfulness on my inmost senses, as if I had imbibed with a thirsty throat the cups that bring on Lethean slumbers. For the god, the god

prohibits me from bringing to a conclusion the verses I promised *[you, namely those]* iambics which I had begun. In the same manner they report that Anacreon of Teios burned for the Samian Bathyllus; who often lamented his love to an inaccurate measure on a hollow lyre. You are violently in love yourself; but if a fairer flame did not burn besieged Troy, rejoice in your lot. Phryne, a freed-woman, and not content with a single admirer, consumes me.

XV

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
inter minora sidera,
cum tu, magnorum numen laesura deorum,
in verba iurabas mea,
artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex
lentis adhaerens bracchiis;
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
turbaret hibernum mare
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
fore hunc amorem mutuom,
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera:
nam siquid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes
et quaeret iratus parem
nec semel offensi cedet constantia formae,
si certus intrarit dolor.
et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
superbus incedis malo,
sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
tibique Pactolus fluat
nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati
formaque vincas Nirea,
heu heu, translatos alio maerebis amores,
ast ego vicissim risero.

EPODE XV.

TO NEAERA.

It was night, and the moon shone in a serene sky among the lesser stars; when you, about to violate the divinity of the great gods, swore *[to be true]* to my requests, embracing me with your pliant arms more closely than the lofty oak is clasped by the ivy; that while the wolf should remain an enemy to the flock, and Orion, unpropitious to the sailors, should trouble the wintery sea, and while the air should fan the unshorn locks of Apollo, *[so long you vowed]* that this love should be mutual. O Neaera, who shall one day greatly grieve on account of my merit: for, if there is any thing of manhood in Horace, he will not endure that you should dedicate your nights continually to another, whom you prefer; and exasperated, he will look out for one who will return his love; and though an unfeigned sorrow should take possession of you, yet my firmness shall not give way to that beauty which has once given me disgust. But as for you, whoever you be who are more successful *[than me]*, and now strut proud of my misfortune; though you be rich in flocks and abundance of land, and Pactolus flow for you, nor the mysteries of Pythagoras, born again, escape you, and you excel Nireus in beauty; alas! you shall *[hereafter]* bewail her love transferred elsewhere; but I shall laugh in my turn.

XVI

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
aemula nec virtus Capuae nec Spartacus acer
novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox
nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube
parentibusque abominatus Hannibal:
inpia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas
ferisque rursus occupabitur solum:
barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et Vrbem
eques sonante verberabit ungula,
quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
(nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars,
malis carere quaeritis laboribus;
nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocaeorum
velut profugit exsecrata civitas
agros atque lares patrios habitandaque fana
apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
Notus vocabit aut protervos Africus.
sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? Secunda
ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
sed iuremus in haec: ‘simul imis saxa renarint
vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;

neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus
novaque monstra iunxerit libidine
mirus amor, iuvet ut tigris subsidere cervis,
adulteretur et columba miluo,
credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones
ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.'
haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulcis
eamus omnis exsecrata civitas
aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
inominata perpremat cubilia.
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
nos manet Oceanus circum vagus: arva beata
petamus, arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi cererem tellus inarata quotannis
et inputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae
suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae
refertque tenta grex amicus ubera
nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile
nec intumescit alta viperis humus;
pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,

utrumque rege temperante caelitum.
non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus
neque inpudica Colchis intulit pedem,
non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
laboriosa nec cohors Vlixei.
nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.
Iuppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,
ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum,
aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Now is another age worn away by civil wars, and Rome herself falls by her own strength. Whom neither the bordering Marsi could destroy, nor the Etrurian band of the menacing Porsena, nor the rival valor of Capua, nor the bold Spartacus, and the Gauls perfideous with their innovations; nor did the fierce Germany subdue with its blue-eyed youth, nor Annibal, detested by parents; but we, an impious race, whose blood is devoted to perdition, shall destroy her: and this land shall again be possessed by wild beasts. The victorious barbarian, alas! shall trample upon the ashes of the city, and the horsemen shall smite it with the sounding hoofs; and (horrible

to see!) he shall insultingly disperse the bones of Romulus, which *[as yet]* are free from the injuries of wind and sun. Perhaps you all in general, or the better part of you, are inquisitive to know, what may be expedient, in order to escape *[such]* dreadful evils. There can be no determination better than this; namely, to go wherever our feet will carry us, wherever the south or boisterous south-west shall summon us through the waves; in the same manner as the state of the Phocaeans fled, after having uttered execrations *[against such as should return]*, and left their fields and proper dwellings and temples to be inhabited by boars and ravenous wolves. Is this agreeable? has any one a better scheme to advise? Why do we delay to go on ship-board under an auspicious omen? But first let us swear to these conditions — the stones shall swim upward, lifted from the bottom of the sea, as soon as it shall not be impious to return; nor let it grieve us to direct our sails homeward, when the Po shall wash the tops of the Matinian summits; or the lofty Apennine shall remove into the sea, or a miraculous appetite shall unite monsters by a strange kind of lust; Insomuch that tigers may delight to couple with hinds, and the dove be polluted with the kite; nor the simple herds may dread the brindled lions, and the he-goat, grown smooth, may love the briny main. After having sworn to these things, and whatever else may cut off the pleasing: hope of returning, let

us go, the whole city of us, or at least that part which is superior to the illiterate mob: let the idle and despairing part remain upon these inauspicious habitations. Ye, that have bravery, away with effeminate grief, and fly beyond the Tuscan shore. The ocean encircling the land awaits us; let us seek the happy plains and prospering Islands, where the untilled land yearly produces corn, and the unpruned vineyard punctually flourishes; and where the branch of the never-failing olive blossoms forth, and the purple fig adorns its native tree: honey distills from the hollow oaks; the light water bounds down from the high mountains with a murmuring pace. There the she-goats come to the milk-pails of their own accord, and the friendly flock return with their udders distended; nor does the bear at evening growl about the sheepfold, nor does the rising ground swell with vipers; and many more things shall we, happy *[Romans]*, view with admiration: how neither the rainy east lays waste the corn-fields with profuse showers, nor is the fertile seed burned by a dry glebe; the king of gods moderating both *[extremes]*. The pine rowed by the Argonauts never attempted to come hither; nor did the lascivious *[Medea]* of Colchis set her foot *[in this place]*: hither the Sidonian mariners never turned their sail-yards, nor the toiling crew of Ulysses. No contagious distempers hurt the flocks; nor does the fiery violence of any constellation scorch the herd. Jupiter

set apart these shores for a pious people, when he debased the golden age with brass: with brass, then with iron he hardened the ages; from which there shall be a happy escape for the good, according to my predictions.

XVII

‘Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae,
supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
per et Dianae non movenda numina,
per atque libros carminum valentium
refixa caelo devocare sidera,
Canidia: parce vocibus tandem sacris
citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
in quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat.
unxere matres Iliae additum feris
alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit
heu pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
saetosa duris exuere pellibus
laboriosi remiges Vlixei
volente Circa membra; tunc mens et sonus
relapsus atque notus in voltus honor.
dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,
amata nautis multum et institoribus.
fugit iuventas et verecundus color
reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida,
tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
nullum a labore me reclinat otium;
urget diem nox et dies noctem neque est
levare tenta spiritu praecordia.

ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina
caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
quid amplius vis? o mare et terra, ardeo,
quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore nec Sicana fervida
virens in Aetna flamma; tu, donec cinis
iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
cales venenis officina Colchicis.
quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium?
effare; iussas cum fide poenas luam,
paratus expiare, seu poposceris
centum iuvencos sive mendaci lyra
voles sonare: ‘‘tu pudica, tu proba
perambulabis astra sidus aureum.’’
infamis Helenae Castor offensus vice
fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
adempta vati reddidere lumina:
et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus
neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
novendialis dissipare pulveres.
tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus
tuosque venter Pactumeius et tuo
cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera.’
‘quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.

inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
volgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
et Esquilini pontifex venefici
inpune ut Vrbem nomine inpleris meo?
quid proderat ditasse Paelignas anus
velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
sed tardiora fata te votis manent:
ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
egens benignae Tantalus semper dapis,
optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
in monte saxum; sed vetant leges Iovis.
voles modo altis desilire turribus,
frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo
modo ense pectus Norico recludere
fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques
meaeque terra cedet insolentiae.
an quae movere cereas imagines,
ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitus?’

EPODE XVII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND CANIDIA.

Now, now I yield to powerful science; and suppliant beseech thee by the dominions of Proserpine, and by the inflexible divinity of Diana, and by the books of incantations able to call down the stars displaced from the firmament; O Canidia, at length desist from thine imprecations, and quickly turn, turn back thy magical machine. Telephus moved *[with compassion]* the grandson of Nereus, against whom he arrogantly had put his troops of Mysians in battle-array, and against whom he had darted his sharp javelins. The Trojan matrons embalmed the body of the man-slaying Hector, which had been condemned to birds of prey, and dogs, after king *[Priam]*, having left the walls of the city, prostrated himself, alas! at the feet of the obstinate Achilles. The mariners of the indefatigable Ulysses, put off their limbs, bristled with the hard skins *[of swine]*, at the will of Circe: then their reason and voice were restored, and their former comeliness to their countenances. I have suffered punishment enough, and more than enough, on thy account, O thou so dearly beloved by the sailors and factors. My vigor is gone away, and my ruddy complexion has left me; my bones are covered with a ghastly skin; my hair with your preparations is grown hoary. No ease respites me from my sufferings: night presses upon

day, and day upon night: nor is it in my power to relieve my lungs, which are strained with gasping. Wherefore, wretch that I am, I am compelled to credit (what was denied, by me) that the charms of the Samnites discompose the breast, and the head splits in sunder at the Marsian incantations. What wouldst thou have more? O sea! O earth! I burn in such a degree as neither Hercules did, besmeared with the black gore of Nessus, nor the fervid flame burning In the Sicilian Aetna. Yet you, a laboratory of Colchian poisons, remain on fire, till I *[reduced to]* a dry ember, shall be wafted away by the injurious winds. What event, or what penalty awaits me? Speak out: I will with honor pay the demanded mulct; ready to make an expiation, whether you should require a hundred steers, or chose to be celebrated on a lying lyre. You, a woman of modesty, you, a woman of probity, shall traverse the stars, as a golden constellation. Castor and the brother of the great Castor, offended at the infamy brought on *[their sister]* Helen, yet overcome by entreaty, restored to the poet his eyes that were taken away from him. And do you (for it is in your power) extricate me from this frenzy; O you, that are neither defiled by family meanness, nor skillful to disperse the ashes of poor people, after they have been nine days interred. You have an hospitable breast, and unpolluted hands; and Pactumeius is your son, and

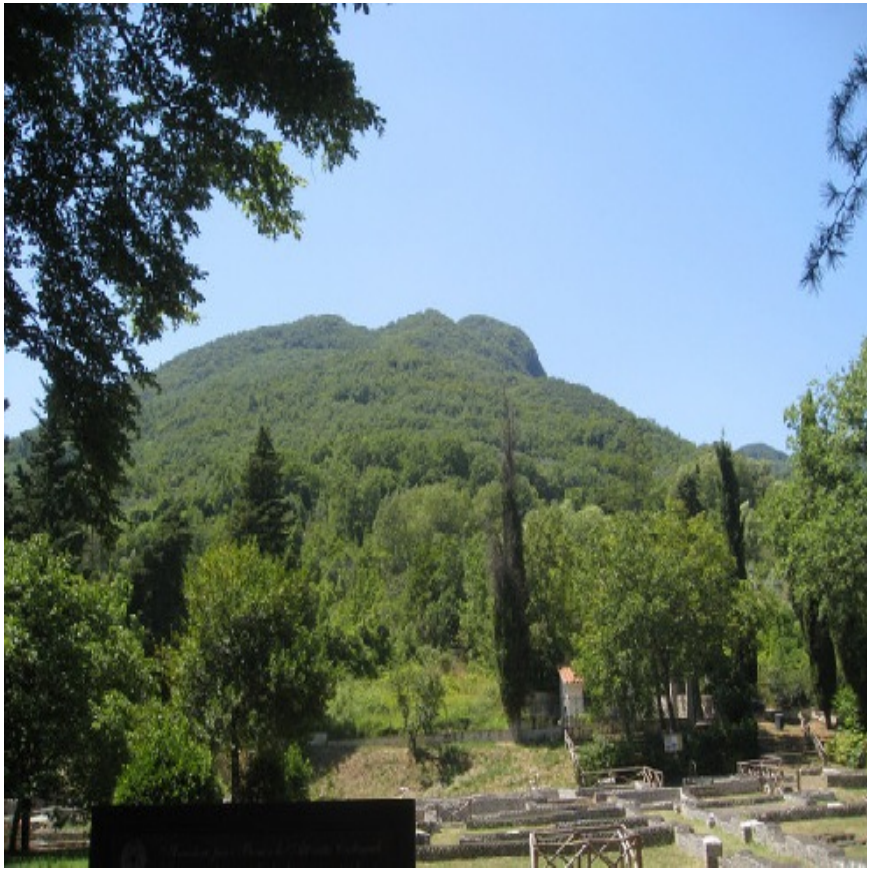
thee the midwife has tended; and, whenever you bring forth, you spring up with unabated vigor.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

Why do you pour forth your entreaties to ears that are closely shut *[against them]*? The wintery ocean, with its briny tempests, does not lash rocks more deaf to the cries of the naked mariners. What, shall you, without being made an example of, deride the Cotyttian mysteries, sacred to unrestrained love, which were divulged *[by you]*? And shall you, *[assuming the office]* of Pontiff *[with regard to my]* Esquilian incantations, fill the city with my name unpunished? What did it avail me to have enriched the Palignian sorceress *[with my charms]*, and to have prepared poison of greater expedition, if a slower fate awaits you than is agreeable to my wishes? An irksome life shall be protracted by you, wretch as you are, for this purpose, that you may perpetually be able to endure new tortures. Tantalus, the perfidious sire of Pelops, ever craving after the plenteous banquet *[which is always before him]*, wishes for respite; Prometheus, chained to the vulture, wishes *[for rest]*; Sisyphus wishes to place the stone on the summit of the mountain: but the laws of Jupiter forbid. Thus you shall desire at one time to leap down from a high tower, at another to lay open your breast with the Noric sword; and, grieving with your tedious indisposition, shall tie nooses about your neck in vain. I at that time will

ride on your odious shoulders; and the whole earth shall acknowledge my unexampled power. What shall I who can give motion to waxen images (as you yourself, inquisitive as you are, were convinced of) and snatch the moon from heaven by my incantations; I, who can raise the dead after they are burned, and duly prepare the potion of love, shall I bewail the event of my art having no efficacy upon you?

The Biographies



In 31 BC Horace had received from Maecenas the famous gift of his Sabine farm, following the publication of the first book of Satires. The farm included an income from five tenants and was located 30 miles north-east of Rome. Due to Horace's frequent references to his beloved farm in his poems, Humanists in the 17th century were able to use

known temples and landmarks to locate and excavate the remains of the farm.

Another view of the excavations

THE LIFE OF HORACE by C. Suetonius Tranquillus

Translated by Alexander Thomson

HORATIUS FLACCUS was a native of Venusium , his father having been, by his own account , a freedman and collector of taxes, but, as it is generally believed, a dealer in salted (541) provisions; for some one with whom Horace had a quarrel, jeered him, by saying; “How often have I seen your father wiping his nose with his fist?” In the battle of Philippi, he served as a military tribune , which post he filled at the instance of Marcus Brutus , the general; and having obtained a pardon, on the overthrow of his party, he purchased the office of scribe to a quaestor. Afterwards insinuating himself first, into the good graces of Mecaenas, and then of Augustus, he secured no small share in the regard of both. And first, how much Mecaenas loved him may be seen by the epigram in which he says:

Ni te visceribus meis, Horati,
Plus jam diligo, Titium sodalem,
Ginno tu videas strigosiorem.

But it was more strongly exhibited by Augustus, in a short sentence uttered in his last moments: “Be as mindful of Horatius Flaccus as you are of me!” Augustus offered to appoint him his secretary, signifying his wishes to Mecaenas in a letter to the following effect: “Hitherto I have been able to write my own epistles to friends; but now I am too much occupied, and in an infirm state of health. I wish, therefore, to deprive you of our Horace: let him leave, therefore, your luxurious table and come to the palace, and he shall assist me in writing my letters.” And upon his refusing to accept the office, he neither exhibited the smallest displeasure, nor ceased to heap upon him tokens of his regard. Letters of his are extant, from which I will make some short extracts to establish this: “Use your influence over me with the same freedom as you would do if we were living together as friends. In so doing you will be perfectly right, and guilty of no impropriety; for I could wish that our intercourse should be on that footing, if your health admitted of it.” And again: “How I hold you in memory you may learn (542) from our friend Septimius , for I happened to mention you when he was present. And if you are so proud as to scorn my friendship, that is no reason why I should lightly esteem yours, in return.” Besides this, among other drolleries, he often called him, “his most immaculate penis,” and “his charming little man,” and loaded him from time

to time with proofs of his munificence. He admired his works so much, and was so convinced of their enduring fame, that he directed him to compose the Secular Poem, as well as that on the victory of his stepsons Tiberius and Drusus over the Vindelici ; and for this purpose urged him to add, after a long interval, a fourth book of Odes to the former three. After reading his "Sermones," in which he found no mention of himself, he complained in these terms: "You must know that I am very angry with you, because in most of your works of this description you do not choose to address yourself to me. Are you afraid that, in times to come, your reputation will suffer; in case it should appear that you lived on terms of intimate friendship with me?" And he wrung from him the eulogy which begins with,

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus:
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes: in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar. — Epist. ii. i.

While you alone sustain the important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,

That steals one moment of our Caesar’s time. — Francis.

In person, Horace was short and fat, as he is described by himself in his Satires , and by Augustus in the following letter: “Dionysius has brought me your small volume, which, little as it is, not to blame you for that, I shall judge favourably. You seem to me, however, to be afraid lest your volumes should be bigger than yourself. But if you are short in stature, you are corpulent enough. You may, therefore, (543) if you will, write in a quart, when the size of your volume is as large round as your paunch.”

It is reported that he was immoderately addicted to venery. [For he is said to have had obscene pictures so disposed in a bedchamber lined with mirrors, that, whichever way he looked, lascivious images might present themselves to his view.] He lived for the most part in the retirement of his farm , on the confines of the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, and his house is shewn in the neighbourhood of a little wood not far from Tibur. Some Elegies ascribed to him, and a prose Epistle apparently written to commend himself to Mecaenas, have been handed down to us; but I believe that neither of them are genuine works of his; for the Elegies are commonplace, and the Epistle is wanting in perspicuity, a fault which

cannot be imputed to his style. He was born on the sixth of the ides of December [27th December], in the consulship of Lucius Cotta and Lucius Torquatus; and died on the fifth of the calends of December [27th November], in the consulship of Caius Marcius Censorinus and Caius Asinius Gallus ; having completed his fifty-ninth year. He made a nuncupatory will, declaring Augustus his heir, not being able, from the violence of his disorder, to sign one in due form. He was interred and lies buried on the skirts of the Esquiline Hill, near the tomb of Mecaenas.

(544) M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS, a native of Corduba , first tried the powers of his genius in an encomium on Nero, at the Quinquennial games. He afterwards recited his poem on the Civil War carried on between Pompey and Caesar. His vanity was so immense, and he gave such liberty to his tongue, that in some preface, comparing his age and his first efforts with those of Virgil, he had the assurance to say: “And what now remains for me is to deal with a gnat.” In his early youth, after being long informed of the sort of life his father led in the country, in consequence of an unhappy marriage , he was recalled from Athens by Nero, who admitted him into the circle of his friends, and even gave him the honour of the quaestorship; but he did not long remain in favour. Smarting at this, and having publicly stated that Nero had withdrawn, all of a

sudden, without communicating with the senate, and without any other motive than his own recreation, after this he did not cease to assail the emperor both with foul words and with acts which are still notorious. So that on one occasion, when easing his bowels in the common privy, there being a louder explosion than usual, he gave vent to the nemistych of Nero: “One would suppose it was thundering under ground,” in the hearing of those who were sitting there for the same purpose, and who took to their heels in much consternation . In a poem also, which was in every one’s hands, he severely lashed both the emperor and his most powerful adherents.

At length, he became nearly the most active leader in Piso’s conspiracy ; and while he dwelt without reserve in many quarters on the glory of those who dipped their hands in the (545) blood of tyrants, he launched out into open threats of violence, and carried them so far as to boast that he would cast the emperor’s head at the feet of his neighbours. When, however, the plot was discovered, he did not exhibit any firmness of mind. A confession was wrung from him without much difficulty; and, humbling himself to the most abject entreaties, he even named his innocent mother as one of the conspirators ; hoping that his want of natural affection would give him favour in the eyes of a parricidal prince. Having obtained permission to choose his mode of death , he wrote notes to his

father, containing corrections of some of his verses, and, having made a full meal, allowed a physician to open the veins in his arm . I have also heard it said that his poems were offered for sale, and commented upon, not only with care and diligence, but also in a trifling way.

THE LIFE OF HORACE by William Tuckwell

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STRUGGLE

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the "old popular Horace" of Tennyson, petted and loved, by Frenchmen and Englishmen especially, above all the poets of antiquity, was born on 8th December, B.C. 65. He calls himself in his poems by the three names indifferently, but to us he is known only by the affectionate diminutive of his second or gentile name, borne by his father, according to the fashion of the time, as slave to some member of the noble Horatian family. A slave the father unquestionably had been: meanness of origin was a taunt often levelled against his son, and encountered by him with magnanimous indifference; but long before Horace's birth the older Horatius had obtained his freedom, had gained sufficient money to retire from business, and to become owner of the small estate at Venusia on the borders of Apulia, where the poet was born and spent his childhood. He repeatedly alludes to this loved early home, speaks affectionately of its surrounding scenery, of the dashing river Aufidus, now Ofanto, of the neighbouring towns, Acherontia, Bantia, Forentum, discoverable in modern maps as Acerenza, Vanzi, Forenza, of the crystal Bandusian spring, at whose identity we can only guess. Here he tells us how, wandering in the forest when a child and falling

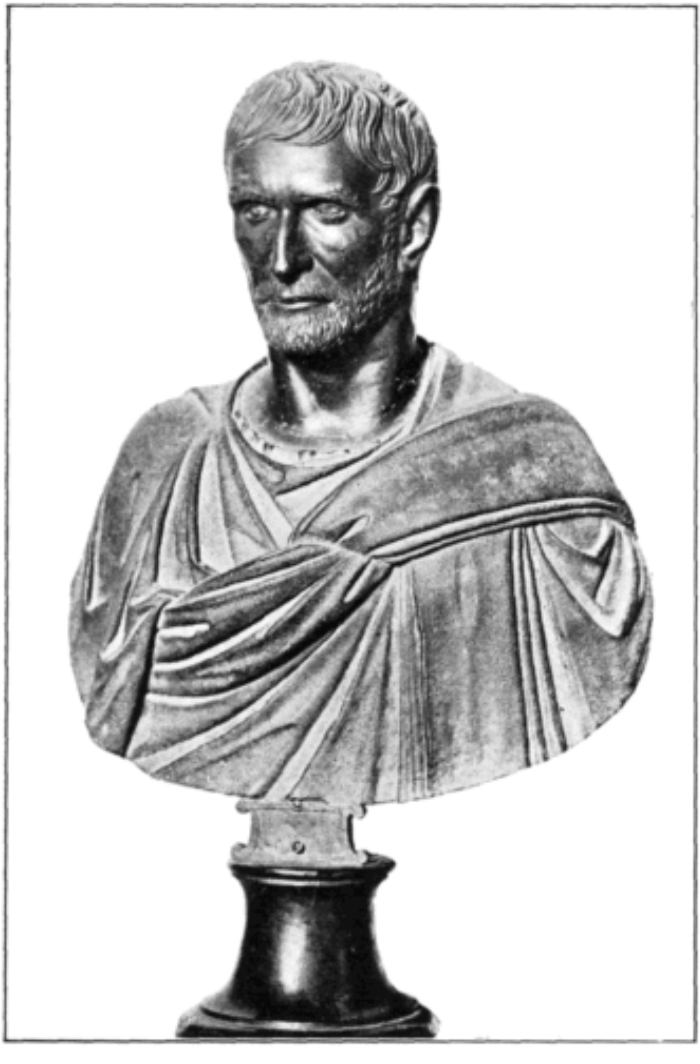
asleep under the trees, he woke to find himself covered up by woodpigeons with leaves, and alludes to a prevailing rural belief that he was specially favoured by the gods. Long afterwards, too, when travelling across Italy with Maecenas, he records with delight his passing glimpse of the familiar wind-swept Apulian hills.

Of his father he speaks ever with deep respect. "Ashamed of him?" he says, "because he was a freedman? whatever moral virtue, whatever charm of character, is mine, that I owe to him. Poor man though he was, he would not send me to the village school frequented by peasant children, but carried me to Rome, that I might be educated with sons of knights and senators. He pinched himself to dress me well, himself attended me to all my lecture-rooms, preserved me pure and modest, fenced me from evil knowledge and from dangerous contact. Of such a sire how should I be ashamed? how say, as I have heard some say, that the fault of a man's low birth is Nature's, not his own? Why, were I to begin my life again, with permission from the gods to select my parents from the greatest of mankind, I would be content, and more than content, with those I had." The whole self-respect and nobleness of the man shines out in these generous lines. (Sat. I, vi, 89.)

Twice in his old age Horace alludes rather disparagingly to his schooldays in Rome: he was taught, he says, out of a translation from Homer by an inferior Latin writer (Ep. II, i, 62, 69), and his master, a retired soldier, one Orbilius, was "fond of the rod" (Ep. II, i, 71). I observe that the sympathies of Horatian editors and commentators, themselves mostly schoolmasters, are with Orbilius as a much enduring paedagogue rather than with his exasperated pupil. We know from other sources that the teacher was a good scholar and a noted teacher, and that, dying in his hundredth year, he was honoured by a marble statue in his native town of Beneventum; but like our English Orbilius, Dr. Busby, he is known to most men only through Horace's resentful epithet;— "a great man," said Sir Roger de Coverley, "a great man; he whipped my grandfather, a very great man!"

The young Englishman on leaving school goes to Oxford or to Cambridge: the young Roman went to Athens. There we find Horace at about nineteen years of age, learning Greek, and attending the schools of the philosophers; those same Stoics and Epicureans whom a few years later the first great Christian Sophist was to harangue on Mars' Hill. These taught from their several points of view the basis of happiness and the aim of life. Each in turn impressed him: for a time he agreed with Stoic Zeno that active duty is the highest good; then lapsed into

the easy doctrine of Epicurean Aristippus that subjective pleasure is the only happiness. His philosophy was never very strenuous, always more practical than speculative; he played with his teachers' systems, mocked at their fallacies, assimilated their serious lessons.



Alinari photo.]

[*Palace of the Conservators, Rome.*

BRUTUS.

Then into his life at this time came an influence which helped to shape his character, but had nearly wrecked his fortunes. Brutus, fresh from Caesar's murder, was at Athens, residing, as we should say, in his old University, and drawing to himself the passionate admiration of its most brilliant undergraduates; among the rest, of the younger Cicero and of Horace. Few characters in history are more pathetically interesting than his. High born, yet disdainful of ambitious aims, irreproachable in an age of almost universal profligacy, the one pure member of a grossly licentious family, modest and unobtrusive although steeped in all the learning of old Greece, strong of will yet tolerant and gentle, his austerity so tempered by humanism that he won not only respect but love; he had been adored by the gay young patricians, who paid homage to the virtue which they did not rouse themselves to imitate, honoured as an equal by men far older than himself, by Cicero, by Atticus, by Caesar. As we stand before the bust in the Palace of the Conservators which preserves his mobile features, in that face at once sweet and sad, at once young and old, as are the faces not unfrequently of men whose temperaments were never young — already, at thirty-one years old, stamped with the lineaments of a grand but fatal

destiny — we seem to penetrate the character of the man whom Dante placed in hell, whom Shakespeare, with sounder and more catholic insight, proclaimed to be the noblest Roman of them all:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

Quitting Athens after a time to take command of the army which had been raised against Antony, Brutus carried Horace in his company with the rank of military tribune. He followed his patron into Asia; one of his early poems humorously describes a scene which he witnessed in the law courts at Clazomenae. (Sat. I, vii, 5.) He was several times in action; served finally at Philippi, sharing the headlong rout which followed on Brutus' death; returned to Rome "humbled and with clipped wings." (Od. II, vii, 10; Ep. II, ii, 50.) His father was dead, his property confiscated in the proscription following on the defeat, he had to begin the world again at twenty-four years old. He obtained some sort of clerkship in a public office, and to eke out its slender emoluments he began to write. What were his earliest efforts we cannot certainly say, or whether any of them survive among the poems recognized as his. He tells us that his first literary model was Archilochus (Ep. I, xix, 24), a Greek poet of 700 B.C., believed to have been the inventor of personal

satire, whose stinging pen is said to have sometimes driven its victims to suicide. For a time also he imitated a much more recent satirist, Lucilius, whom he rejected later, as disliking both the harshness of his style and the scurrilous character of his verses. (Sat. I, x.) It has been conjectured therefore that his earliest compositions were severe personal lampoons, written for money and to order, which his maturer taste destroyed. In any case his writings found admirers. About three years after his return to Rome his friends Varius and Virgil praised him to Maecenas; the great man read the young poet's verses, and desired to see him. (Sat. I, vi, 54.)

It is as an enlightened and munificent patron of letters that Maecenas holds his place in popular estimation, but he was much more than this. He had been since Caesar's death the trusty agent and the intimate adviser of Augustus; a hidden hand, directing the most delicate manoeuvres of his master. In adroit resource and suppleness no diplomatist could match him. His acute prevision of events and his penetrating insight into character enabled him to create the circumstances and to mould the men whose combination was necessary to his aims. By the tact and moderation of his address, the honied words which averted anger, the dexterous reticence which disarmed suspicion, he reconciled opposing factions, veiled arbitrary measures, impressed alike on nobles and on populace the

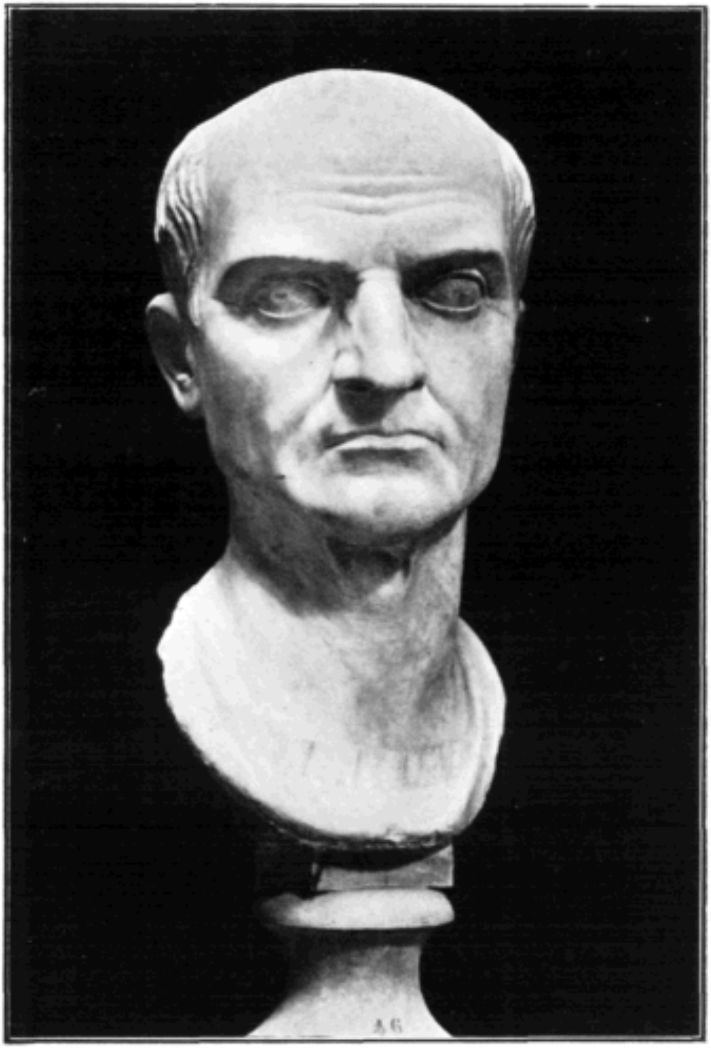
beneficence of imperial despotism, while he kept its harshness out of sight. Far from parading his extensive powers, he masked them by ostentatious humility, refusing official promotion, contented with the inferior rank of "Knight," sitting in theatre and circus below men whom his own hand had raised to station higher than his own. Absorbed in unsleeping political toil, he wore the outward garb of a careless, trifling voluptuary. It was difficult to believe that this apparently effeminate lounger, foppish in dress, with curled and scented hair, luxuriating in the novel refinement of the warm bath, an epicure in food and drink, patronizing actors, lolling in his litter amid a train of parasites, could be the man on whom, as Horace tells us, civic anxieties and foreign dangers pressed a ceaseless load. He had built himself a palace and laid out noble gardens, the remains of which still exist, at the foot of the Esquiline hill. It had been the foulest and most disreputable slum in Rome, given up to the burial of paupers, the execution of criminals, the obscene rites of witches, a haunt of dogs and vultures. He made it healthy and beautiful; Horace celebrates its salubrity, and Augustus, when an invalid, came thither to breathe its air. (Sat. I, viii, 8, 14.) There Maecenas set out his books and his gems and his Etruscan ware, entertained his literary and high born friends, poured forth his priceless Caecuban and Chian wines. There were drops of bitter in these cups. His beautiful wife

Terentia tormented him by her temper and her infidelities; he put her away repeatedly, as often received her back. It was said of him that he had been married a hundred times, though only to a single wife: “What is the latest conjugal news?” men asked as his sumptuous litter passed by, “is it a marriage or a divorce?” And he was haunted by terror of death. “Prolong my life,” was his prayer, in words which Seneca has ridiculed and La Fontaine translated finely, yet missing the terseness of the original, “life amid tortures, life even on a cross, only life!”

Qu’on me rend impotent,
Cul-de-jatte, goutteux, manchot, pourvu qu’en somme
Je vive, c’est assez; je suis plus que content.

His patronage of intellectual men was due to policy as well as inclination. Himself a cultured literary critic, foreseeing the full-winged soar of writers still half-fledged — the “Aeneid” in Virgil’s “Eclogues,” the “Odes” of Horace in his “Epodes” — he would not only gather round his board the men whom we know to have been his equals, whose wit and wisdom Horace has embalmed in an epithet, a line, an ode; Varius, and Sulpicius, and Plotius, and Fonteius Capito, and Viscus; but he saw also and utilized for himself and for his master the social

influence which a rising poet might wield, the effect with which a bold epigram might catch the public ear, a well-conceived eulogy minister to imperial popularity, an eloquent sermon, as in the noble opening odes of Horace's third book, put vice out of countenance and raise the tone of a decadent community.



Alinari photo.]

[*Palace of the Conservators, Rome.*

MAECENAS.

To Horace, then, now twenty-seven years old, these imposing doors were opened. The first interview was unsatisfactory; the young poet was tongue-tied

and stammering, the great man reserved and haughty: they parted mutually dissatisfied. Nine months later Maecenas sent for him again, received him warmly, enrolled him formally amongst his friends. (Sat. I, vi, 61.) Horace himself tells the story: he explains neither the first coldness, the long pause, nor the later cordiality. But he rose rapidly in his patron's favour; a year afterwards we find him invited to join Maecenas on a journey to Brundusium, of which he has left us an amusing journal (Sat. I, v); and about three years later still was presented by him with a country house and farm amongst the Sabine hills, a few miles to the east of Tibur, or, as it is now called, Tivoli.

With this a new chapter in his life begins. During six years he had lived in Rome, first as an impecunious clerk, then as a client of Maecenas. To all Roman homes of quality and consequence clients were a necessary adjunct: men for the most part humble and needy, who attended to welcome the patron when issuing from his chamber in the morning, preceded and surrounded his litter in the streets, clearing a way for it through the crowd; formed, in short, his court, rewarded by a daily basket of victuals or a small sum of money. If a client was involved in litigation, his patron would plead his cause in person or by deputy; he was sometimes asked to dinner, where his solecisms in good breeding and his unfashionable dress, the rustic

cut of his beard, thick shoes, gown clumsily draped, made him the butt of the higher guests. Juvenal, in a biting satire, describes the humiliation of a poor client at a rich man's table. "The host," he says, "drinks old beeswinged Setian wine, served to him in a gold goblet by a beautiful boy; to you a coarse black slave brings in a cracked cup wine too foul even to foment a bruise. His bread is pure and white, yours brown and mouldy; before him is a huge lobster, before you a lean shore-crab; his fish is a barbel or a lamprey, yours an eel: — and, if you choose to put up with it, you are rightly served." The relation, though not held to be disgraceful, involved sometimes bitter mortifications, and seems to us inconsistent with self-respect. We remember how it was resented in modern times, though in a much milder form, by Edmund Spenser, Dr. Johnson, and the poet Crabbe. Even between a Horace and a Maecenas it must have caused occasional embarrassment: we find the former, for instance, dedicating poems to men whose character he could not respect, but to whom, as his patron's associates, he was bound to render homage; while his supposed intimacy with the all-powerful minister exposed him to tedious solicitants, who waylaid him in his daily walks. He had become sick of "the smoke and the grandeur and the roar of Rome" (Od. III, 29, 12); his Sabine retreat would be an asylum and a haven; would "give him back to himself"; would endow

him with competence, leisure, freedom; he hailed it as the mouse in his delightful apologue craved refuge in the country from the splendour and the perils of the town:

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread — and liberty.
(Sat. II, 6, fin.)

SUCCESS

Horace's Sabine farm ranks high among the holy places of the classic world; and through the labours of successive travellers, guided by the scattered indications in his poems, its site is tolerably certain. It was about thirty-two miles from Rome, reached in a couple of hours by pilgrims of the present time; to Horace, who never allowed himself to be hurried, the journey of a full day, or of a leisurely day and a half. Let us follow him as he rides thither on his bob-tailed mule (Sat. I, vi, 104), the heavy saddlebags across its loins stored with scrolls of Plato, of the philosopher Menander, Eupolis the comedian, Archilochus the lyric poet. His road lies along the Valerian Way, portions of whose ancient pavement still remain, beside the swift waters of the Anio, amid steep hills crowned with small villages whose inmates, like the Kenites of Balaam's rhapsody, put their nests in rocks. A ride of twenty-seven miles would bring him to Tivoli, or Tibur, where he stopped to rest, sometimes to pass the night, possessing very probably a cottage in the little town. No place outside his home appealed to him like this. Nine times he mentions it, nearly always with a caressing epithet. It is green Tibur, dew-fed Tibur, Tibur never arid, leisurely Tibur, breezy Tibur, Tibur sloping to the sun. He bids his friend Varus plant vines in the moist

soil of his own Tiburtine patrimony there; prays that when the sands of his life run low, he may there end his days; enumerates, in a noble ode (Od. I, 7), the loveliest spots on earth, preferring before them all the headlong Anio, Tibur's groves, its orchards saturated with shifting streams.

The dark pine waves on Tibur's classic steep,
From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
Tossing their foam on high, till leaf and flower
Glitter like emeralds in the sparkling shower.
Lovely — but lovelier from the charms that glow
Where Latium spreads her purple vales below;
The olive, smiling on the sunny hill,
The golden orchard, and the ductile rill,
The spring clear-bubbling in its rocky fount,
The mossgrown cave, the Naiad's fabled haunt,
And, far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
The glory of the earth, Eternal Rome.

No picture of the spot can be more graphic than are these noble lines. They open a Newdigate Prize Poem of just eighty years ago, written, says tradition, by its brilliant author in a single night. (R. C. Sewell, Magdalen College, 1825.) Tivoli he had never visited; but those who stand to-day beside the Temple of the Sibyl on the edge of its ravine, who enjoy the fair beauty of the headlong Anio and the lesser Cascatelle, of the ruined Temple of Tiburtus, the Grottos of the Sirens and of Neptune, understand how a poet's genius can, as Shakespeare tells us,

shadow forth things unseen, and give them local habitation.

From Tibur, still beside the Anio, we drive for about seven miles, until we reach the ancient Varia, now Vico Varo, mentioned by Horace as the small market town to which his five tenant-farmers were wont to repair for agricultural or municipal business. (Ep. I, xiv, 3.) Here, then, we are in the poet's country, and must be guided by the landmarks in his verse. Just beyond Vico Varo the Anio is joined by the Licenza. This is Horace's Digentia, the stream he calls it whose icy waters freshen him, the stream of which Mandela drinks. (Ep. I, xviii, 104-105.) And there, on its opposite bank, is the modern village Bardela, identified with Mandela by a sepulchral inscription recently dug up. We turn northward, following the stream; the road becomes distressingly steep, recalling a line in which the poet speaks of returning homeward "to his mountain stronghold." (Sat. II, vi, 16.) Soon we reach a village, Roccagiovine, whose central square is named Piazza Vacuna. Vacuna was the ancient name for the goddess Victory; and against the wall is fixed an exhumed tablet telling how the Emperor Vespasian here restored an ancient Temple of Victory. One more echo this name wakes in Horatian ears — he dates a letter to his friend Aristius Fuscus as written "behind the crumbling shrine of Vacuna." (Ep. I, x, 49.) Clearly we are near him now; he would not carry his

writing tablets far away from his door. Yet another verification we require. He speaks of a spring just beside his home, cool and fine, medicinal to head and stomach. (Ep. I, xvi, 12.) Here it is, hard by, called to-day Fonte d'Oratini, a survival, we should like to believe, of the name Horatius. Somewhere close at hand must have been the villa, on one side or the other of a small hill now called Monte Rotondo. We may take our Horace from our pocket, and feel, as with our Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, with our Scott at Ashestiel, that we are gazing on the hills, the streams, and valleys, which received the primal outpourings of their muse, and are for ever vocal with its memories.

THE SITE OF HORACE'S VILLA.

From M. Rotondo, eastward to the Licenza, and southward to the high ground of Roccogiovine, stretched apparently the poet's not inconsiderable demesne. Part of it he let off to five peasants on the *métayage* system; the rest he cultivated himself, employing eight slaves superintended by a bailiff. The house, he tells us, was simple, with no marble pillars or gilded cornices (Od. II, xviii), but spacious enough to receive and entertain a guest from town, and to welcome occasionally his neighbours to a cheerful evening meal— "nights and suppers as of

gods" (Sat. II, vi, 65), he calls them; where the talk was unfashionably clean and sensible, the fare beans and bacon, garden stuff and chicory and mallows. Around the villa was a garden, not filled with flowers, of which in one of his odes he expresses dislike as unremunerative (Od. II, xv, 6), but laid out in small parallelograms of grass, edged with box and planted with clipped hornbeam. The house was shaded from above by a grove of ilexes and oaks; lower down were orchards of olives, wild plums, cornels, apples. In the richer soil of the valley he grew corn, whose harvests never failed him, and, like Eve in Eden, led the vine to wed her elm. Against this last experiment his bailiff grumbled, saying that the soil would grow spice and pepper as soon as ripen grapes (Ep. I, xiv, 23); but his master persisted, and succeeded. Inviting Maecenas to supper, he offers Sabine wine from his own estate (Od. I, xx, 1); and visitors to-day, drinking the juice of the native grape at the little Roccogiovine inn, will be of opinion with M. de Florac, that "this little wine of the country has a most agreeable smack." Here he sauntered day by day, watched his labourers, working sometimes, like Ruskin at Hincksey, awkwardly to their amusement with his own hands; strayed now and then into the lichened rocks and forest wilds beyond his farm, surprised there one day by a huge wolf, who luckily fled from his presence (Od. I, xxii, 9); or — most

enjoyable of all — lay beside spring or river with a book or friend of either sex.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

So roll to each other across the ages and the continents echoes of the Persian and the Roman bards.

Of the *beauty* of his home he speaks always modestly; it may not compare with Praeneste, Tarentum, Baiae; its *charm* he is never weary of extolling. Nowhere, he says, is the air sweeter and more balmy, in summer temperate, warm in winter; but beyond all this it yielded calm, tranquillity, repose, making, as Wordsworth says, the very thought of country life a thought of refuge; and that was what, so long in populous city pent, he longed to find, and found. It was his *home*, where he could possess his soul, could be self-centred and serene. "This," says Ruskin, "is the true nature of Home; it is the Place of Peace."

He loved the country, yet he was no hermit. When sickened of town life he could apostrophize the country in the beautiful lines which many a jaded Londoner has echoed (Sat. II, vi, 60); but after some

months of its placid joys the active social side of him would re-assert itself: the welcoming friends of the great city, its brilliant talk, its rush of busy life, recovered their attractiveness, and for short intervals, in the healthy season of the year, he would return to Rome. There it is less easy to image him than in his rustic home. Nature, if spared by man, remains unaltered; the heights and recesses of the Digentian valley meet our eye to-day scarce changed in twenty centuries, but the busy, crowded Rome of Horace is now only a desolate excavation. We stand upon the "Rock of Triumph," the Capitoline Hill, looking down upon the Forum: it lies like a stonemason's yard: stumps of pillars, fragments of brick or marble, overthrown entablatures, pillars, altars, tangles of staircases and enclosures, interspersed with poppies, wild oats, trefoils, confuse and crowd it:

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grow
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers; arch crushed, columns strown
In fragments; choked up vaults, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight.

But patient, daily survey, educated by the restorations of a Lanciani, enables us to piece together these encumbering ruins, until with tolerable

clearness we can follow Horace in his walk along the Via Sacra towards Caesar's gardens, and can fairly reconstruct the objects which must have met his view. Everywhere is haunted ground: there is the bronze wolf of the Capitol, "thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," and the Tarpeian rock, from which "the Traitor's leap cured all ambition." There is the mythical gulf of Curtius, and the Mamertine prison where the Catiline conspirators were strangled, with its vault into which Jugurtha, after gracing the triumph of Marius, was hurled to die. Maiden-hair fern grows profusely in the crevices of Juturna's well, hard by the spring where the great twin brethren gave their horses drink after the battle of the Lake Regillus. Half covered with a mass of green acanthus is the base of Vesta's Temple, adjoining the atrium of the Virgins' house surrounded with their portrait statues: their names are engraved on each pedestal, but one is carefully erased, its original having, it is supposed, violated her vestal vow. We pause upon the spot where Caesar's body was burned, and beside the rostra whence Cicero thundered, and Antony spoke his "Friends, Romans, countrymen"; return finally to the Capitoline Museum, nucleus and centre of the ancient mistress of the world, to gaze upon gods, senators, emperors, shining still in undiminished majesty; on the Antinous, the Amazon, the Juno, the Dying Gladiator, and the Grecian masterpiece of Praxiteles.

Alinari photo.]

THE ROMAN FORUM.

Of his life in Rome Horace has given us a minute account (Sat. I, vi, 110, etc.). "Waking usually about six, I lie in bed or on my sofa, reading and writing, till nearly ten o'clock; anoint myself, go to the Campus for a game at ball, return home to a light luncheon. Then perhaps I amuse myself at home, perhaps saunter about the town; look in at the Circus and gossip with the fortune-tellers who swarm there when the games are over; walk through the market, inquiring the price of garden stuff and grain. Towards evening I come home to my supper of leeks and pulse

and fritters, served by my three slave-boys on a white marble slab, which holds besides two drinking cups and ladle, a saltcellar shaped like a sea-urchin, an oil flask, and a saucer of cheap Campanian ware; and so at last I go to bed, not harassed by the thought that I need rise at day-break." Sometimes, to his great annoyance, he would be roused early to become sponsor in the law courts for a friend; shivering in the morning cold, pelted by falling hailstones, abused by the crowd through which he had to force his way. Or he would accompany Maecenas on a drive, their talk of matters trivial — the time of day, the early frosts, the merits of popular gladiators. We remember how delightfully Pope has adapted the passage to his own relation with Harley. (Imitation of Sat. II, vi.) Often he dined with Maecenas or his friends, and one such dinner he has described, at the house of a rich, vulgar epicure (Sat. II, viii). The guests were nine in number, including Maecenas, Varius, and Viscus: they lay on couches at maplewood tables arranged in three sides of a square. The first course was a Lucanian wild boar garnished with salads; when that was removed, servants wiped the board with purple napkins. Then a procession of slaves brought in Caecuban and Chian wines, accompanied with cheesecakes, fish, and apples. The second course was a vast lamprey, prawns swimming in its sauce; the third an olio of crane, hare, goose's liver, blackbirds, and wood-pigeons. A sumptuous meal, but spoiled by

the host's tedious disquisitions on each dish as it appeared. Of social gatherings in their higher aspect, of the feasts of reason which he must have often shared at his patron's board, we long to know, but Horace is discreet; for him the rose of Harpocrates was suspended over every caenobium, and he would not profane its sacrament. He sat there as an equal, we know; his attitude towards those above him had in it no tinge of servility. That he was, and meant to be, independent they were fairly warned; when Maecenas wished to heap on him further benefits, he refused: "What I have is enough and more than enough," he said, "nay, should fortune shake her wings and leave me, I know how to resign her gifts" (Od. III, xxix, 53). And if not to Maecenas, so neither to Maecenas' master, would he sacrifice his freedom. The emperor sought his friendship, writes caressingly to Maecenas of "this most lovable little bit of a man," wished to make him his secretary, showed no offence at his refusal. His letters use the freedom of an intimate. "Septimius will tell you how highly I regard you. I happened to speak of you in his presence; if you disdain my friendship, I shall not disdain in return."— "I wish your little book were bigger; you seem to fear lest your books should be bigger than yourself."— "I am vexed with you, that you have never addressed one of your Epistles to myself; are you afraid that to have appeared as my friend will hurt you with posterity?" Such royal solicitations are

a command, and Horace responded by the longest and one amongst the most admired of his Epistles (Ep. II, i). This was his final effort, unless the fragmentary essay on criticism, known as the "Art of Poetry," belongs to these last years; if that be so, his closing written words were a humorous disparagement of the "homely slighted shepherd's trade" (A. P. 470-476).

His life was drawing to a close; his friends were falling round him like leaves in wintry weather. Tibullus was dead, and so was Virgil, dearest and whitest-souled of men (Sat. I, v, 41); Maecenas was in failing health and out of favour. Old age had come to himself before its time; love, and wine, and festal crown of flowers had lost their zest:

Soon palls the taste for noise and fray,
When hair is white and leaves are sere.

But he rallies his life-long philosophy to meet the change; patience lightens the inevitable; while each single day is his he will spend and enjoy it in such fashion that he may say at its conclusion, "I have lived" (Od. III, xxix, 41). His health had never been good, undermined, he believed, by the hardships of his campaign with Brutus; all the care of Augustus' skilful physician, Antonius Musa, failed to prolong his days. He passed away on the 17th of November, B.C. 8, in his fifty-seventh year; was buried on the

Esquiline Hill, in a grave near to the sepulchre of Maecenas, who had died only a few days before; fulfilling the promise of an early ode, shaped almost in the words of Moabitish Ruth, that he would not survive his friend.

> The self-same day
> Shall crush us twain; no idle oath
> Has Horace sworn; where'er you go,
> We both will travel, travel both
> The last dark journey down below.
> Od. II, xvii.

THE SATIRES AND EPISTLES

Horace's poems are of two kinds; of one kind the Satires and Epistles, of another the Odes and Epodes. Their order and dates of publication are shown in the following table:

B.C.

35.
First Book of Satires.

30.
Second Book of Satires, and Epodes.

23.
First three Books of Odes.

20.
First Book of Epistles.

19.
Epistle to Florus.

17.
The Century Hymn.

about 13.

Fourth Book of the Odes.

13.
Epistle to Augustus.

(?) 10.
The Art of Poetry.

Let us examine first the Satires and Epistles. The word “Satire” meant originally a *farrago*, a medley of various topics in various styles and metres. But all early writings of this kind have perished; and the first extant Latin satirist, Lucilius, who lived in the second century B.C., devoted his pen to castigating the vices of contemporary society and of living individuals. This style of writing, together with his six-foot measure, called hexameter, was adopted by the ethical writers who followed him, Horace, Persius, Juvenal; and so gave to the word satire a meaning which it retains to-day. In more than one passage Horace recognizes Lucilius as his master, and imitates him in what is probably the earliest, certainly the coarsest and least artistic of his poems; but maturer judgement, revolting later against the censorious spirit and bad taste of the older writer, led him to abandon his model. For good taste is the characteristic of these poems; they form a comedy of manners, shooting as it flies the folly rather than the

wickedness of vice: not wounding with a red-hot iron, but "just flicking with uplifted lash," Horace stands to Juvenal as Chaucer stands to Langland, as Dante to Boccaccio. His theme is life and conduct, the true path to happiness and goodness. I write sermons in sport, he says; but sermons by a fellow-sinner, not by a dogmatic pulpiteer, not by a censor or a cynic. "Conversations" we may rather call them; the polished talk of a well-bred, cultured, practised worldling, lightening while they point the moral which he ever keeps in view, by transitions, personalities, ironies, anecdotes; by perfect literary grace, by the underlying sympathy whereby wit is sublimed and softened into humour.

So he tells stories; often trivial, but redeemed by the lightness of his touch, the avoidance of redundancy, the inevitable epithets, the culminating point and finish. He illustrates the extravagance of the day by the spendthrift Clodius, who dissolved in vinegar a pearl taken from the ear of beautiful Metella (Sat. II, iii, 239), that he might enjoy drinking at one draught a million sesterces, near a thousand pounds. More than once he returns to castigation of the gluttony, which, though not yet risen to the monstrosity described by Juvenal, was invading the houses of the wealthy. He tells of two brothers— "a precious pair" — who used to breakfast daily upon nightingales: of one Maenius, who ruined himself in fieldfares (Ep. I, xv, 41). In a

paper on the "Art of Dining" he accumulates ironical gastronomic maxims (Sat. II, iv): as that oblong eggs are to be preferred to round; that cabbages should be reared in dry soil; that the forelegs of a doe-hare are choice titbits; that to make a fowl tender you must plunge it alive into boiling wine and water; that oysters are best at the new moon; that prawns and snails give zest to wine; that olive oil should be mixed with pickled tunny roe, chopped herbs, and saffron. If these prescriptions are observed, he says, travestying a fine Lucretian line, the diner-out may draw near to and drink deep from the well-spring of a happy life. By contrast he paints the character of Ofellus, a farmer, whom he had known when a boy on the Apulian hills, and had visited in his old age (Sat. II, ii). Deprived of his estate after Philippi, Ofellus had rented it from its new master, working on as tenant where he had formerly been lord. "How are we worse off now?" says the gallant old fellow to his sons. "When I was rich, we lived on smoked bacon and cabbages, with perhaps a pullet or a kid if a friend dropped in; our dessert of split figs and raisins grown upon the farm. Well, we have just the same to-day. What matter that they called me 'owner' then, that a stranger is called owner now? There is no such thing as 'owner.' This man turned us out, someone else may turn him out to-morrow; his heir will do so at any rate when he dies. The farm was called mine once, it is called his to-day; it can

never ‘belong’ to anyone except the man who works and uses it. So, my boys, keep stout hearts, and be ready to meet adversity bravely when it comes.”

He lashes the legacy-hunters, who, in a time when disinclination to marriage had multiplied the number of childless old men, were becoming a curse to society; gives rules with affected seriousness for angling in a senior’s hoards (Sat. II, v). Be sure you send him game, tell him often how you love him, address him by his first, what we should call his Christian, name — that tickles sensitive ears. If he offers you his will, refuse to read it, but glance sidelong at the line where the names of legatees are written. Praise his bad verses, shoulder a way for him in the streets, entreat him to cover up from cold his dear old head, make up to his housekeeper, flatter him till he bids you stop. Then when he is dead and you find yourself his heir, shed tears, spend money on his funeral, bear your honours meekly — and go on to practise upon someone else. And he throws in a sly story of a testatrix who bequeathed her money on condition that the heir should carry to the grave upon his naked shoulders her body oiled all over; he had stuck to her all her life, and she hoped to shake him off for a moment after death. He enforces the virtue of moderation and contentment from Aesop’s fables, of the frog, of the daw with borrowed plumage, of the lean weasel who squeezed himself into a granary through a tiny hole, and grew

so fat that he could not return; from the story of Philippus, who amused himself by enriching a poor man to the ruin of his victim's peace and happiness (Ep. I, vii, 46); and from the delightful apologue of the City and the Country Mouse (Sat. II, vi). He denounces the folly of miserliness from the example of the ant, provident in amassing store, but restful in fruition of it when amassed; reproves ill-natured judgement of one's neighbours almost in the words of Prior, bidding us be to their faults a little blind and to their virtues very kind, softening their moral blemishes as lovers and mothers euphemize a dear one's physical defects. (Sat. I, iii) "You will not listen to me?" he stops now and then to say; "I shall continue to cry on all the same until I rouse you, as the audience in the theatre did the other day" (Sat. II, iii, 60). For it seems that one Fufius, a popular actor, assumed in a tragedy the part of Trojan Ilione, whose cue was to fall asleep upon the stage until roused with a whisper of "Mother awake!" by the ghost of her dead son Deiphilus. Poor Fufius was tipsy, fell asleep in earnest, and was insensible to the ghost's appeal, until the audience, entering into the fun, unanimously shouted, "Wake up, Mother!" Some of you, I know, he goes on, will listen, even as Polemon did (Sat. II, iii, 254). Returning from a debauch, the young profligate passed the Academy where Xenocrates was lecturing, and burst riotously in. Presently, instead of scoffing, he began to

hearken; was touched and moved and saddened, tore off conscience-stricken his effeminate ornaments, long sleeves, purple leggings, cravat, the garland from his head, the necklace from his throat; came away an altered and converted man. One thinks of a poem by Rossetti, and of something further back than that; for did we not hear the story from sage Mr. Barlow's lips, in our Sandford and Merton salad days?

In the earlier Satires his personalities are sometimes gross: chatterbox Fabius, scattercash Nomentanus, blear-eyed Crispinus, Hermogenes the fop, Pantolabus the trencherman, Gorgonius the goat-scented, Rufillus the pastille-perfumed, were derisive sobriquets, which, while ministering to the censoriousness of readers by names genuine or well understood, must have bitterly offended the men thus stigmatized or transparently indicated. This he admits regretfully in his later Satires, throwing some blame on a practice of his father, who when cautioning him against vice, always pointed the warning by some example from among their acquaintance. So, leaving personal satire, he turns to other topics; relates divertingly the annoyances of a journey; the mosquitoes, the frogs which croaked all night (Sat. I, v), the bad water and the ill-baked bread. Or he paints the slummy quarter of the city in which the witches held their horrible rites, and describes their cruel orgies as he peeped at them

through the trees one night. Or he girds, facetiously and without the bitterness of Persius or Juvenal, at the Jews (Sat. I, v, 100), whose stern exclusiveness of faith was beginning to excite in Rome the horror vigorously expressed by Gallio in M. Anatole France's recent brilliant work. Or he delineates, on a full canvas and with the modernity which is amongst his most endearing characteristics, the "Bore" of the Augustan age. He starts on a summer morning, light-hearted and thinking of nothing at all, for a pleasant stroll along the Sacred Way (Sat. I, ix).1 A man whom he hardly knew accosts him, ignores a stiff response, clings to him, refuses to be shaken off, sings his own praises as poet, musician, dancer, presses impertinent questions as to the household and habits of Maecenas. Horace's friend Fuscus meets them; the poet nods and winks, imploring him to interpose a rescue. Cruel Fuscus sees it all, mischievously apologizes, will not help, and the shy, amiable poet walks on with his tormentor, "his ears dropped like those of an overladen ass." At last one of the bore's creditors comes up, collars him with threats, hales him to the law courts, while the relieved poet quotes in his joy from the rescue of Hector in the Iliad, "Thus Apollo bore me from the fray." In this Satire, which was admirably imitated by Swift, it always seems to me that we get Horace at his very best, his dry quaintness and his inoffensive fun. The *delicacy* of Roman satire died

with him; to reappear in our own Augustan age with Addison and Steele, to find faint echo in the gentle preachments of Cowper, to impress itself in every page on the lambent humour, the self-accusing tolerance, the penetrative yet benignant wit of Thackeray.

Between the latest of the Satires and the earliest of the Epistles, we have to reckon an interval of something like ten years, during which had been published the Epodes and the majority of the Odes. "Epistles" his editors have agreed to entitle them; but not all of them are genuine Letters. Some are rather dedicated than written to the persons whose names they bear; some are thrown for literary purposes into epistolary form; some again are definitely and personally addressed to friends. "Sermons" he calls them himself as he called the Satires, and their motive is mostly the same; like those, they are Conversations, only with absent correspondents instead of with present interlocutors, real or imagined. He follows in them the old theme, the art of living, the happiness of moderation and contentment; preaching easily as from Rabelais' easy chair, with all the Frenchman's wit, without his grossness. And, as we read, we feel how the ten years of experience, of thought, of study, have matured his views of life, how again the labour spent during their progress on lyrical composition, with

perhaps the increasing influence over his taste of Virgil's poetry, have trained his ear, mellowed and refined his style. "The Epistles of Horace," says Dean Milman, "are, with the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, and perhaps the Satires of Juvenal, the most perfect and most original form of Roman verse."

Of the three letters to Maecenas, one, like the Ode we have before quoted on p. 28, is a vigorous assertion of independence. The great man, sorely sick and longing for his friend, had written peevishly (Ep. I, vii), "You said you should be absent five days only, and you stay away the whole of August." "Well — I went away because I was ill, and I remain away because in this 'undertakers' month,' as you call it in Rome, I am afraid of being worse if I go back. When cold weather comes I shall go down to the sea; then, with the first swallow, dear friend, your poet will revisit you. I love you fondly; am grateful to you every hour of my life; but if you want to keep me always by your side, you must restore to me the tender grace of vanished youth; strong lungs, thick black hair, musical voice and ringing laughter; with our common love for pretty Cinara now dead and gone." A positive sturdy refusal, not without hints that if the patron repents his benefactions or demands sacrifice of freedom in exchange for them, he had better take them back: yet a remonstrance so disarming, infused with such a blend of respect and

playfulness, such wealth of witty anecdote and classical allusion, that we imagine the fretfulness of the appeased protector evaporating in admiration as he reads, the answer of affectionate apology and acceptance dictated in his pacified response.

In another inimitable letter (Ep. I, 9), as brief as this is long, he recommends his friend Septimius to Tiberius Claudius Nero, stepson of Augustus, a young man of reserved unpleasant manners, and difficult to approach. The suasive grace with which it disclaims presumption, yet pleads his own merits as a petitioner and his friend's as a candidate for favour, with its dignified deference, implied not fulsome, to the young prince's rank, have caused it to be compared with that masterpiece of delicate solicitation, St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon. It is cited by Steele in the "Spectator" as a model of epistolary tact ("Spectator," No. 493); we cannot improve upon his translation:

"Septimius, who waits on you with this, is clearly well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my

influence with you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive such transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is a brave and honest man."

An epistle written and sent about the same time, possibly by the same bearer, shows Horace in an amiable light as kindly Mentor to the young Telemachi of rank who were serving on Tiberius' staff (Ep. I, iii). "Tell me, Florus, whereabouts you are just now, in snowy Thrace or genial Asia? which of you poets is writing the exploits of Augustus? how does Titius get on with his Latin rendering of Pindar? my dear friend Celsus, what is he at work upon? his own ideas, I hope, not cribs from library books. And you? are you abandoning all other allurements for the charms of divine philosophy? Tell me, too, if you have made up your quarrel with Munatius. To break the tie of brotherhood is a crime: please, please be friends with him again, and bring him with you when next you come to see me. I am fattening a calf to feast you both." Here is a dinner invitation (Ep. I, v.): "If you can put up with deal tables and a mess of greens served in a common dish, with wine five years old and not at all bad, come and sup with me, Torquatus, at sunset. We

have swept up the hearth and cleaned the furniture; you may see your face reflected in cup and platter. We will have a long summer evening of talk, and you can sleep afterwards as late as you like, for to morrow is Augustus' birthday, and there will be no business in the courts. I told you the wine is good, and there is nothing like good drink. It unlocks reticence, unloads hearts, encourages the shy, makes the tongue-tied eloquent and the poor opulent. I have chosen my company well: there will be no blab to repeat our conversation out of doors. Butra and Septimius are coming, and I hope Sabinus. Just send a line to say whom you would like to have besides. Bring friends if you choose, but the weather is hot, and we must not overcrowd the rooms." It all sounds delightful, except perhaps the mess of greens; but a good Italian cook can make vegetables tempting down to the present day. I think we should all have loved to be there, as at the neat repast of Attic taste with wine, which tempted virtuous Laurence to sup with Milton. So should we like to know what called forth this pretty piece of moralizing, addressed to the poet Tibullus (Ep. I, iv). He was handsome, prosperous, popular, yet melancholy. Horace affectionately reproves him. "Dear Albius," he says, using the intimate fore-name, "Dear Albius, tell me what you are about in your pretty villa: writing delicate verses, strolling in your forest glades, with thoughts and fancies I am sure all that a good man's

should be? What can you want besides the beauty, wealth, full purse, and seemly household which the gods have given you? Dear friend, I tell you what you want, contentment with the present hour. Try and imagine that each day which dawns upon you is your last; then each succeeding day will come unexpected and delightful. I practise what I preach: come and take a look at me; you will find me contented, sleek, and plump, 'the fattest little pig in Epicurus' sty.'" And he impresses the same lesson on another friend, Bullatius, who was for some reason restless at home and sought relief in travel. "What ails you to scamper over Asia or voyage among the Isles of Greece? Sick men travel for health, but you are well. Sad men travel for change, but change diverts not sadness, yachts and chaises bring no happiness; their skies they change, but not their souls who cross the sea. Enjoy the to-day, dear friend, which God has given you, the place where God has placed you: a Little Pedlington is cheerful if the mind be free from care" (Ep. I, xi).

His great friend Fuscus twits him, as Will Honeycomb twitted Mr. Spectator, with his passion for a country life (Ep. I, x). "You are a Stoic," Horace says, "your creed is to live according to Nature. Do you expect to find her in the town or in the country? whether of the two yields more peaceful nights and sweeter sleep? is a marble floor more refreshing to the eyes than a green meadow?

water poured through leaden pipes purer than the crystal spring? Even amid your Corinthian columns you plant trees and shrubs; though you drive out Nature she will silently return and supplant your fond caprices. Do interpose a little ease and recreation amid the money-grubbing which confines you to the town. Money should be the servant, not the queen, the captive, not the conqueror. If you want to see a happy man, come to me in the country. I have only one thing wanting to perfect happiness, my desire for your society." Two longer letters are written to his young friend Lollius (Ep. I, ii, xviii). The first is a study of Homer, which he has been reading in the country. In the "Iliad" he is disgusted by the reckless selfishness of the leaders; in the hero of the "Odyssey" he sees a model of patient, wise endurance, and impresses the example on his friend. It is curious that the great poet of one age, reading the greater poet of another, should fasten his attention, not on the poetry, but on the ethics of his predecessor. The remaining letter is called out by Lollius' appointment as confidential secretary to some man of great consequence; an office such as Horace himself declined when offered by Augustus. The post, he says, is full of difficulty, and endangering to self-respect: the servility it exacts will be intolerable to a man so truthful, frank, and independent as his friend. Let him decline it; or, if committed, get out of it as soon as possible.

Epistles there are without a moral purpose, called forth by some special occasion. He sends his "Odes" by one Asella for presentation to Augustus, punning on the name, as representing an Ass laden with manuscripts (Ep. I, xiii). The fancy was carried out by Pope in his frontispiece to the "Dunciad." Then his doctor tells him to forsake Baiae as a winter health resort, and he writes to one Vala, who lives in southern Italy, inquiring as to the watering places lower down the coast (Ep. I, xv). He must have a place where the bread is good and the water pure; the wine generous and mellow; in the market wild boars and hares, sea-urchins and fine fish. He can live simply at home, but is sick now and wants cherishing, that he may come back fat as one of the Phaeacians — luxurious subjects, we remember, of King Alcinous in the "Odyssey,"

Good food we love, and music, and the dance,

Garments oft changed, warm baths, and restful beds.

Odyssey, viii, 248.

Julius Florus, poet and orator, presses him to write more lyrics (Ep. II, ii). For many reasons, no, he answers. I no longer want money. I am getting old. Lyrics are out of fashion. No one can write in Rome. I have become fastidious. His sketch of the ideal poet is believed to portray the writings of his friend Virgil. It is nobly paraphrased by Pope:

But how severely with themselves proceed

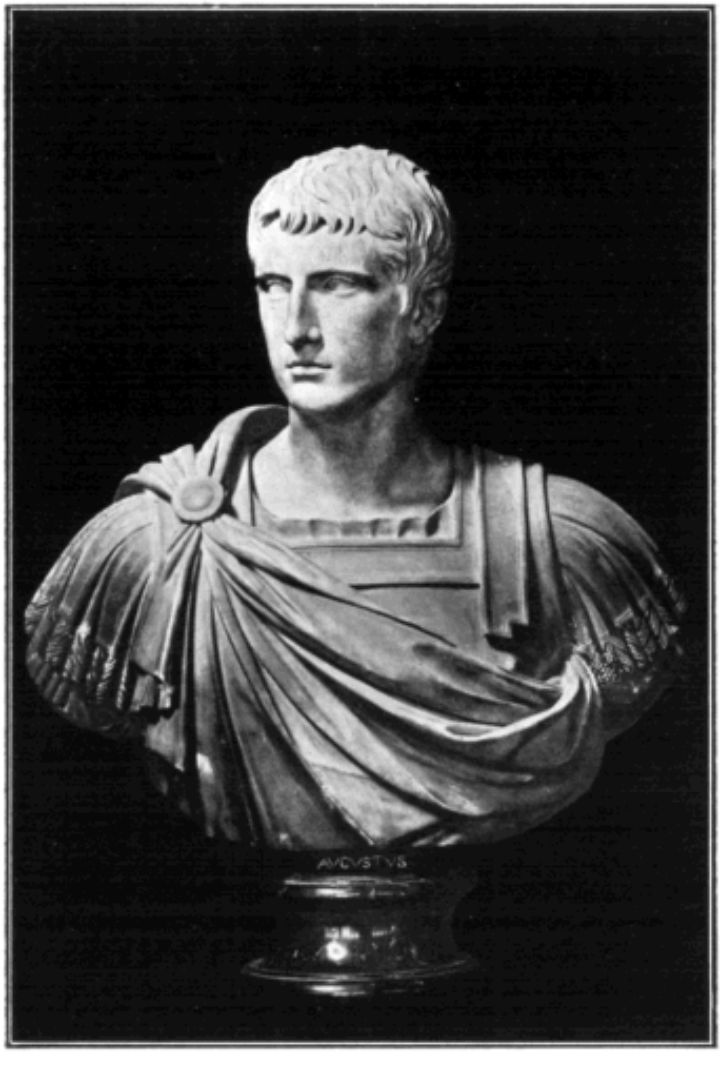
The men, who write such verse as we can read!
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care;
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please;
But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

The "Epistle to Augustus" (Ep. II, i) was written (page 28) at the Emperor's request. After some conventional compliments it passes to a criticism of Latin poetry past and present; comparing, like Swift's "Battle of the Books," the merits of the contemporary and of the older masters. There is a foolish mania just now, he says, for admiring our older poets, not because they are good, but because they are old. The origin and development of Roman poetry made it certain that perfection must come late. He assumes that Augustus champions the moderns, and compliments him on the discernment which preferred a Virgil and a Varius (and so, by implication, a Horace) to the Plautuses and Terences of the past.

The "Art of Poetry" is thought to be an unfinished work. Unmethodical and without

proportion, it may have been either compiled clumsily after the poet's death, or put together carelessly by himself amid the indolence which grows sometimes upon old age. It declares the essentials of poetry to be unity of conception and ingenuity of diction, urges that mechanical correctness must be inspired by depth of feeling, gives technical rules of dramatic action, of the chorus, of metre. For matter such as this a Horace was not needed, but the felicity of its handling has made it to many Horatian students the most popular of his conversational works. It abounds in passages of finished beauty; such as his comparison of verbal novelties imported into a literature with the changing forest leaves; his four ages of humanity — the childish, the adolescent, the manly, the senile — borrowed from Aristotle, expanded by Shakespeare, and taken up by Keats; his comparison of Poetry to Painting; his delineation of an honest critic. Brief phrases which have become classical abound. The "purple patch" sewn on to a sober narrative; the wine jar turning to a pitcher as the potter's wheel revolves; the injunction to keep a book ten years before you publish it; the near kinship of terseness to obscurity; the laughable outcome of a mountain's labour; the warning to be chary of bringing gods upon the stage; the occasional nod of Homer; — are commonplace citations so crisp and so exhaustive in their Latin garb, that even the unlettered scientist

imports them into his treatises, sometimes with curious effect.



Alinari photo.]
[*Uffizi Gallery, Florence.*
AUGUSTUS.

If for a full appreciation of these minor beauties a knowledge of the Latin text is necessary, the more abounding charm of both Satires and Epistles is accessible to the Latinless reader. For the bursts of poetry are brief and rare, issuing from amid what Horace often reminds us are essentially plain prose essays in conversational form, their hexametral garb an unpoetical accident. Two versions present themselves to the unclassical student. The first is Conington's scholarly rendering, hampered sometimes rather than adorned by its metrical shape; the other is the more recent construe of Dean Wickham, clear, flowing, readable, stamping with the translator's high authority many a disputed passage. Both set temptingly before English readers the Rome of Horace's day, and promote them to an intimacy with his own mind, character, history. Preferable to both, no doubt, are the "Imitations" of Pope, which do not aim at literal transference, but work, as does his yet more famous Homer, by melting down the original, and pouring the fused mass into an English mould. Their background is Twit'nam and the Mall instead of Tibur and the Forum; their Maecenas St. John, their Trebatius Fortescue, their Numicius Murray. Where Horace appeals to Ennius and Attius, they cite Shakespeare and Cowley; while the forgotten wits, worthies, courtiers, spendthrifts of Horatian Rome reappear as Lord Hervey or Lady Mary, as Shippen, Chartres,

Oldfield, Darteneuf; and Horace's delicate flattery of a Roman Emperor is travestied with diabolical cleverness into bitter mockery of an English king. In these easy and polished metamorphoses we have Pope at his very best; like Horace, an epitome of his time, bearing the same relation, as patriot, scholar, worldling, epicurean, poet, satirist, to the London of Queen Anne, which Horace bore to the Augustan capital; and so reproducing in an English garb something at any rate of the exotic flavour of his original. In an age when Pope is undeservedly and disastrously neglected, I shall do well to present some few Horatian samples from the king-poet of his century; by whose wit and finish, unsurpassed if not unequalled in our literature, the taste of my own contemporaries was formed; and to whom a public which decries or ignores him pays homage every day, by quoting from him unconsciously oftener than from anyone except Shakespeare.

Here is a specimen from the Satires, heightening our interest in Horace's picture by its adaptation to familiar English characters. Great Scipio and Laelius, says Horace (Sat. II, i, 72), could unbend their dignity to trifle and even to romp with Lucilius. Says Pope of his own Twickenham home:

> Know, all the distant din that world can keep
> Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
> There my retreat the best Companions grace,

Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my Quincunx and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.

That Naevius is no longer read (Ep. II, i, 53) affects us slightly, for of Naevius we know nothing; Pope substitutes a writer known and admired still:

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

Horace tells how the old rough Saturnian measure gave way to later elegance (Ep. II, i, 157). Pope aptly introduces these fine resonant lines:

Waller's was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Horace claims for poetry that it lifts the mind from the coarse and sensual to the imaginative and pure (Ep. II, i, 128). Pope illustrates by a delightful compliment to moral Addison, with just one little

flick of the lash to show that he remembered their old quarrel:

In our own day (excuse some courtly stains),
No whiter page than Addison's remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of Truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

Horace, speaking of an old comic poet, Livius (Ep. II, i, 69), whom he had been compelled to read at school, is indignant that a single neat line or happy phrase should preserve an otherwise contemptible composition. This is Pope's expansion:

But, for the wits of either Charles' days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthened thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

Horace paints the University don as he had seen him emerging from his studious seclusion to walk the streets of Athens, absent, meditative, moving the

passers-by to laughter (Ep. II, ii, 81). Pope carries him to Oxford:

> The man, who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
> To books and study gives seven years complete;
> See, strowed with learned dust, his nightcap on,
> He walks, an object new beneath the sun.
> The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
> So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
> Stept from its pedestal to take the air.

Finally, Horace extols the poet as distinct from the mere versifier (Ep. II, i, 210). Pope's rendering ought to dispel the plea of an unfeelingness sometimes lightly urged against him:

> Let me for once presume to instruct the times
> To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
> 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
> Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
> Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
> With pity and with terror tear my heart;
> And snatch me o'er the earth or through the air,
> To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

If only he had handled more! but of the forty-one Conversations Pope imitated only seven. And so to assimilate those remaining we must descend from the heights of poetry to the cool sequestered vale of

literal masquerade. To a lady wintering in Rome who consulted me lately as to guide-books, I ventured to recommend Hawthorne's "Transformation," Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma," and Dean Wickham's translation of the Satires and Epistles.

(1) May the writer ask indulgence while he recalls how, exactly fifty-eight years ago, as senior boy at Winchester, he recited this Satire publicly, receiving in recompense at Warden Barter's hands the Queen's silver medal for elocution.

ODES AND EPODES

I have tried to interpret in some degree the teaching of the Satires and Epistles. Yet had the author's genius found expression in these Conversations only, he would not have become through nineteen centuries the best beloved of Latin poets: beloved in his own time alike by the weary Atlas Augustus and the refined sensualist Maecenas; "playing round the heartstrings" of the stern censor Persius; endowed by Petronius and Quintilian with the prize of incommunicable felicity; the darling of Dante, Montaigne, Voltaire, Chesterfield; the "old popular Horace" of Tennyson; the Horace whose "sad earnestness and vivid exactness" pierced the soul and brain of aged John Henry Newman. "His poems," says a great French critic (St. Beuve, "Horace"), "form a manual of good taste, of poetic feeling, of practical and worldly wisdom. The Christian has his Bible; the scholar his Homer; Port Royal lived on St. Augustine; an earlier philosophy on Montaigne; Horace comes within the range of all: in reading him we break not in any way with modernity, yet retain our hold upon antiquity. I know nothing more delightful as one grows in years, when the mind retains its subtlety, but is conscious of increasing languor, than to test the one and brace the other by companionship with a book familiar and

frequently re-read: we walk thereby with a supporting staff, stroll leaning upon a friendly arm. This is what Horace does for us: coming back to him in our old age, we recover our youthful selves, and are relieved to learn while we appreciate afresh his well-remembered lines, that if our minds have become more inert, they are also more feeling, than of yore."

For full justification of these graceful amenities we must turn to the lyrical poems. The Satires and Epistles, as their author frequently reminds us, were in prose: the revealed Horatian secret, the condensed expression of the Horatian charm, demanded musical verse; and this we have in the Odes and Epodes. The word Ode is Greek for a Song; Epode was merely a metrical term to express an ode which alternated in longer and shorter lines, and we may treat them all alike as Odes. The Epodes are amongst his earliest publications, and bear signs of a 'prentice hand. "Iambi," he calls them, a Greek word meaning "lampoons"; and six of them are bitter personal attacks on individuals, foreign to the good breeding and urbanity which distinguish his later writings. More of the same class he is believed to have suppressed, retaining these as specimens of that earlier style, and because, though inchoate, they won the admiration of Virgil, and preferred their author to the patronage of Maecenas. One of the finer Epodes (Epod. ix) has peculiar interest, as written probably

on the deck of Maecenas' galley during or immediately after the battle of Actium; and is in that case the sole extant contemporary record of the engagement. It reflects the loathing kindled in Roman breasts by Antony's emasculate subjugation to his paramour; imagines with horror a dissolute Egyptian harlot triumphant and supreme in Rome, with her mosquito-curtained beds and litters, and her train of wrinkled eunuchs. It describes with a spectator's accuracy the desertion of the Gallic contingent during the battle, the leftward flight of Antony's fleet: then, with his favourite device of lapsing from high-wrought passion into comedy, Horace bewails his own sea-sickness when the excitement of the fight is over, and calls for cups of wine to quell it. In another Epode (Epod. ii) he recalls his boyish memories in praise of country life: the vines wedded to poplars in the early spring, after that the sheepshearing, later still the grape-gathering and honey harvest; when winter comes, the hunting of the boar by day, at night the cheery meal with wife and children upon olives, sorrel, mallows, beside the crackling log-piled hearth. Even here he is not weaned from the tricks of mocking irony manifest in his early writings and born perhaps of his early struggles; for he puts this delicious pastoral, which tinkles through the page like Milton's "L'Allegro," into the mouth of a Roman capitalist, who, bitten by transient passion for a

country life, calls in all his money that he may buy a farm, pines in country retirement for the Stock Exchange, sells his estate in quick disgust, and returns to city life:

So said old Ten-per-cent, when he
A jolly farmer fain would be.
His moneys he called in amain —
Next week he put them out again.
is the spirited rendering of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

In his remaining Epodes we may trace the germ of his later written Odes. We have the affectionate addresses to Maecenas, the disgust at civil discords, the cheery invitations to the wine cup, the wooing of some coy damsel. By and by Maecenas presses him to bring them out completed in a volume, and he pleads a fugitive amour in excuse for his delay. Published, however, they were, notwithstanding the distractions of Neaera; went, neatly written out in red-lined columns, to the brothers Sosii in the street called Argiletum, to be multiplied by the librarian's scribes on well-bleached Egyptian papyrus, bound in pumiced parchment, stored in metal boxes on the bookseller's shelves within, while the names of the author and his work were inscribed upon a pillar outside the shop, as a guide to intending purchasers. Copies were sold, probably, for a few denarii each;

what would we not give for one of them to-day? Let us hope that their author was well paid.

Horace was now thirty-five years old: the Epodes had taught him his power over lyric verse. He had imitated at first the older Roman satirists; here by Maecenas' advice he copied from Greek models, from Alcaeus and Sappho, claiming ever afterwards with pride that he was the first amongst Roman poets to wed Aeolian lays to notes of Italy (Od. III, xxx, 13). He spent seven years in composing the first three Books of the Odes, which appeared in a single volume about B.C. 23. More than any of his poems they contain the essence of his indefinable magic art. They deal apparently with dull truisms and stale moralities, avowals of simple joys and simple sorrows. They tell us that life is brief and death is sure, that light loves and ancient wines are good, that riches are burdensome, and enough is better than a feast, that country life is delightful, that old age comes on us apace, that our friends leave us sorrowing and our sorrow does not bring them back. Trite sayings no doubt; but embellished one and all with an adorable force and novelty at once sadly earnest and vividly exact; not too simple for the profound and not too artful for the shallow; consecrated by the verbal felicity which belongs only to an age of peculiar intellectual refinement, and which flashed diamond-like from the facets of his own highly polished mind. "He is the Breviary of

the natural man, his poetry is the Imitation not of Christ but of Epicurus."

His Odes may be roughly classified as Religious, Moral, Philosophical, Personal, Amatory.

1. Religious. Between the classic and the Christian hymn, as Matthew Arnold has reminded us, there is a great gulf fixed. The Latin conception of the gods was civic; they were superior heads of the Republic; the Roman church was the invisible Roman state; religion was merely exalted patriotism. So Horace's addresses to the deities for the most part remind them of their coronation oaths, of the terms on which they were worshipped, their share in the bargain with humanity, a bargain to be kept on their side if they expected tribute of lambs and piglings, of hallowed cakes and vervain wreaths. Very little of what we call devotion seasons them. In two Odes (I, ii, xii), from a mere litany of Olympian names he passes to a much more earnest deification of Augustus. Another (III, xix) is a grace to Bacchus after a wine-bout. Or Faunus is bidden to leave pursuing the nymphs (we think of Elijah's sneer at Baal) and to attend to his duties on the Sabine farm, of blessing the soil and protecting the lambs (III, xviii). The hymn to Mercury recounts mythical exploits of the winged god, his infantile thefts from Apollo, his guiding Priam through the Grecian camp, his gift of speech to men, his shepherding souls to Hades (I, x). Venus is invoked in a dainty

prayer to visit the chapel which Glycera is building for her (I, xxx):

O come, and with thee bring thy glowing boy,
The Graces all, with kirtles flowing free,
Youth, that without thee knows but little joy,
The jocund nymphs and blithesome Mercury.

The doctrine of an overruling Providence Horace had expressly rejected in the Satires (Sat. iv, 101), holding that the gods are too happy and too careless in their superior aloof security to plague themselves with the affairs of mortals. But he felt sometimes, as all men feel, the need of a supreme celestial Guide: in the noble Ode which Ruskin loved he seems to find it in Necessity or Fortune (Od. I, xxxv); and once, when scared by thunder resounding in a cloudless sky, recants what he calls his "irrational rationalism," and admits that God may, if He will, put down the mighty and exalt the low (I, xxxiv). So again in his hymn for the dedication of Apollo's Temple on the Palatine (I, xxxi) a serious note is struck. He will not ask the God for rich cornfields and fat meadow land, for wines of Cales proffered in a golden cup. A higher boon than these his prayer demands:

O grant me, Phoebus, calm content,
Strength unimpaired, a mind entire,

Old age without dishonour spent,
Nor unbefriended of the lyre.

On the other hand, his Ode to Melpomene (IV, iii), written in the consciousness of accepted eminence as the national poet, "harpist of the Roman lyre," breathes a sentiment of gratitude to Divinity far above the typical poetic cant of homage to the Muse. And his fine Secular Hymn, composed by Augustus's request for the great Century Games, strikes a note of patriotic aspiration and of moral earnestness, not unworthy to compare with King Solomon's Dedication Prayer; and is such as, with some modernization of the Deities invoked, would hardly misbecome a national religious festival to-day. It was sung by twenty-seven noble boys and as many high-born maidens, now in antiphon, now in chorus, to Apollo and Diana, as representing all the gods. Apollo, bless our city! say the boys. Dian, bless our women and our children, say the girls, and guard the sanctity of our marriage laws. Bring forth Earth's genial fruits, say both; give purity to youth and peace to age. Bring back the lapsed virtues of the Golden Age; Faith, Honour, antique Shamefastness and Worth, and Plenty with her teeming horn. Hear, God! hear, Goddess! Yes, we feel our prayers are heard —

Now homeward we repair,

Full of the blessed hope which will not fail,
That Jove and all the gods have heard our prayer,
And with approving smiles our homage hail:
We, skilled in choral harmonies to raise
The hymn to Phoebus and Diana's praise.

Of course in all this there is no touch of ecstasy; no spark of the inspiration which in a St. Francis, a St. Teresa, or a Charles Wesley, scales the heights of hymnody. And, as the unimaginative Roman temperament lacked the instinct of adoration, so was it deficient in that other constituent of supernatural faith, the belief in immortality. There might be a shadowy world — the poets said so — Odysseus visited its depths and brought back its report — but it was a gloomy place at best. Horace alludes to it always in the tone of the Hebrew Psalmists, or of Hezekiah sick to death, utilizing Minos and Cerberus and Tantalus and Sisyphus for poetic effect, yet ever with an undertone of sadness and alarm. Not Orpheus' self, he says (I, xxiv, 13), in his exquisite lament for dead Quinctilius, can bring back life-blood to the phantom pale who has joined the spectral band that voyage to Styx: the gods are pitiless — we can only bear bereavements patiently (II, iii). You must leave, my Dellius, your pleasant groves and your cottage upon Tiber's banks, since Orcus, ruthless king, swoops equally on all:

Land, home, and winsome wife must all be left;
And cypresses abhorred,
Alone of all the trees
That now your fancy please,
Shall shade his dust who was awhile their lord.
(II, xiv, 21.)

2. Moral. But if the gods are beyond our ken, and if the world to come is misty, we still have this world with us; a world not always to be daffed aside with love and wine and comradeship, since behind its frolic wantonness lie the ennobling claims of duty and of conscience. As with Fielding, as with Thackeray, the light current tone of sportiveness or irony heightens the rare solemnity of didactic moral earnestness. Of all the Latin poets, says Sir Richard Fanshaw, Horace is the fullest fraught with excellent morality. In the six stately Odes which open the third book, together with a later Ode (xxiv) which closes the series and ought never to have been severed from it, Horatian poetry rises to its greatest height of ethical impressiveness. Ushered in with the solemn words of a hierophant bidding the uninitiated avaunt at the commencement of a religious ceremony (III, i, 1-2), delivered with official assumption in the fine frenzy of a muse-inspired priest, their unity of purpose and of style makes them virtually a continuous poem. It lashes the vices and the short-sighted folly of society; with the Sword of Damocles

above his head the rich man sits at a luxurious board (III, i, 17); sails in his bronzed galley, lolls in his lordly chariot, with black Care ever at the helm or on the box (III, i, 40). By hardihood in the field and cheerful poverty at home Rome became great of yore; such should be the virtues of to-day. Let men be *moral*; it was immorality that ruined Troy; *heroic* — read the tale of Regulus; *courageous*, but with courage ordered, disciplined, controlled (III, iii; v; iv, 65). Brute force without mind, he says almost in Milton's words, falls by its own strength, as the giants fell encountering the gods:

> For what is strength without a double share
> Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome;
> Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
> By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
> But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
> ("Samson Ag.," 53.)

Self-discipline, he reminds his audience, need not be sullen and austere; in regenerated Rome the Muses still may rule. Mild thoughts they plant, and they joy to see mild thoughts take root; refinement of manners and of mind, and the gladsomeness of literary culture (III, iv, 41).

He turns to reprove the ostentation of the rich; their adding field to field, poor families evicted from

farmstead and cottage to make way for spreading parks and ponds and gardens;

> driven from home
> Both wife and husband forth must roam,
> Bearing their household gods close pressed,
> With squalid babes, upon their breast.
> (II, xviii, 23.)

Not thus was it in the good old times. Then rich men lavished marble on the temples of the gods, roofed their own cottages with chance-cut turf (II, xv, 13). And to what end all this splendour? Behind your palace walls lurks the grim architect of a narrower home; the path of glory leads but to the grave (II, xviii, 17). And as on the men, so on the women of Rome his solemn warnings are let fall. Theirs is the task to maintain the sacred family bond, the purity of marriage life. Let them emulate the matrons of the past, severe mothers of gallant sons (III, vi, 37). Let men and women join to stay the degeneracy which has begun to set in, and which, unchecked, will grow deadlier with each generation as it succeeds.

> How Time doth in its flight debase
> Whate'er it finds? our fathers' race,
> More deeply versed in ill
> Than were their sires, hath born us yet

More wicked, destined to beget
A race more vicious still.
(III, vi, 45.)

3. Philosophical. “How charming is divine philosophy?” said the meek younger brother in “Comus” to his instructive senior. Speaking as one of the profane, I find not less charming the humanist philosophy of Horace. Be content! be moderate! seize the present! are his maxims.

Be content! A mind without anxiety is the highest good (II, xvi). Great desires imply great wants (III, xvi, 42). ’Tis well when prayer seeks and obtains no more than life requires.

Happy he,
Self-centred, who each night can say,
“My life is lived”: the morn may see
A clouded or a sunny day:
That rests with Jove; but what is gone
He will not, can not, turn to nought,
Nor cancel as a thing undone
What once the flying hour has brought.
(III, xxix, 41.)

Be moderate! He that denies himself shall gain the more (III, xvi, 21). He that ruleth his spirit is better than the lord of Carthage. Hold fast the golden mean (II, x, 5). The poor man’s supper, spare but

neat and free from care, with no state upon the board except his heirloom silver saltcellar, is better than a stalled ox and care therewith (II, xvi, 13). And he practised what he preached, refusing still fresh bounties which Maecenas pressed upon him. What more want I than I have? he says:

> Truth is mine with genius mixed,
> The rich man comes and knocks at my poor gate.
> Favoured thus I ne'er repine,
> Nor weary Heaven for more, nor to the great
> For larger bounty pray,
> My Sabine farm my one sufficient boon.
> (II, xviii, 9.)

Seize the Present! Now bind the brow with late roses and with myrtle crowns; now drown your cares in wine, counting as gain each day that Chance may give (I, vii, 31; I, ix, 14). Pale Death will be here anon; even while I speak time slips away: seize to-day, trust nothing to the morrow.

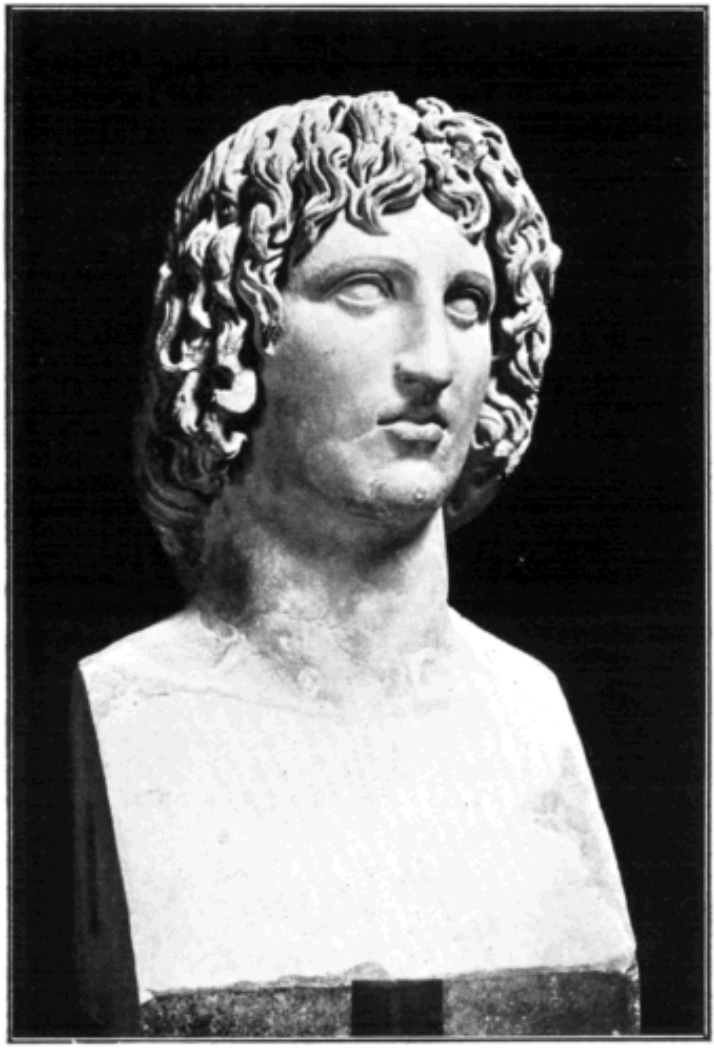
> Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
> *To-day* of past regrets and future fears:
> *To-morrow?* why to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

What more commonplace than this saying that we all must die? but he brings it home to us ever and again with pathetic tearful fascinating force. Each

time we read him, his sweet sad pagan music chants its ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and we hear the earth fall upon the coffin lid amongst the flowers.

Ah, Postumus, they fleet away
Our years, nor piety one hour
Can win from wrinkles, and decay,
And death's indomitable power;
Not though three hundred steers you heap
Each day, to glut the tearless eyes
Of Him, who guards in moated keep
Tityos, and Geryon's triple size:
All, all, alas! that watery bound
Who eat the fruits that Nature yields,
Must traverse, be we monarchs crowned,
Or humblest tillers of the fields.
(II, xiv.)

The antipathy is not confined to heathenism; we distrust the Christian who professes to ignore it; many of us felt drawn by a brotherhood of humanity to the late scholarly Pope, when we learned that, as death looked him in the face, he clung to Pagan Horace as a truthful and sympathetic oracle. "And we all go to-day to this singer of the ancient world for guidance in the deceptions of life, and for steadfastness in the face of death."



Alinari photo.]

[*Capitol Museum, Rome.*

VIRGIL.

4. Personal. Something, but not very much, we learn of Horace's intimates from this class of Odes. Closest to him in affection and oftenest addressed is

Maecenas. The opening Ode pays homage to him in words closely imitated by Allan Ramsay in addressing the chief of his clan:

Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament;

and at the end of the volume the poet repeats his dedication (III, xxix). Twice he invites his patron to a feast; to drink wine bottled on the day some years before when entering the theatre after an illness he was received with cheers by the assembled multitude (I, xx); again on March 1st, kept as the festal anniversary of his own escape from a falling tree (III, viii). To a querulous letter from his friend written when sick and dreading death, he sends the tender consolation and remonstrance of which we spoke before (p. 29). In a very different tone he sings the praises of Licymnia (II, xii), supposed to be Terentia, Maecenas' newly-wedded wife, sweet voiced, witty, loving, of whom her husband was at the time passionately enamoured. He recounts finally, with that delicate respectful gratitude which never lapses into servility, his lifelong obligation, lauding gratefully the still removed place which his friend's bounty has bestowed:

A clear fresh stream, a little field, o'ergrown
With shady trees, a crop that ne'er deceives.
(III, xvi, 29.)

Not less tenderly affectionate is the exquisite Ode to Virgil on the death of Quinctilius.

By many a good man wept Quinctilius dies,
By none than you, my Virgil, trulier wept;
(I, xxiv.)

or to his devoted young friend Septimius (p. 39) (II, vi), who would travel with him to the ends of the world, to Moorish or Cantabrian wilds. Not so far afield need they go; but when age steals on they will journey to Tarentum, sweetest spot on earth:

That spot, those happy heights, desire
Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,
Your bard and friend.

To the great general Agrippa (I, vi), rival of Maecenas in the good graces of Augustus, he sends a tribute complimentary, yet somewhat stiffly and officially conceived; lines much more cordial to the high-born Aelius Lamia (III, 17), whose statue stands to-day amid the pale immortalities of the Capitoline Museum. We have a note of tonic banter to Tibullus, "jilted by a fickle Glycera," and "droning piteous elegies" (I, xxxiii); a merry riotous impersonation of an imaginary symposium in honour of the newly-made augur Murena (III, 19),

with toasts and tipsiness and noisy Bacchanalian songs and rose-wreaths flung about the board; a delicious mockery of reassurance to one Xanthias (II, iv), who has married a maidservant and is ashamed of it. He may yet find out that though fallen into obscurity she is in truth high-born and noble, and will present him with a patrician mother-in-law.

For aught that you know now, fair Phyllis may be
The shoot of some highly respectable stem;
Nay, she counts, I'll be sworn, a few kings in her tree,
And laments the lost acres once lorded by them.
Never think that a creature so exquisite grew
In the haunts where but vice and dishonour are known,
Nor deem that a girl so unselfish, so true,
Had a mother 'twould shame thee to take for thine own.

Several of his correspondents we can only name; the poet Valgius, the tragedians Pollio and Fuscus; Sallust, grandson of the historian; Pompeius, his old comrade in the Brutus wars; Lollius, defeated in battle and returning home in disgrace. Nor need we labour to identify a host of others; Iccius, Grosphus, Dellius; who figure as mere dedicatory names; nor persons mentioned casually, such as Telephus of the rosy neck and clustering hair (I, xiii; III, xix), whom

Bulwer Lytton, with fine memories of his own ambrosial petted youth, calls a "typical beautyman and lady-killer." The Horatian personages, remarks Dean Milman, would contain almost every famous name of the Augustan age.

5. Amatory. "Speak'st thou of nothing but ladies?" says Feste the Jester to poor Malvolio. He might have said the same to Horace; for of the Odes in the first three Books one third part is addressed to or concerned with women. How many of the pretty female names which musicalize his love songs, in syllables that breathe of the sweet south and melt like kisses in the utterance, are representative of real girls, we cannot guess; with none of them except perhaps one, who died young, does he seem to have been really in love. He was forty years old when most of his amorous Odes were written; an age at which, as George Eliot has reminded us, the baptism of passion is by aspersion rather than immersion. Something he must have known of love, or he could not write as he has done; but it is the superficial gallantry of a flirt rather than the impassioned self-surrender of a lover; of a gay bachelor, with roving critical eye, heart whole yet fancy free, too practised a judge of beauty to become its slave. Without emotion, without reverence, but with keen relishing appreciation, he versifies Pyrrha's golden curls, and Lycoris' low forehead — feminine beauties both to a Roman eye — and Phyllis' tapering arms and

shapely ankles, and Chia's dimpled cheek, and the tangles of Neaera's hair, and the gadabout baggage Lyde, and Glycera's dazzling complexion that blinds the gazer's eye (I, v, xix, xxxiii; II, iv, 21; III, xiv, 21). They are all inconstant good-for-noughts, he knows; but so are men, and so is he; keep up the pleasant give-and-take, the quarrels and the reconciliations. All the youths of Rome are in love with a beautiful Ninon D'Enclos named Barine — Matthew Arnold declared this to be the finest of all the Odes (II, viii) — she perjures herself with every one in turn. But it seems to answer; she shines forth lovelier than ever. Venus and the nymphs only laugh, and her lovers, young and old, continue to hug their chains.

> New captives fill the nets you weave;
> New slaves are bred; and those before,
> Though oft they threaten, never leave
> Your perjured door.

Sometimes he plays the monitor. Asterie's husband is laid up in Greece by contrary winds: he is faithful to his wife, though his hostess tempts him: let the wife be on her guard against her handsome neighbour Enipeus (III, vii). His own charmers are sometimes obdurate: Chloe and Lyde run away from him like fawns (I, xxiii): that is because they are young; he can wait till they are older; they will come

to him then of themselves: “they always come,” says Disraeli in “Henrietta Temple.” He has quarrelled with an old flame (I, xvi), whom he had affronted by some libellous verses. He entreats her pardon; was young and angry when he wrote; will burn the offending lines, or fling them into the sea:

Come, let me change my sour for sweet,
And smile complacent as before;
Hear me my palinode repeat,
And give me back your heart once more.

He professes bitter jealousy of a handsome stripling whose beauty Lydia praises (I, xiii). She is wasting her admiration; she will find him unfaithful; Horace knows him well:

Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever,
Are they, whom true affection binds,
In whom no doubts nor janglings sever
The union of their constant minds;
But life in blended current flows,
Serene and sunny to the close.

If anyone now reads “Lalla Rookh,” he will recall an exquisite rendering of these lines from the lips of veiled Nourmahal:

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

But, perhaps, if a jury of scholars could be polled as to the most enchanting amongst all Horace's lovesongs, the highest vote would be cast in favour of the famous "Reconciliation" of the roving poet with this or with some other Lydia (III, ix). The pair of former lovers, mutually faithless, exchange defiant experience of their several infidelities; then, the old affection reviving through the contact of their altercation, agree to discard their intervening paramours, and return to their first allegiance.

He.
Whilst I was dear and thou wert kind,
And I, and I alone, might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.
She.
Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,

Renowned in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.
He.
I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare.
She.
I dote on Calais; and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So fate the darling boy would spare.
He.
What if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
And, as of old, for Lydia sigh?
She.
Though lovelier than yon star is he,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish too than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

The austere Scaliger used to say that he would rather have written this ode than be King of Spain and the Indies: Milton's Eve expresses her devotion to Adam in an apostrophe paraphrased from its closing lines.

Observe, too, how we find in all the Odes as we read them, not only a gallery of historical pictures, nor only an unconscious revelation of the poet's self, of, that is, the least subjective among poets, ever, as says Sir Stephen De Vere, looking outward, never looking in; but they incidentally paint for us in vivid and familiarizing tints the intimate daily life of that far-off ancient queen of cities. We walk with them the streets of Rome. We watch the connoisseurs gazing into the curiosity shops and fingering the bronzes or the silver statuettes; the naughty boys jeering the solemn Stoic as he walks along, staid, superior, absent; the good boys coming home from school with well-thumbed lesson books; the lovers in the cookshops or restaurants shooting apple pips from between finger and thumb, rejoicing in the good omen if they strike the ceiling; the stores of Sulpicius the wine merchant and of Sosius the bookseller; the great white Latian ox, exactly such as you see to-day, driven towards the market, with a bunch of hay upon his horns to warn pedestrians that he is dangerous; the coarse drawings in chalk or colours on the wall advertising some famous gladiator; at dusk the whispering lovers in the Campus, or the romping hide-and-seek of lads and lasses at the corners of the streets or squares, just as you may watch them to-day on spring or winter evenings amongst the lower arches of the Colosseum; — it is a microcosm, a cameo, of that

old-world life. Horace knew, and feared not to say, that in his poems, in his Odes especially, he bequeathed a deathless legacy to mankind, while setting up a lasting monument to himself. One thing he could not know, that when near two thousand years had passed, a race of which he had barely heard by name as dwelling "quite beyond the confines of the world," would cherish his name and read his writings with a grateful appreciation even surpassing that of his contemporary Romans.

A few Odes remain, too casual to be classified; rejoicings over the vanishing of winter and the return of spring (I, iv); praises of the Tibur streams, of Tarentum (II, vi) which he loved only less than Tibur, of the Lucretilis Groves (I, xvii) which overhung his Sabine valley, of the Bandusian spring beside which he played in boyhood. We have the Pindaric or historic Odes, with tales of Troy, of the Danaid brides, of Regulus, of Europa (III, iii, v, xi, xvii); the dramatic address to Archytas (I, xxviii), which soothed the last moments of Mark Pattison; the fine epilogue which ends the book, composed in the serenity of gained renown;

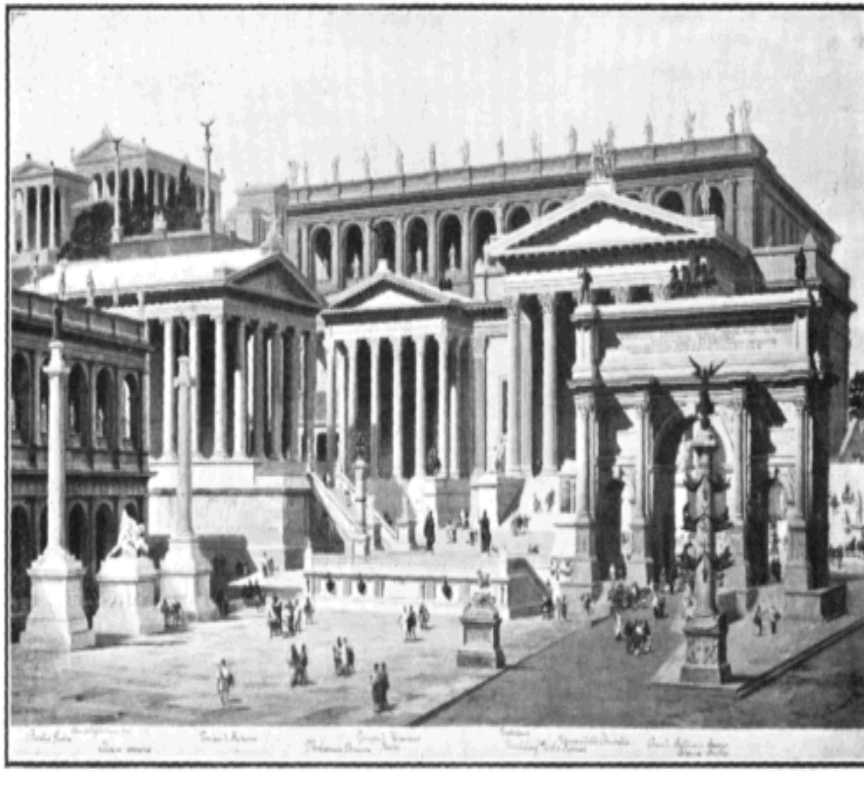
> And now 'tis done: more durable than brass
> My monument shall be, and raise its head
> O'er royal pyramids: it shall not dread
> Corroding rain or angry Boreas,
> Nor the long lapse of immemorial time.

I shall not wholly die; large residue
Shall ‘scape the Queen of funerals. Ever new
My after fame shall grow, while pontiffs climb
With silent maids the Capitolian height.
“Born,” men will say, “where Aufidus is loved,
Where Danaus scant of streams beneath him bowed
The rustic tribes, from dimness he waxed bright,
First of his race to wed the Aeolian lay
To notes of Italy.” Put glory on,
My own Melpomene, by genius won,
And crown me of thy grace with Delphic bay.

SWAN SONG

When a well-graced actor has left the stage amid trumpeted farewells from an admiring but regretful audience, we somewhat resent his occasional later reappearance. So, when a poet's last word has been spoken, and spoken emotionally, an Afterword is apt to offend: and we may wish that the fine poem just quoted had been reserved as finish to the volume yet to come, which lacks a closing note, or even that the volume itself had not been published. The fourth Book of the Odes was written nearly ten years after the other three, and Horace wrote it not as Poet but as Laureate. His Secular Hymn appeared in B.C. 17, when he was forty-eight years old; and after it Augustus pressed him to celebrate the victories of his two stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, over the tribes of the Eastern Alps. If he wrote unwillingly, his hand had not lost its cunning. The sentiment is paler and more artificial, but the old condensation and felicity remain. He begins with rather sad reluctance. He is old; the one woman whom he loved is dead; his lyric raptures and his love campaignings are at an end; he is tired of flattering hopes, of noisy revels, of flower garlands fresh with dew. Or are they war songs, not love songs, that are wanted? There he is more helpless still. It needs a Pindar worthily to extol a Caesar: he is no Pindar; and so we have an ode in

honour of the Theban bard. And yet, as chosen lyrist of the Roman race, he cannot altogether refuse the call. Melpomene, who from his cradle marked him for her own, can still shed on him if she will the power to charm, can inspire in him “music of the swan.” So, slowly, the wasting lyric fire revives; we get the martial odes to conquering Drusus and to Lollius, the panegyrics on Augustus and Tiberius, all breathing proud consciousness that “the Muse opens the good man’s grave and lifts him to the gods”; that immortality can be won only by the poet’s pen, and that it is in his own power to confer it.



Becchetti photo.]

THE FORUM RESTORED AS IN A.D. 80.
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The remaining poems are in the old spirit, but are somewhat mournful echoes of the past. They remind us of the robin's winter song— "Hark to him weeping," say the country folk, as they listen to the music which retains the sweetness but has lost what Wordsworth calls the gushes of the summer strains. There is still an ode to Venus; its prayer not now "come to bless thy worshipper"; but "leave an old heart made callous by fifty years, and seek some younger votary." There is an ode to Spring. Spring brought down from heaven his earliest Muse; it came to him charged with youthful ardours, expectations, joys; now its only message is that change and death attend all human hopes and cares. Like an army defeated, the snow has retreated; the Graces and the Nymphs can dance unclad in the soft warm air. But summer will thrust out spring, autumn summer, then dull winter will come again; will come to the year, will come to you and me. Not birth nor eloquence nor virtue can save from Minos' judgement seat; like Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus, like all the great ones of the earth, we shall soon be nameless shades and a poor pinch of dust. More of the old buoyant glee comes back in a festal invitation to one Virgilius, not the

poet. There is a ring of Tom Moore in Sir Theodore Martin's rendering of it.

* * * * *

On the young grass reclined, near the murmur of fountains,
The shepherds are piping the song of the plains,
And the god who loves Arcady's purple-hued mountains,
The god of the flocks, is entranced by their strains.

* * * * *

To the winds with base lucre and pale melancholy!
In the flames of the pyre these, alas! will be vain;
Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly,
'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane!

There follows a savage assault on one Lyce, an ancient beauty who had lost her youthful charms, but kept up her youthful airs:

Where now that beauty? where those movements? where
That colour? what of her, of her is left,
Who, breathing Love's own air,
Me of myself bereft!
Poor Lyce! spared to raven's length of days;
That youth may see, with laughter and disgust,
A firebrand, once ablaze,
Now smouldering in grey dust.

Poor Lyce indeed! what had she done to be so scourged? One address we miss: there is no ode in this book to Maecenas, who was out of favour with Augustus, and had lost all political influence. But the friend is not sunk in the courtier. The Ides or 13th of April is his old patron's birthday — a nativity, says Horace, dearer to him almost than his own, and he keeps it always as a feast. With a somewhat ghostly resurrection of voluptuousness dead and gone he bids Phyllis come and keep it with him. All things are ready, a cask of Alban nine years old is broached, the servants are in a stir, the altar wreathed for sacrifice, the flames curling up the kitchen chimney, ivy and parsley gathered to make a wreath for Phyllis' hair. Come then, sweet girl, last of my loves; for never again shall this heart take fire at a woman's face — come, and learn of me a tune to sing with that dear voice, and drive away dull care. I am told that every man in making love assures the charmer that no woman shall ever succeed her in his regards; but this is probably a veritable amorous swan-song. He was older than are most men at fifty-two. Years as they pass, he sadly says, bereave us one by one of all our precious things; of mirth, of loves, of banquets; at last the Muse herself spreads wings to follow them. "You have sported long enough," she says, "with Amaryllis in the shade, you have eaten and drunk your fill, it is time for you to quit the scene." And so the curtain falls.

To our great loss there is no contemporary portrait of Horace. He tells us himself (Ep. II, ii, 214; I, xx, 29) that he was short of stature, his hair black but early tinged with grey; that he loved to bask in sunshine, that his temper was irascible but easily appeased. In advanced life he became fat; Augustus jests with him rather coarsely on his protuberant figure. The portrait prefixed to this volume is from a Contorniate, or bronze medallion of the time of Constantine, representing the poet's likeness as traditionally preserved amongst his countrymen three hundred years after his death.

The oldest extant manuscript of his works is probably that in the public library of Berne, and dates from the ninth century. The earliest printed edition, bearing neither date nor printer's name, is supposed to have been published at Milan in 1470. Editions were also printed at Florence and at Venice in 1482, and a third at Venice in 1492. An illustrated edition on vellum was brought out by Aldus in 1501, and reissued in 1509, 1514, 1519. The Florence Press of the Giunti produced splendid specimens in 1503, 1514, 1519. Between this date and the end of the century seven more came forth from famous presses. Of modern editions we may notice the vellum Bodoni folio of 1791, and the matchless Didot of 1799 with its exquisite copperplate vignettes. Fortunate is the collector who possesses the genuine first edition of

Pine's "Horace," 1733. It is known by an error in the text, corrected in the subsequent and less bibliographically valuable impression of the same year. A beautifully pictorial book is Dean Milman's; the student will prefer Orelli, Macleane, Yonge, Munro and King, or Dean Wickham's scholarly volumes.

In composing this modest little book I have had in view principally readers altogether ignorant of Latin, but wishing to know something of a writer lauded enthusiastically by all classical scholars: they will observe that I have not introduced into its pages a single Latin word. I have nourished also the hope that it might be serviceable to those who have forgotten, but would like to recover, the Horace which they learned at school; and to them I would venture to recommend the little copy of the Latin text with Conington's version attached, in "Bell's Pocket Classics." Latinless readers of course must read him in English or not at all. No translation can quite convey the cryptic charm of any original, whether poetry or prose. "Only a bishop," said Lord Chesterfield, "is improved by translation." But prose is far easier to render faithfully than verse; and I have said that either Conington's or Dean Wickham's version of the Satires and Epistles, which are both virtually in prose, will tell them what Horace said, and sometimes very nearly how he said it. On the

Odes a host of English writers have experimented. Milton tried his hand on one, with a result reflecting neither Milton nor Horace. Dryden has shown what he could have done but would not do in his tantalising fragment of the Ode to Fortune. Pope transformed the later Ode to Venus into a purely English poem, with a gracefully artificial mechanism quite unlike the natural flow of the original. Marvell's noble "Horatian Ode," with its superb stanzas on the death of Charles I, shows what he might have achieved, but did not attempt. Francis' rendering of 1765 is generally respectable, and in default of a better was universally read and quoted by his contemporaries: once, in the Ode to Pyrrhus (III, xx) he attains singular grace of phrase and metre. Cowper translated two Odes and imitated two more, not without happy touches, but with insertions and omissions that lower poetry into commonplace. Of Calverley's few attempts three are notably good; a resounding line in his "Leuconoe" (I, xi):

Which flings now the flagging sea-wave on the obstinate sandstone reef,

is at once Horatian and Tennysonian; and his "Oh! where is all thy loveliness?" in the later Ode to Lyce has caught marvellously the minor key of tender memory which relieves the brutality of that ruthless flagellation. Mr. Goldwin Smith's more numerous "Bay Leaves" are fashioned all in goodly measure; and his "Blest man who far from care and strife" well

transfers to English the breathlessness of Horace's sham pastoral ecstasy. Of more ambitious translators Bulwer Lytton catches now and then the careless rapture of his original; Sir Theodore Martin is always musical and flowing, sometimes miraculously fortunate in his metres, but intentionally unliteral and free. Conington is rigidly faithful, oftentimes tersely forcible; but misses lyrical sweetness. Perhaps, if Marvell, Herrick, Cowley, Prior, the now forgotten William Spencer, Tom Moore, Thackeray, could be alchemized into one, they might combine to yield an English Horace. Until eclectic nature, emulating the Grecian sculptor, shall fashion an archetype from these seven models, the vernacular student, with his Martin and his Conington, sipping from each alternately, like Horace's Matine bee (IV, ii, 27), the terseness of the professor and the sweetness of the poet, may find in them some echo from the ever-shifting tonality of the Odes, something of their verbal felicity, something of their thrilling wistfulness; may strive not quite unsuccessfully, in the words of Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," to attain by shadowing forth the unattainable.

ON THE "WINES" OF HORACE'S POETRY

The wines whose historic names sparkle through the pages of Horace have become classical commonplaces in English literature. "Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the Falernian to the *vile Sabinum?*" says Monkbarns to Lovel when the landlord of the Hawes Inn at Queensferry brings them claret instead of port. It may be well that we should know somewhat of them.

The choicest of the Italian wines was *Caecuban*, from the poplar-trained vines grown amongst the swamps of Amyclae in Campania. It was a heady, generous wine, and required long keeping; so we find Horace speaking of it as ranged in the farthest cellar end, or "stored still in our grandsire's binns"(III, xxviii, 2, 3; I, xxxvii, 6); it was reserved for great banquets, kept carefully under lock and key: "your heir shall drain the Caecuban you hoarded under a hundred padlocks" (II, xiv, 25). It was beyond Horace's means, and only rich men could afford to drink it; we hear of it at Maecenas' table and on board his galley (I, xx, 9); and it appeared at the costly banquet of Nasidienus (page 27). With the Caecuban he couples the *Formian* (I, xx, 11), and *Falernian* (I, xx, 10), grown on the

southern slopes of the hills dividing Campania from Latium. “In grassy nook your spirit cheer with old Falernian vintage,” he says to his friend Dellius (II, iii, 6). He calls it fierce, rough, fiery; recommends mixing it with Chian wine, or with wine from Surrentum (Sat. II, iv, 55), or sweetening and diluting it with honey from Mount Hymettus (Sat. II, ii, 15). From the same district came the *Massic* wine, also strong and fiery. “It breeds forgetfulness” (II, vii, 21), he says; advises that it should be softened by exposure to the open sky (Sat. II, iv, 51). He had a small supply of it, which he kept for a “happy day” (III, xxi, 6). The *Calenian* wine, from Cales near Falernum, was of similar character. He classes it with Caecuban as being too costly for a poor man’s purse (I, xx, 10): writing late in life to a friend, promises to find him some, but says that his visitor must bring in exchange an alabaster box of precious spikenard (IV, xii, 17). Next after these Campanian vintages came the *Alban*. He tells Phyllis that he will broach for her a cask of it nine years old (IV, xi, 1). It was offered, too, at Nasidienus’ dinner as an alternative to Caecuban; and Horace praises the raisins made from its berries (Sat. II, iv, 72). Of the *Sabine*, poorest of Italian wines, we have spoken (page 23).

The finest Greek wine was *Chian*, thick and luscious; he couples it in the Epode to Maecenas (IX, 34) with *Lesbian* which he elsewhere (I, xvii,

21) calls “innocent” or mild. *Coan* wine he mentions twice, commending its medicinal value (Sat. II, iv, 29; II, viii, 9).

In justice to Horace and his friends, it is right to observe that connoisseurship in wine must not be confounded with inebriety. They drank to exhilarate, not to stupefy themselves, to make them what Mr. Bradwardine called *ebrioli* not *ebrii*; and he repeatedly warns against excess. The vine was to him “a sacred tree,” its god, Bacchus, a gentle, gracious deity (I, xviii, 1):

> ’Tis thine the drooping heart to heal,
> Thy strength uplifts the poor man’s horn;
> Inspired by thee, the soldier’s steel,
> The monarch’s crown, he laughs to scorn.
> III, xxi, 17.

“To total abstainers,” he says, “heaven makes all things hard” (I, xviii, 3); so let us drink, but drink with moderate wisdom, leave quarrelsomeness in our cups to barbarous Scythians, to brute Centaurs and Lapithae: let riot never profane our worship of the kindly god. We must again remember that they did not drink wine neat, as we do, but always mixed with water. Come, he says to his slave as they sit down, quench the fire of the wine from the spring which babbles by (II, xi, 19). The common mixture

was two of water to one of wine; sometimes nine of water to three of wine, the Muses to the Graces; very rarely nine of wine to three of water.

> Who the uneven Muses loves,
> Will fire his dizzy brain with three times three.
> Three once told the Grace approves;
> She with her two bright sisters, gay and free,
> Hates lawless strife, loves decent glee.
> III, xix, 11.

CHRONOLOGY OF HORACE'S LIFE AND WORKS

B.C.
AGE.

65

Born December 8th.

44
21
Entered as student at Athens.

43
22
In Brutus' army.

41
24 {

Philippi.
Return to Rome.

38
27
Introduced to Maecenas.

35
30
Satires, Book I.

30
35
Satires, Book II, and Epodes.

23
42
Odes I–III.

20
45
Epistles, Book I.

19
46
Epistles, Book II, ii.

17
48
The Century Hymn.

13
52
Odes, Book IV.

13
52
Epistle to Augustus.

10?
55?
Art of Poetry.

8
57
Died November 17th.

HORACE by J. W. Mackail

In that great turning-point of the world's history marked by the establishment of the Roman Empire, the position of Virgil is so unique because he looks almost equally forwards and backwards. His attitude towards his own age is that of one who was in it rather than of it. On the one hand is his intense feeling for antiquity, based on and reinforced by that immense antiquarian knowledge which made him so dear to commentators, and which renders some of his work so difficult to appreciate from our mere want of information; on the other, is that perpetual brooding over futurity which made him, within a comparatively short time after his death, regarded as a prophet and his works as in some sense oracular. The *Sortes Vergilianae,* if we may believe the confused gossip of the Augustan History, were almost a State institution, while rationalism was still the State creed in ordinary matters. Thus, while, in a way, he represented and, as it were, gave voice to the Rome of Augustus, he did so in a transcendental manner; the Rome which he represents, whether as city or empire, being less a fact than an idea, and already strongly tinged with that mysticism which we regard as essentially mediaeval, and which

culminated later without any violent breach of continuity in the conception of a spiritual Rome which was a kingdom of God on earth, and of which the Empire and the Papacy were only two imperfect and mutually complementary phases; *quella Roma onde Cristo è Romano,* as it was expressed by Dante with his characteristic width and precision.

To this mystical temper the whole mind and art of Virgil's great contemporary stands in the most pointed contrast. More than almost any other poet of equal eminence, Horace lived in the present and actual world; it is only when he turns aside from it that he loses himself. Certain external similarities of method there are between them — above all, in that mastery of verbal technique which made the Latin language something new in the hands of both. Both were laborious and indefatigable artists, and in their earlier acquaintanceship, at all events, were close personal friends. But the five years' difference in their ages represents a much more important interval in their poetical development. The earlier work of Horace, in the years when he was intimate with Virgil, is that which least shows the real man or the real poet; it was not till Virgil, sunk in his *Aeneid,* and living in a somewhat melancholy retirement far away from Rome, was within a few years of his death, that Horace, amid the gaiety and vivid life of the capital, found his true scope, and produced the work that has made him immortal.

Yet the earlier circumstances of the two poets' lives had been not unlike. Like Virgil, Horace sprang from the ranks of the provincial lower middle class, in whom the virtues of industry, frugality, and sense were generally accompanied by little grace or geniality. But he was exceptionally fortunate in his father. This excellent man, who is always spoken of by his son with a deep respect and affection, was a freedman of Venusia in Southern Italy, who had acquired a small estate by his economies as a collector of taxes in the neighbourhood. Horace must have shown some unusual promise as a boy; yet, according to his own account, it was less from this motive than from a disinterested belief in the value of education that his father resolved to give him, at whatever personal sacrifice, every advantage that was enjoyed by the children of the highest social class. The boy was taken to Rome about the age of twelve — Virgil, a youth of seventeen, came there from Milan about the same time — and given the best education that the capital could provide. Nor did he stop there; at eighteen he proceeded to Athens, the most celebrated university then existing, to spend several years in completing his studies in literature and philosophy. While he was there the assassination of Caesar took place, and the Civil war broke out. Marcus Brutus occupied Macedonia, and swept Greece for recruits. The scarcity of Roman officers was so great in the newly levied legions that

the young student, a boy of barely twenty-one, with no birth or connection, no experience, and no military or organising ability, was not only accepted with eagerness, but at once given a high commission. He served in the Republican army till Philippi, apparently without any flagrant discredit; after the defeat, like many of his companions, he gave up the idea of further resistance, and made the best of his way back to Italy. He found his little estate forfeited, but he was not so important a person that he had to fear proscription, and with the strong common sense which he had already developed, he bought or begged himself a small post in the civil service which just enabled him to live. Three years later he was introduced by Virgil to Maecenas, and his uninterrupted prosperity began.

Did we know more of the history of Horace's life in the interval between his leaving the university and his becoming one of the circle of recognised Augustan poets, much in his poetical development might be less perplexing to us. The effect of these years was apparently to throw him back, to arrest or thwart what would have been his natural growth. No doubt he was one of the men who (like Caesar or Cromwell in other fields of action) develop late; but something more than this seems needed to account for the extraordinary weakness and badness of his first volume of lyrical pieces, published by him when he was thirty-five. In the first book of the

Satires, produced about five years earlier, he had shown much of his admirable later qualities, — humour, sense, urbanity, perception, — but all strangely mingled with a vein of artistic vulgarity (the worst perhaps of all vulgarities) which is totally absent from his matured writing. It is not merely that in this earlier work he is often deliberately coarse — that was a literary tradition, from which it would require more than ordinary originality to break free, — but that he again and again allows himself to fall into such absolute flatness as can only be excused on the theory that his artistic sense had been checked or crippled in its growth, and here and there disappeared in his nature altogether. How elaborate and severe the self-education must have been which he undertook and carried through may be guessed from the vast interval that separates the spirit and workmanship of the *Odes* from that of the *Epodes,* and can partly be traced step by step in the autobiographic passages of the second book of *Satires* and the later *Epistles*. We are ignorant in what circumstances or under what pressure the *Epodes* were published; it is a plausible conjecture that their faults were just such as would meet the approbation of Maecenas, on whose favour Horace was at the time almost wholly dependent; and Horace may himself have been glad to get rid, as it were, of his own bad immature work by committing it to publicity. The celebrated passage in Keats'

preface to *Endymion,* where he gives his reasons for publishing a poem of whose weakness and faultiness he was himself acutely conscious, is of very wide application; and it is easy to believe that, after the publication of the *Epodes,* Horace could turn with an easier and less embarrassed mind to the composition of the *Odes*.

Meanwhile he was content to be known as a writer of satire, one whose wish it was to bring up to an Augustan polish the literary form already carried to a high degree of success by Lucilius. The second book of *Satires* was published not long after the *Epodes*. It shows in every way an enormous advance over the first. He has shaken himself free from the imitation of Lucilius, which alternates in the earliest satires with a rather bitter and self-conscious depreciation of the work of the older poet and his successors. The prosperous turn Horace's own life had taken was ripening him fast, and undoing the bad effects of earlier years. We have passed for good out of the society of Rupilius Rex and Canidia. At one time Horace must have run the risk of turning out a sort of ineffectual François Villon; this, too, is over, and his earlier education bears fruit in a temper of remarkable and delicate gifts.

This second book of *Satires* marks in one way the culmination of Horace's powers. The brilliance of the first years of the Empire stimulated the social aptitude and dramatic perception of a poet who lived

in the heart of Rome, already free from fear or ambition, but as yet untouched by the melancholy temper which grew on him in later years. He employs the semi-dramatic form of easy dialogue throughout the book with extraordinary lightness and skill. The familiar hexameter, which Lucilius had left still cumbrous and verbose, is like wax in his hands; his perfection in this use of the metre is as complete as that of Virgil in the stately and serious manner. And behind this accomplished literary method lies an unequalled perception of common human nature, a rich vein of serious and quiet humour, and a power of language the more remarkable that it is so unassuming, and always seems as it were to say the right thing by accident. With the free growth of his natural humour he has attained a power of self-appreciation which is unerring. The *Satires* are full from end to end of himself and his own affairs; but the name of egoism cannot be applied to any self-revelation or self-criticism which is so just and so certain. From the opening lines of the first satire, where he notes the faults of his own earlier work, to the last line of the book, with its Parthian shot at Canidia and the *jeunesse orageuse* that he had so long left behind, there is not a page which is not full of that self-reference which, in its truth and tact, constantly passes beyond itself and holds up the mirror to

universal human nature. In reading the *Satires* we all read our own minds and hearts.

Nearly ten years elapsed between the publication of the second book of the *Satires* and that of the first book of the *Epistles*. Horace had passed meanwhile into later middle life. He had in great measure retired from society, and lived more and more in the quietness of his little estate among the Sabine hills. Life was still full of vivid interest; but books were more than ever a second world to him, and, like Virgil, he was returning with a perpetually increasing absorption to the Greek philosophies, which had been the earliest passion of his youth. Years had brought the philosophic mind; the more so that these years had been filled with the labour of the *Odes,* a work of the highest and most intricate effort, and involving the constant study of the masterpieces of Greek thought and art. The "monument more imperishable than bronze" had now been completed; its results are marked in the *Epistles* by a new and admirable maturity and refinement. Good sense, good feeling, good taste, — these qualities, latent from the first in Horace, have obtained a final mastery over the coarser strain with which they had at first been mingled; and in their shadow now appear glimpses of an inner nature even more rare, from which only now and then he lifts the veil with a sort of delicate self-depreciation, in an occasional line of sonorous rhythm, or in some light touch by

which he gives a glimpse into a more magical view of life and nature: the earliest swallow of spring on the coast, the mellow autumn sunshine on a Sabine coppice, the everlasting sound of a talking brook; or, again, the unforgettable phrases, the *fallentis semita vitae,* or *quod petis hic est,* or *ire tamen restat,* that have, to so many minds in so many ages, been key-words to the whole of life.

It is in the *Epistles* that Horace reveals himself most intimately, and perhaps with the most subtle charm. But the great work of his life, for posterity as well as for his own age, was the three books of *Odes* which were published by him in 23 B.C., at the age of forty-two, and represent the sustained effort of about ten years. This collection of eighty-eight lyrics was at once taken to the heart of the world. Before a volume of which every other line is as familiar as a proverb, which embodies in a quintessential form that imperishable delight of literature to which the great words of Cicero already quoted give such beautiful expression, whose phrases are on all men's lips as those of hardly any other ancient author have been, criticism is almost silenced. In the brief and graceful epilogue, Horace claims for himself, with no uncertainty and with no arrogance, such eternity as earth can give. The claim was completely just. The school-book of the European world, the *Odes* have been no less for nineteen centuries the companions of mature years and the delight of age

— *adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant,* may be said of them with as much truth as ever now. Yet no analysis will explain their indefinable charm. If the so-called "lyrical cry" be of the essence of a true lyric, they are not true lyrics at all. Few of them are free from a marked artificiality, an almost rigid adherence to canon. Their range of thought is not great; their range of feeling is studiously narrow. Beside the air and fire of a lyric of Catullus, an ode of Horace for the moment grows pale and heavy, *cineris specie decoloratur*. Beside one of the pathetic half-lines of Virgil, with their broken gleams and murmurs as of another world, a Horatian phrase loses lustre and sound. Yet Horace appeals to a tenfold larger audience than Catullus — to a larger audience, it may even be said, than Virgil. Nor is he a poets' poet: the refined and exquisite technique of the *Odes* may be only appreciable by a trained artist in language; but it is the untrained mind, on whom other art falls flat, that the art of Horace, by some unique penetrative power, kindles and quickens. His own phrase of "golden mediocrity" expresses with some truth the paradox of his poetry; in no other poet, ancient or modern, has such studied and unintermitted mediocrity been wrought in pure gold. By some tact or instinct — the "felicity," which is half of the famous phrase in which he is characterised by Petronius — he realised that, limited as his own range of emotion was, that of

mankind at large was still more so, and that the cardinal matter was to strike in the centre. Wherever he finds himself on the edge of the range in which his touch is certain, he draws back with a smile; and so his concentrated effect, within his limited but central field, is unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled.

This may partly explain how it was that with Horace the Latin lyric stops dead. His success was so immediate and so immense that it fixed the limit, so to speak, for future poets within the confined range which he had chosen to adopt; and that range he had filled so perfectly that no room was left for anything but imitation on the one hand, or, on the other, such a painful avoidance of imitation as would be equally disastrous in its results. With the principal lyric metres, too, the sapphic and alcaic, he had done what Virgil had done with the dactylic hexameter, carried them to the highest point of which the foreign Latin tongue was capable. They were naturalised, but remained sterile. When at last Latin lyric poetry took a new development, it was by starting afresh from a wholly different point, and by a reversion to types which, for the culture of the early imperial age, were obsolete and almost non-existent.

The phrase, *verbis felicissime audax,* used of Horace as a lyric poet by Quintilian, expresses, with something less than that fine critic's usual accuracy,

another quality which goes far to make the merit of the *Odes*. Horace's use of words is, indeed, remarkably dexterous; but less so from happy daring than from the tact which perpetually poises and balances words, and counts no pains lost to find the word that is exactly right. His audacities — if one cares to call them so — in the use of epithet, in Greek constructions (which he uses rather more freely than any other Latin poet), and in allusive turns of phrase, are all carefully calculated and precisely measured. His unique power of compression is not that of the poet who suddenly flashes out in a golden phrase, but more akin to the art of the distiller who imprisons an essence, or the gem- engraver working by minute touches on a fragment of translucent stone. With very great resources of language at his disposal, he uses them with singular and scrupulous frugality; in his measured epithets, his curious fondness for a number of very simple and abstract words, and the studious simplicity of effect in his most elaborately designed lyrics, he reminds one of the method of Greek has-reliefs, or, still more (after allowing for all the difference made by religious feeling), of the sculptured work of Mino of Fiesole, with its pale colours and carefully ordered outlines. Phrases of ordinary prose, which he uses freely, do not, as in Virgil's hands, turn into poetry by his mere use of them; they give rather than receive dignity in his

verses, and only in a few rare instances, like the stately *Motum ex Metello consule civicum,* are they completely fused into the structure of the poem. So, too, his vivid and clearly-cut descriptions of nature in single lines and phrases stand out by themselves like golden tesserae in a mosaic, each distinct in a glittering atmosphere — *qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus; opacam porticus excipiebat Arcton; nec prata canis albicant pruinis* — a hundred phrases like these, all exquisitely turned, and all with the same effect of detachment, which makes them akin to sculpture, rather than painting or music. Virgil, as we learn from an interesting fragment of biography, wrote his first drafts swiftly and copiously, and wrought them down by long labour into their final structure; with Horace we may rather imagine that words came to the surface slowly and one by one, and that the *Odes* grew like the deposit, cell by cell, of the honeycomb to which, in a later poem, he compares his own work. In some passages where the *Odes* flag, it seems as though material had failed him before the poem was finished, and he had filled in the gaps, not as he wished, but as he could, yet always with the same deliberate gravity of workmanship.

Horatii curiosa felicitas — this, one of the earliest criticisms made on the *Odes,* remains the phrase which most completely describes their value. Such minute elaboration, on so narrow a range of

subject, and within such confined limits of thought and feeling, could only be redeemed from dulness by the perpetual felicity — something between luck and skill — that was Horace's secret. How far it was happy chance, how far deliberately aimed at and attained, is a question which brings us before one of the insoluble problems of art; we may remind ourselves that, in the words of the Greek dramatist Agathon, which Aristotle was so fond of quoting, skill and chance in all art cling close to one another. "Safe in his golden mediocrity," to use the words of his own counsel to Licinius, Horace has somehow or another taken deep hold of the mind, and even the imagination, of mankind. This very mediocrity, so fine, so chastened, so certain, is in truth as inimitable as any other great artistic quality; we must fall back on the word genius, and remember that genius does not confine itself within the borders of any theory, but works its own will.

With the publication of the three books of the *Odes,* and the first book of the *Epistles,* Horace's finest and maturest work was complete. In the twelve years of his life which were still to run he published but little, nor is there any reason to suppose that he wrote more than he published. In 17 B.C., he composed, by special command, an ode to be sung at the celebration of the Secular Games. The task was one in which he was much hampered by a stringent religious convention, and the result is

interesting, but not very happy. We may admire the skill with which formularies of the national worship are moulded into the sapphic stanza, and prescribed language, hardly, if at all, removed from prose, is made to run in stately, though stiff and monotonous, verse; but our admiration is of the ingenuity, not of the poetry. The *Jubilee Ode* written by Lord Tennyson is curiously like the *Carmen Seculare* in its metrical ingenuities, and in the way in which the unmistakeable personal note of style sounds through its heavy and formal movement.

Four years later a fourth book of *Odes* was published, the greater part of which consists of poems less distinctly official than the *Secular Hymn,* but written with reference to public affairs by the direct command of the Emperor, some in celebration of the victories of Drusus and Tiberius on the north-eastern frontier, and others in more general praise of the peace and external prosperity established throughout Italy under the new government. Together with these official pieces he included some others: an early sketch for the *Carmen Seculare,* a curious fragment of literary criticism in the form of an ode addressed to one of the young aristocrats who followed the fashion of the Augustan age in studying and writing poetry, and eight pieces of the same kind as his earlier odes, written at various times within the ten years which had now passed since the publication of the first three books. An introductory

poem, of graceful but half-ironical lamentation over the passing of youth, seems placed at the head of the little collection in studious depreciation of its importance. Had it not been for the necessity of publishing the official odes, it is probable enough that Horace would have left these few later lyrics ungathered. They show the same care and finish in workmanship as the rest, but there is a certain loss of brilliance; except one ode of mellow and refined beauty, the famous *Diffugere nives,* they hardly reach the old level. The creative impulse in Horace had never been very powerful or copious; with growing years he became less interested in the achievement of literary artifice, and turned more completely to his other great field, the criticism of life and literature. To the concluding years of his life belong the three delightful essays in verse which complete the list of his works. Two of these, which are placed together as a second book of *Epistles*, seem to have been published at about the same time as the fourth book of the *Odes*. The first, addressed to the Emperor, contains the most matured and complete expression of his views on Latin poetry, and is in great measure a vindication of the poetry of his own age against the school which, partly from literary and partly from political motives, persisted in giving a preference to that of the earlier Republic. In the second, inscribed to one of his younger friends belonging to the circle of Tiberius, he

reviews his own life as one who was now done with literature and literary fame, and was giving himself up to the pursuit of wisdom. The melancholy of temperament and advancing age is subtly interwoven in his final words with the urbane humour and strong sense that had been his companions through life: —

Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti, Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius acquo Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

A new generation, clever, audacious, and corrupt, had silently been growing up under the Empire. Ovid was thirty, and had published his *Amores*. The death of Virgil had left the field of serious poetry to little men. The younger race had learned only too well the lesson of minute care and formal polish so elaborately taught them by the earlier Augustan poets, and had caught the ear of the town with work of superficial but, for the time, captivating brilliance. Gloom was already beginning to gather round the Imperial household; the influence of Maecenas, the great support of letters for the last twenty years, was fast on the wane. In the words just quoted, with their half-sad and half- mocking echo of the famous passage of Lucretius, Horace bids farewell to poetry.

But literary criticism, in which he had so fine a taste, and on which he was a recognised authority, continued to interest him; and the more seriously minded of the younger poets turned to him for

advice, which he was always willing to give. The *Epistle to the Pisos,* known more generally under the name of the *Art of Poetry,* seems to have been composed at intervals during these later years, and was, perhaps, not published till after his death in the year 8 B.C. It is a discussion of dramatic poetry, largely based on Greek textbooks, but full of Horace's own experience and of his own good sense. Young aspirants to poetical fame regularly began with tragedies; and Horace, accepting this as an actual fact, discusses the rules of tragedy with as much gravity as if he were dealing with some really living and national form of poetry. This discursive and fragmentary essay was taken in later ages as an authoritative treatise; and the views expressed by Horace on a form of poetical art with which he had little practical acquaintance had, at the revival of literature, and even down to last century, an immense influence over the structure and development of the drama. Just as modern comedy based itself on imitation of Plautus and Terence, and as the earliest attempts at tragedy followed haltingly in the steps of Seneca, so as regards the theory of both, Horace, and not the Greeks, was the guiding influence.

Among the many amazing achievements of the Greek genius in the field of human thought were a lyrical poetry of unexampled beauty, a refined critical faculty, and, later than the great thinkers and

outside of the strict schools, a temperate philosophy of life such as we see afterwards in the beautiful personality of Plutarch. In all these three Horace interpreted Greece to the world, while adding that peculiarly Roman urbanity — the spirit at once of the grown man as distinguished from children, of the man of the world, and of the gentleman — which up till now has been a dominant ideal over the thought and life of Europe.

Horace died aged 56 years old, not long after his friend and beloved patron Maecenas, near whose tomb in Rome he was laid to rest. Both men bequeathed their property to Augustus, an honour that the Emperor expected of his friends.